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FEBRUARY
1935

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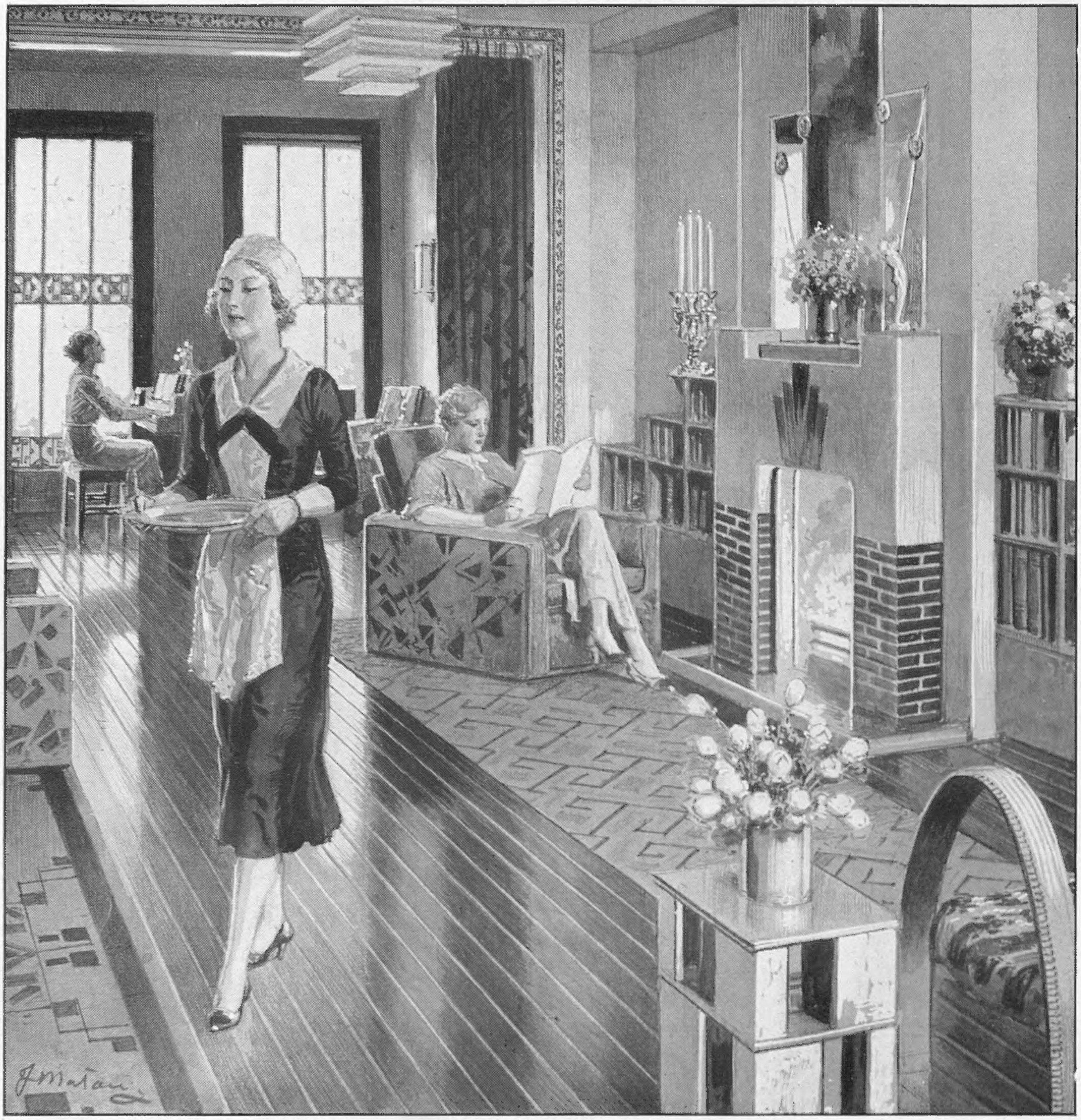

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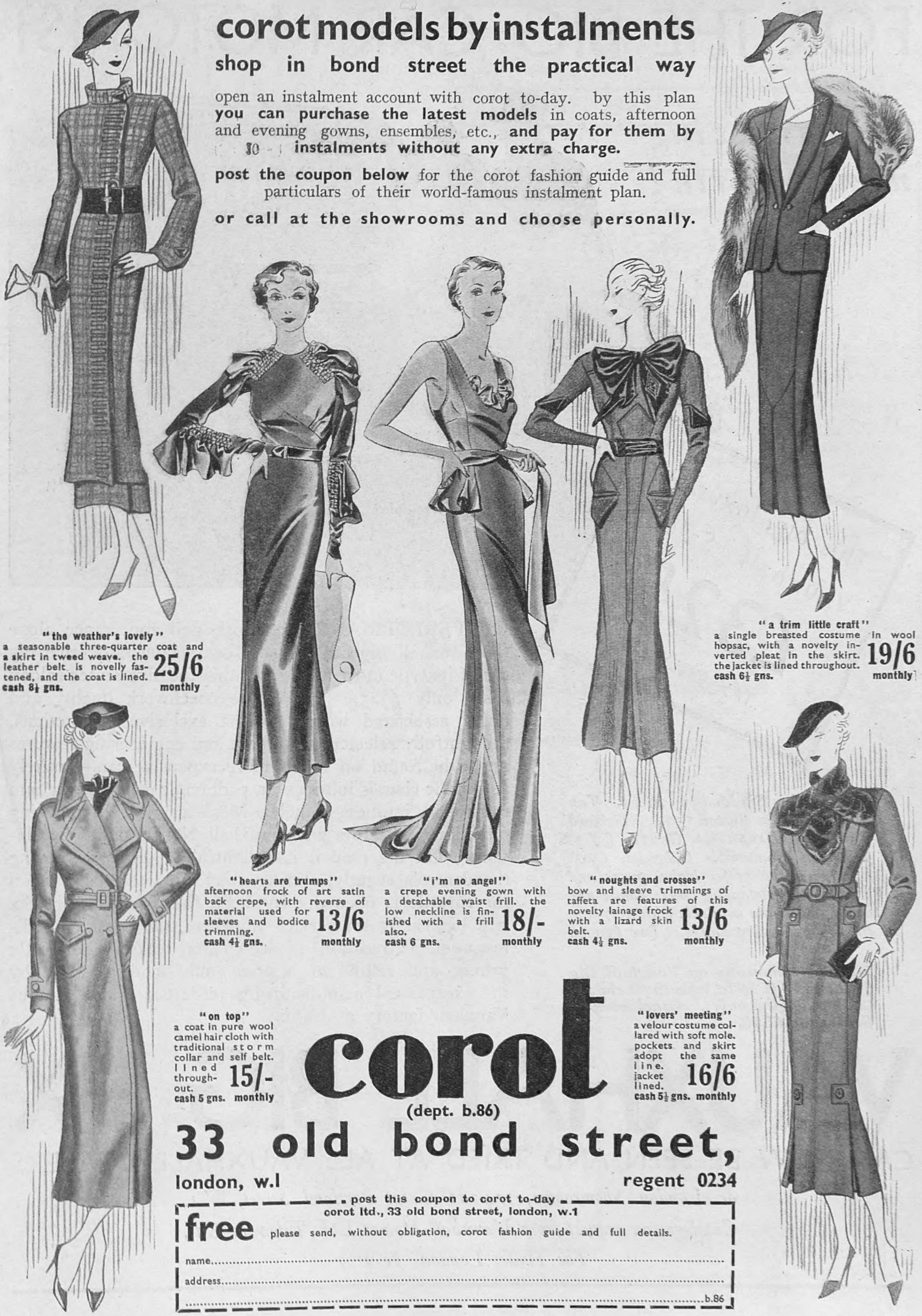

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Vol. 10, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1935

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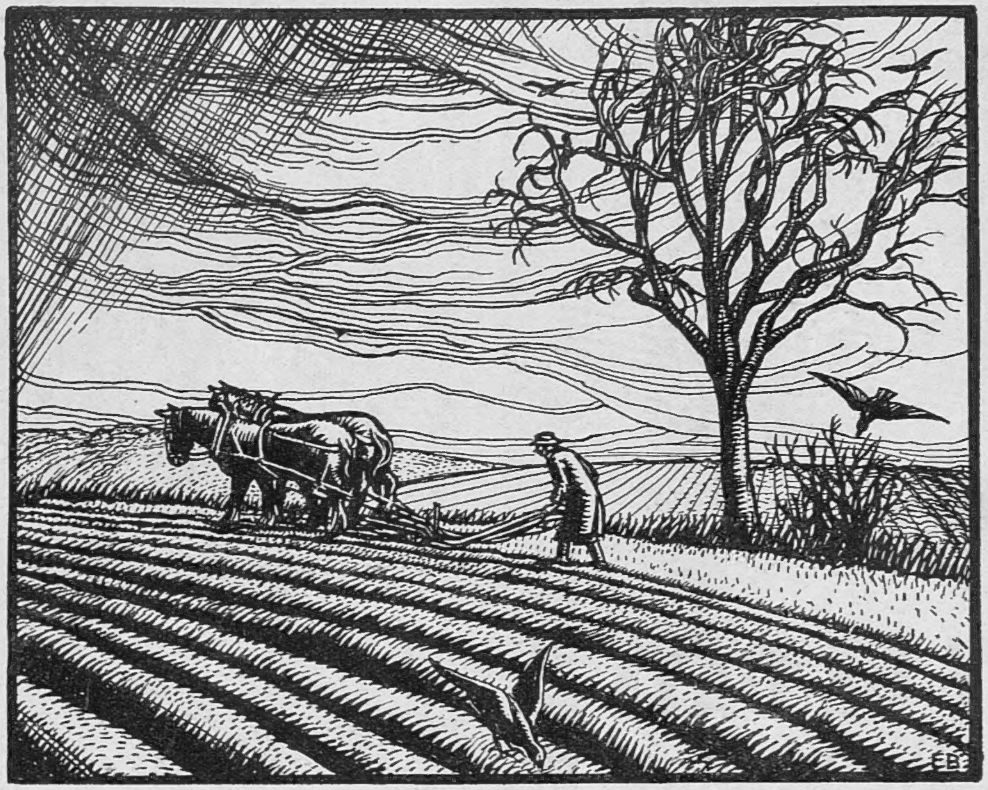

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 120. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons

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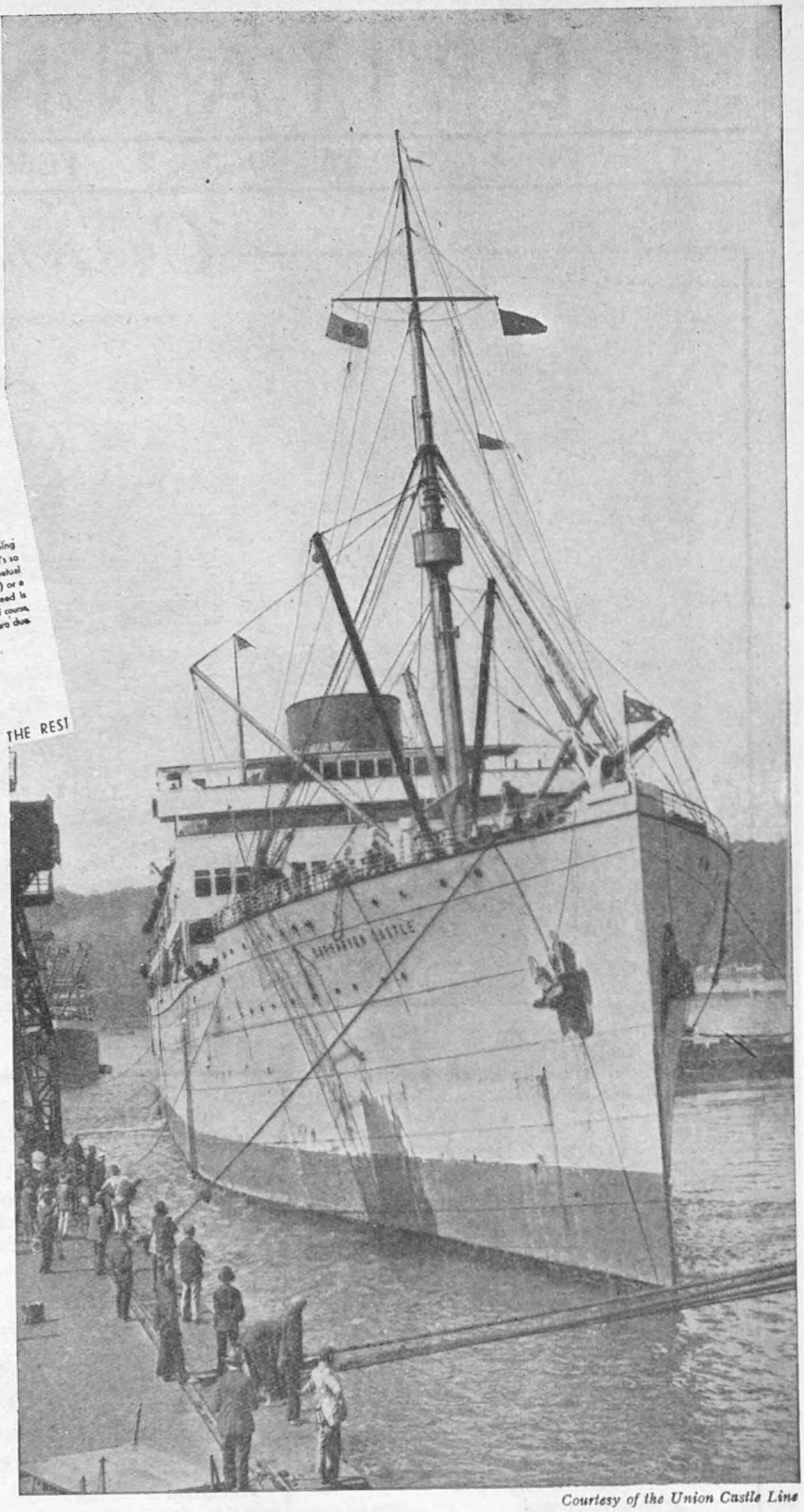

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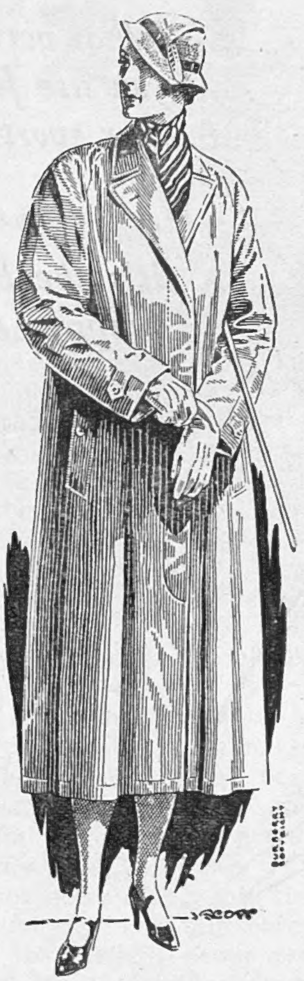

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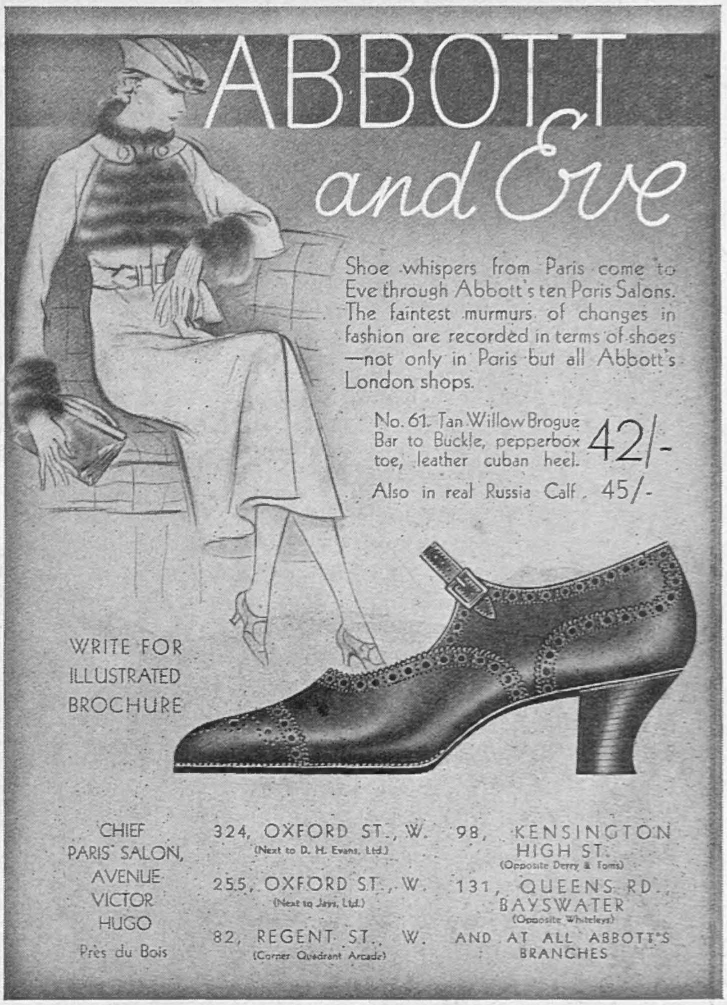

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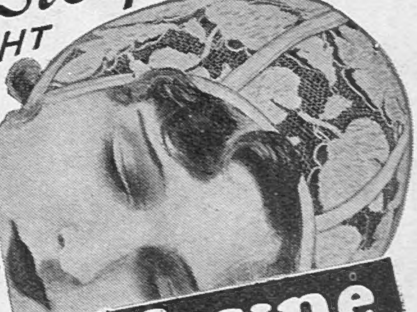

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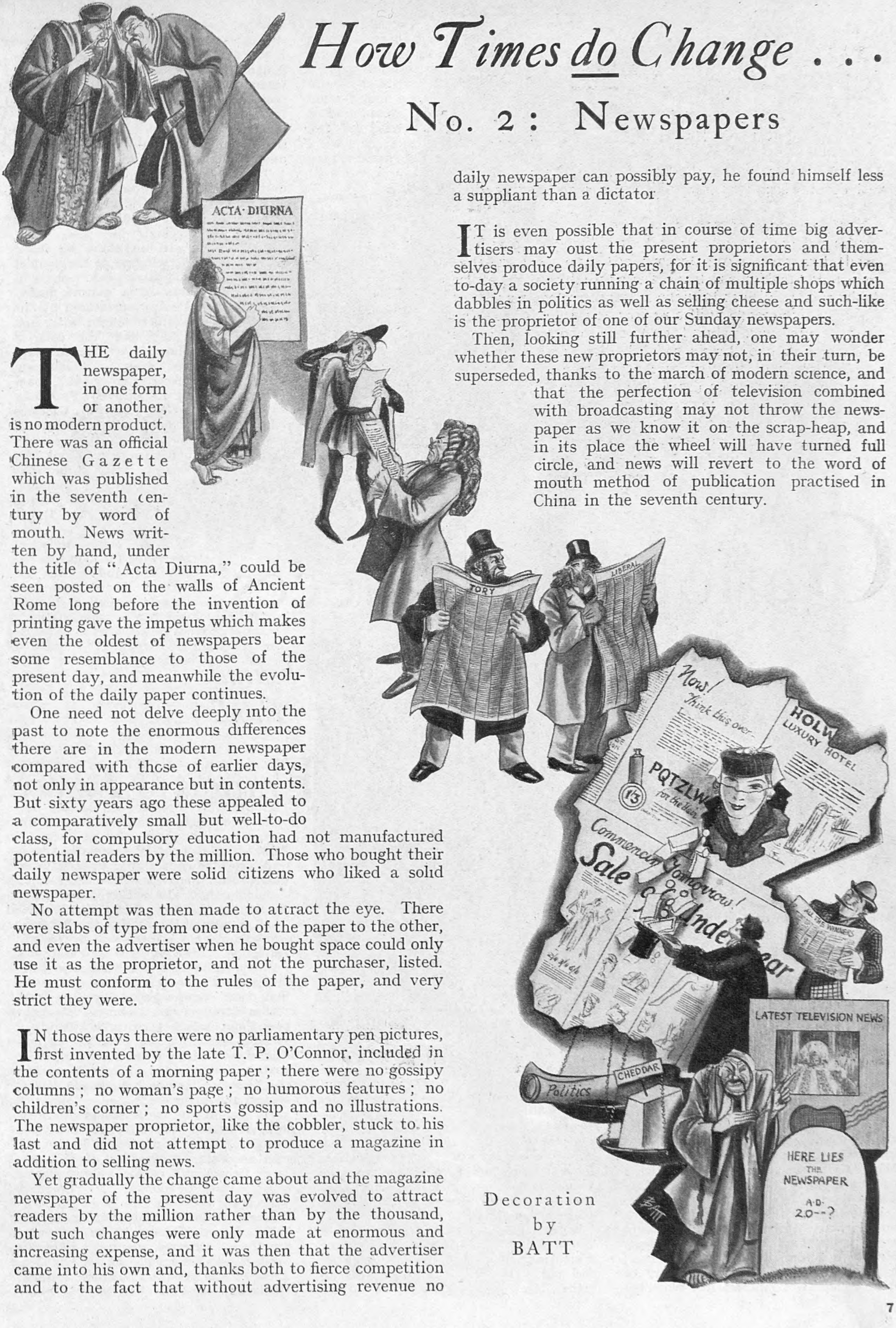
How Times do Change . . .

No. 2: Newspapers



THE daily newspaper, in one form or another, is no modern product. There was an official Chinese Gazette which was published in the seventh century by word of mouth. News written by hand, under the title of "Acta Diurna," could be seen posted on the walls of Ancient Rome long before the invention of printing gave the impetus which makes even the oldest of newspapers bear some resemblance to those of the present day, and meanwhile the evolution of the daily paper continues.

One need not delve deeply into the past to note the enormous differences there are in the modern newspaper compared with those of earlier days, not only in appearance but in contents. But sixty years ago these appealed to a comparatively small but well-to-do class, for compulsory education had not manufactured potential readers by the million. Those who bought their daily newspaper were solid citizens who liked a solid newspaper.

No attempt was then made to attract the eye. There were slabs of type from one end of the paper to the other, and even the advertiser when he bought space could only use it as the proprietor, and not the purchaser, listed. He must conform to the rules of the paper, and very strict they were.

IN those days there were no parliamentary pen pictures, first invented by the late T. P. O'Connor, included in the contents of a morning paper; there were no gossipy columns; no woman's page; no humorous features; no children's corner; no sports gossip and no illustrations. The newspaper proprietor, like the cobbler, stuck to his last and did not attempt to produce a magazine in addition to selling news.

Yet gradually the change came about and the magazine newspaper of the present day was evolved to attract readers by the million rather than by the thousand, but such changes were only made at enormous and increasing expense, and it was then that the advertiser came into his own and, thanks both to fierce competition and to the fact that without advertising revenue no daily newspaper can possibly pay, he found himself less a suppliant than a dictator.

IT is even possible that in course of time big advertisers may oust the present proprietors and themselves produce daily papers, for it is significant that even to-day a society running a chain of multiple shops which dabbles in politics as well as selling cheese and such-like is the proprietor of one of our Sunday newspapers.

Then, looking still further ahead, one may wonder whether these new proprietors may not, in their turn, be superseded, thanks to the march of modern science, and that the perfection of television combined with broadcasting may not throw the newspaper as we know it on the scrap-heap, and in its place the wheel will have turned full circle, and news will revert to the word of mouth method of publication practised in China in the seventh century.

Decoration
by
BATT

Illustrated by J. M. Faulks

Galloping Nieces

The story of the "Old Aunt behind them to curb their Sweet Fun"

By James Francis Dwyer

MARY AMBROSE, of White Ladies Road, Bristol, stepped out from the Berkeley and swung down Piccadilly. Miss Ambrose was in a temper. She did not return the salutes of the head porter or the doorman. As a matter of fact, she did not see them.

The wave of choler had come upon Mary Ambrose with alarming suddenness. She was resting in her sitting room, lazily turning the pages of a recent novel, when a character in the story delivered himself of a couplet that he thought humorous. The lines were :—

" Galloping nieces ! Oh, lor', watch them run !
An old aunt behind them to curb their sweet fun ! "

The novel skidded along the floor till the leg of a Jacobean table drove hard into its fluttering leaves and halted it. Mary Ambrose said " Damn ! " in a curious tired voice, rose, put her hat on her head and walked out of the room.

Unfortunate about the chap in the novel. Mary Ambrose was, at the moment, trying hard to forget an incident. Her twin nieces, Denise and Eleanor, had just departed in the company of two young Honourables for Wembley Stadium. The Rugby League Final was on. One of the Honourables had stammeringly suggested that Mary might enjoy the fun, but Denise had said promptly that Auntie didn't like football. And that was not altogether the truth.

Ignoring traffic, Mary Ambrose crossed Dover and Albemarle Streets. The annoying couplet was wax within her ears, shutting out the clamour of auto horns and the shout of a traffic bobby. A frightening thing was that couplet. A spiteful, fiery accusation that lashed her with its verbal tail.

" Galloping nieces ! " That was correct. Quite. The twins, Denise and Eleanor, were slim, supple, young beauties of nineteen, possessed of an energy and devilry that was a little alarming. From the moment when Mary Ambrose had taken them under her wing—Tom Ambrose and his wife had lost their lives in a boating accident at Dinard—the twins had shown such amazing speed that Mary had grown tired in the effort to keep them in sight.

Of course she wasn't old, as the couplet insinuated. She was thirty-two, but the fearful activity of the twins made her feel old. Honorary aunthood was all right. An occasional gift to Tom's daughters was nothing to an unmarried woman with an income of five thousand pounds a year, but aunthood in its fullest sense—that is, the feeding, sheltering, and costuming of two pretty but selfish young ladies—was a state conducive to crow's feet and grey hairs.

" And I don't try to curb their fun ! " muttered Mary Ambrose, as she turned into Old Bond Street. " It would be no use trying."

In an effort to shake herself free of the couplet she paused before the window of a picture dealer. Poesy, represented by the couplet, fought with Art. Poesy had the ears of Mary ; Art flirted with her eyes. " 'Galloping nieces' is good," said Poesy. " Nicely descriptive ! Fine long legs on Denise and Eleanor ! Glorious legs ! " . . . " Look at these Moderns," said Art. " This canvas in the centre, that an ignorant person would think was a crushed gooseberry tart, is the *Rive degli Schiavoni* at Venice ! Stunning, isn't it ? Chap in Shepherd's Bush painted it. Never saw Venice in his life. Did it from a postcard. . . . Fact."

Later, Mary Ambrose, reviewing the moments before the window, was not certain if the man addressed himself to her or whether he was making a little monologue. His remarks were quite audible, and Mary was the only person near the window.

" Jolly good atmosphere," murmured the man. " Clever, I would say. . . . That glimpse of the Lido in the distance, what ? . . . Façade of the Royal Danieli. . . . Colour, light, and all that."

Mary Ambrose glanced at the man. Her shrewd eyes took him in. " Gentleman once " type. About thirty-five, tall, rather distinguished looking. His light tweed suit had seen quite an amount of service, and his shoes were not so new that they disdained the shelter of white spats. Yet he stood up bravely against the blows of fortune. A cleanly fellow, shaved and manicured.

He caught the eye of Mary Ambrose and addressed her directly, his voice raised a trifle. " Splashes of Venice stir me," he said. " My idea of Paradise. . . . Dream of it on foggy days, what ? . . . . Hate London. . . . . Colonial, yes ? "

Mary Ambrose was turning away. " No, I am Chinese," she answered quietly. " Paternal mansion, Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai. Father, a Mandarin of the Yellow Button ; mother, the late Princess Boo-baa-bow."

Blank astonishment appeared in the blue eyes of the man. Astonishment that made it impossible for Mary Ambrose to smother a smile.

"Spoofed me!" he cried, made wise by the upturned corners of Mary's mouth. "Jolly smart of you! Quite believed you for the moment, what? Chinese, eh? Awfully clever of you!"

Mary Ambrose thought him an ass, but a rather pleasing ass. The trifling exchange had pushed the couplet from her mind. When she moved forward he made a muttered remark about going in the same direction; Mary offered no objection.

That Old Bond Street pavement is skimpy at places. Now and then the man dropped back to allow passage to pedestrians moving towards Piccadilly, and, at times, Mary thought she had lost him completely. But he was hanging on, keeping in touch with occasional vapid remarks, sadly mangled by clamour.

At the corner of Grosvenor Street, during a traffic hold-up, the man spoke of himself and his occupation. Dimly, Mary Ambrose understood that he was connected in some way with horse racing, and that he was a "captain." A captain of what she couldn't tell. But someone, so he stated in his rambling talk, had addressed him as "Captain Spooner."

The belief that he was connected with racing was fattened by a remark he made as Mary paused for an instant to glance at a wrist watch in a jeweller's window. The "captain" informed her that the leather of his watch was made from a length of the bridle of Kellsboro Jack, the winner of the Grand National.

"Wear it for luck," said the man, airily.

Mary Ambrose, a little bored, flashed her rapier. "Have you been wearing it long?" she asked.

He winced. "Smart!" he cried. "You—you are clever, y'know! Frightfully clever! Left myself wide open for the punch, didn't I? That—that was jolly quick."

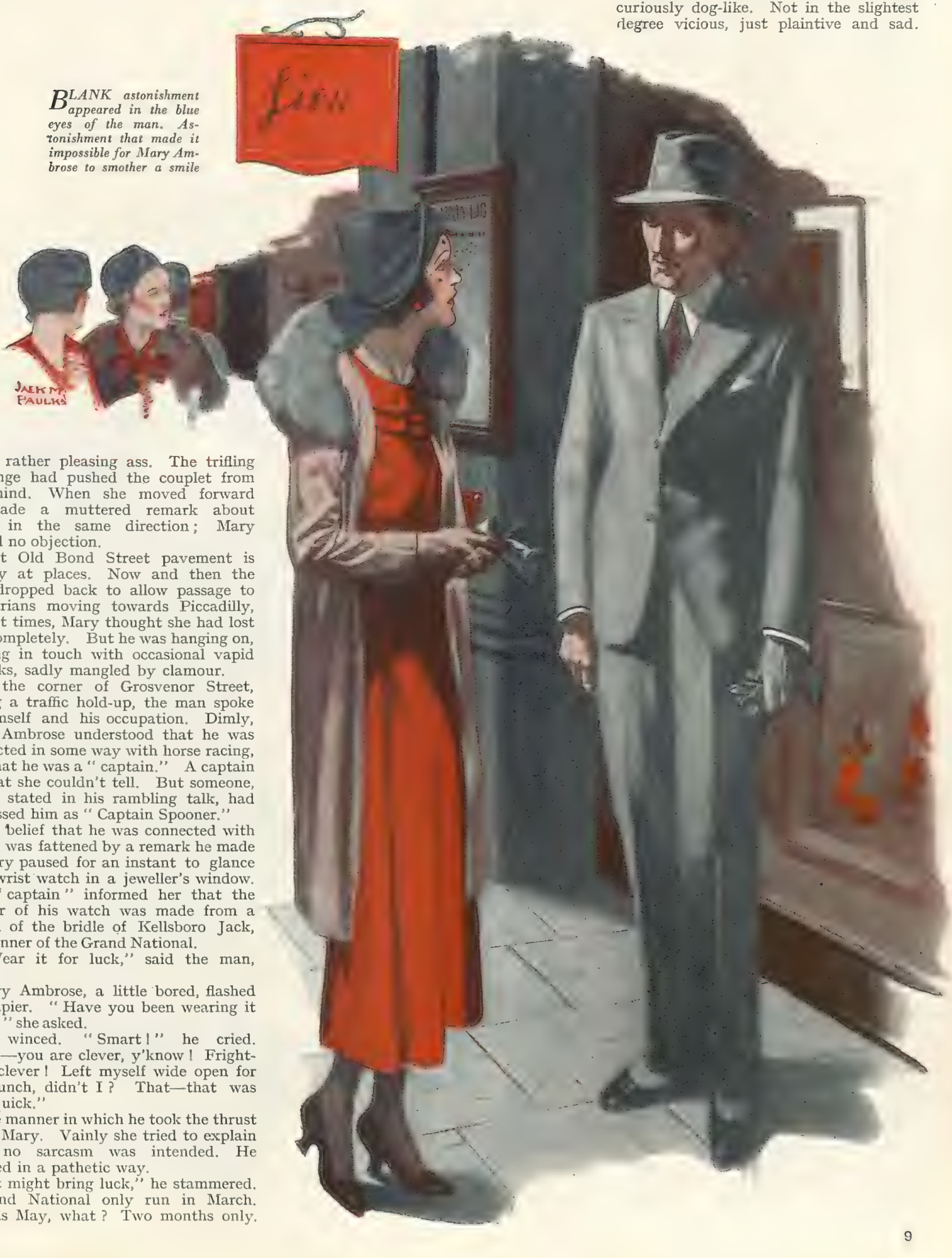
The manner in which he took the thrust upset Mary. Vainly she tried to explain that no sarcasm was intended. He grinned in a pathetic way.

"It might bring luck," he stammered. "Grand National only run in March. This is May, what? Two months only. Hopes, y'know. But your prod—your prod was a good 'un. 'Wearing it long?' says you, looking innocent."

Mary Ambrose was annoyed with herself. Of course the man had pushed himself upon her, but it was rather cruel to twit him. That light tweed suit had lost its pattern in spots; the shoes knew many streets. Her cleverness had got her into a jam.

Was it money he wanted? She wondered. Mentally she peered within her handbag. She saw its contents. There were two fivers. Nothing else. Well, she couldn't give a stranger a five-pound note. An income of five thousand pounds a year, sadly battered by the extravagance of the twins, would not admit such generosity.

They had swung into Oxford Street while Mary was wrestling with the matter of a graceful retreat. The fellow was curiously dog-like. Not in the slightest degree vicious, just plaintive and sad.



BLANK astonishment appeared in the blue eyes of the man. Astonishment that made it impossible for Mary Ambrose to smother a smile

The remark about the leather wrist strap had made him more fawning. He was complimentary regarding Mary's wit. He tried to explain his reasons for thinking her a Colonial.

His brother, he said, had gone to Canada immediately after the war. Made a fortune, he believed. Hadn't communicated with him for years and years. Mary understood that the break in the correspondence was due to some blunder made by the "captain." The fellow was pitiful. . . .

Mary Ambrose put a wild thought into execution. The outer door of The Spread Eagle public house was just opening. The dry afternoon had come to an end.

Mary Ambrose had never been in a public bar in London. The men she knew were not patrons of public houses. Now the man beside her might be used as an escort and in paying for the drinks she could change a five-pound note.

"I am thirsty," she said. "Could we go in here ?"

The question upset the captain. Mary saw fear in his face. "I want change," she said quickly. "I have nothing but a fiver."

They had double sherries. The barmaid placed the change of the fiver between Mary Ambrose and the captain. Four pound notes and sixteen shillings and fourpence in silver and coppers.

Mary Ambose picked up the four notes. She glanced at the captain. "Would you carry this change for me ?" she asked quietly. "My handbag is lined with chamois. Silver and coppers soil it dreadfully."

Again the flush in the weak face. For an instant the man remained silent, then his right hand reached for the coins. He spoke in a whisper. "Of course," he said. "Pleased to." He glanced at the leather strap of the wrist watch as he pocketed the change. Mary wondered if he ascribed the haul to the lucky rein of Kellsboro Jack.

Hurriedly he spoke of his brother who had gone to Canada. An elder brother, so it seemed. Quite smart. Found everything in England upside down after the war and cleared out.

"We—we—our family, y'know, had something 'fore the jolly mess started," said the captain. "Place at Mapledurham, old yew trees, an' all that. Gone, what ? Nothing now. Not—not even a name. Told you I call myself Captain Spooner, didn't I ? Spooner not real name. Not at all. Ashamed to use real name. Captain, yes, but Spooner, no."

"Why didn't you clear out ?" asked Mary. "Go to Canada ?"

"Me ?" he gasped. "*Me ?* I'm—I'm one of the weak ones ! Spineless. Fellows who—who live on the fringe of things. Pretenders. Poor, damnably poor, but haughty. Funny, isn't it ? Excuse me. Sometimes I like to make public confession. Me go to Canada ? God ! They'd eat me ! They—they——"

Mary Ambrose tried to head him off. She mentioned the fact that there was trouble in all lives. She herself had a share of it. She was the guardian of two children left by her brother who was drowned.

"Fillies ?" questioned the captain.

Mary nodded. "Dashing fillies," she said, smiling. "Hard to hold them." Again the annoying couplet slipped into her mind. It prodded her mercilessly. "Galloping nieces."

Possibly the captain saw the frown on the face of Mary Ambrose. He bleated sympathetically.

"Tough, what ?" he murmured. "You're paying feed bill ?"

Mary nodded.

"High ?" he questioned. "Big stable ?"

"Berkeley," answered Mary. The silly sympathy of the fellow comforted her. "I don't begrudge that," she added. "It's—it's just that they make me feel old. Their—their speed. Youth and—and all that."

The captain was silent for a few minutes ; then, after draining his glass, he spoke. "At Kem'ton Park t'other day a mare nine years old won a race against a bunch of youngsters," he said. "Nine years old ! Know how she does it ? Just gallops the heart out of 'em, what ? Gets 'em rattled. Swings up 'longside 'em coming down the straight and laughs. 'It's me, Brown Beauty,' she says. 'Just me. Little colts an' little fillies, I'll show you how to race.' Nine years old. Fact."

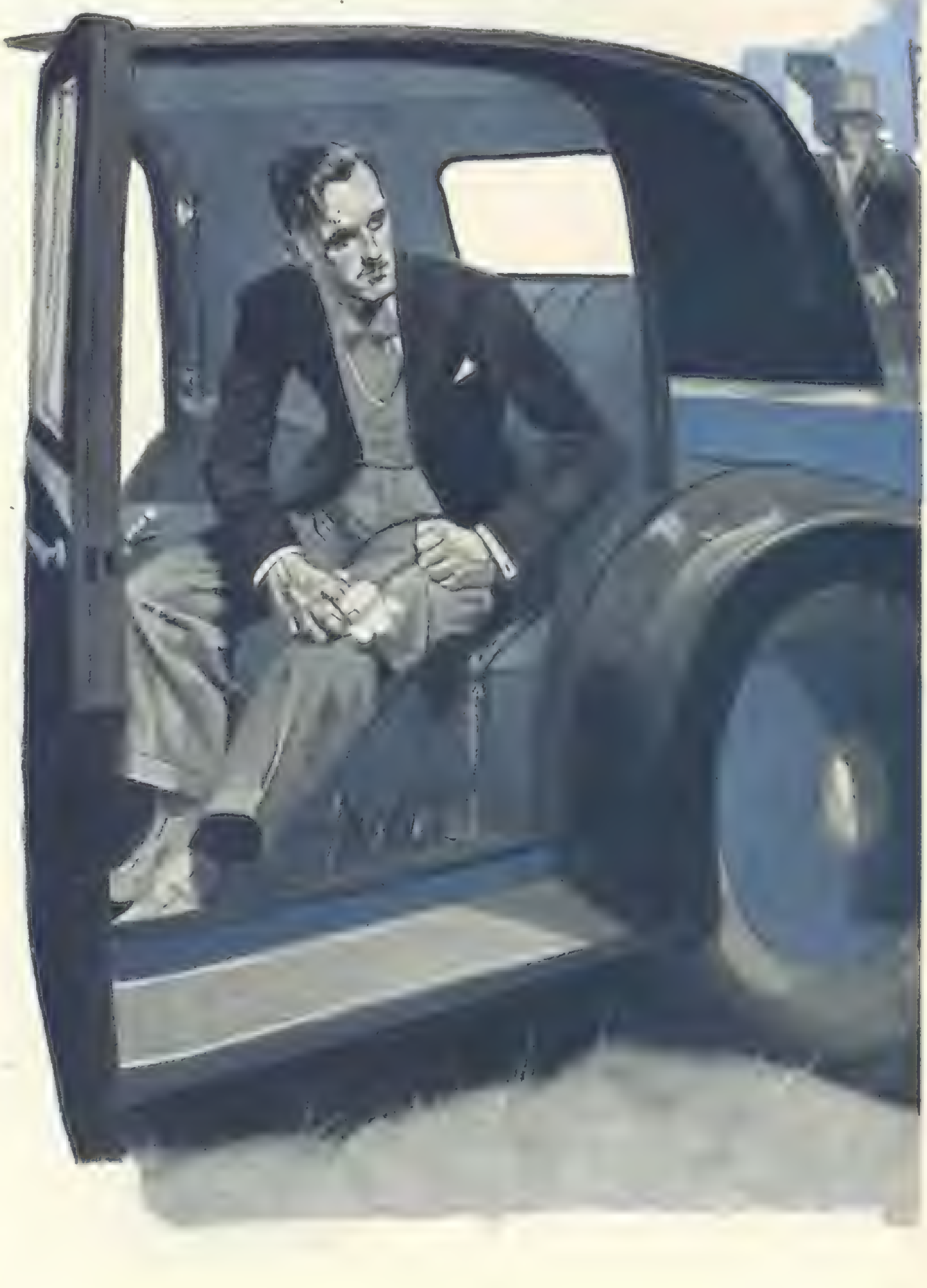
Mary Ambrose, for some reason that she couldn't altogether define, became suddenly tired of the captain. What was the human equivalent of an equine nine years ? She wondered. Must be more than thirty-two. Surely.

Abruptly she turned to the swinging door. On the sidewalk she signalled a coasting taxi, nodded good-bye to the captain, and left him standing. Well, he had sixteen and fourpence of her money and a double sherry to boot. There might be something in that bit of leather from the rein of Kellsboro Jack.

TO the twins the London Season was a visible, tangible thing. They pictured it arising in the dawn from some spot in the very centre of Mayfair, quite close to their own hotel. Awakening after two hours of slumber, less perhaps, as the mad days of June approached.

Saluted by silver bugles, it swung up over the old grey city. Dancing into the soft mists above the Thames. The Season ! A glistening thing to the twins. A wraith making lightning changes in the sky. Dresses of crêpe de Chine, chiffon, printed ninon, and lace ! Hats that had flown over from Paris. Long gloves and golden sandals.

Days crammed with wonder. Opera at Covent Garden. Spring racing at Newmarket, Lingfield Park, York, Kemp-



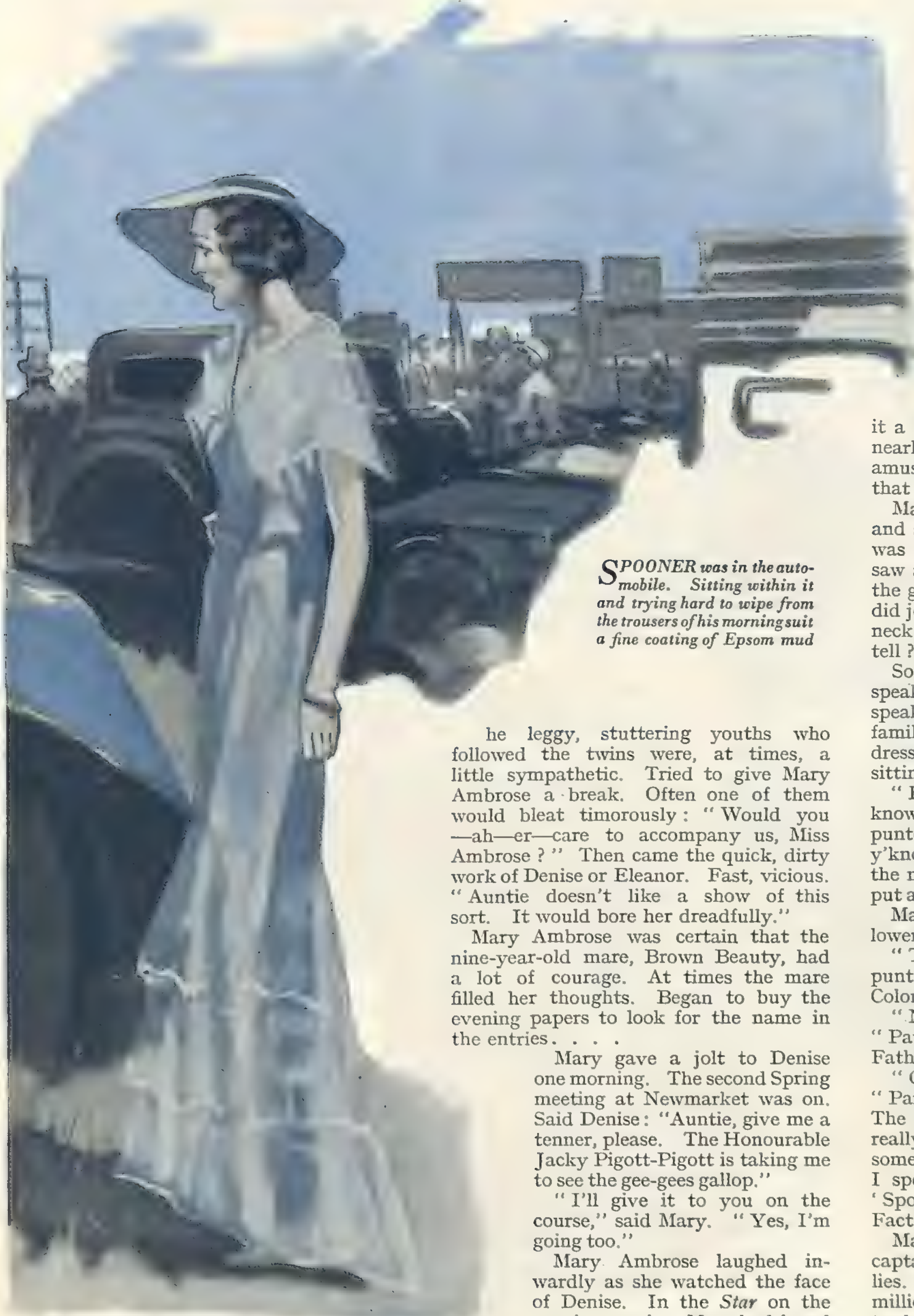
ton and Chester. Polo at Roehampton. Motor thrills at Brooklands. Golf, horse-shows and music festivals. Old-world customs. The "Furry Dance" at Helston, the Crowning of the May Queen, and the Folk Dances at Bampton. Débutantes at Buckingham Palace to bow before the King and Queen.

"Galloping nieces!" Two slim beauties with a string of young bloods at their heels. Lordlings and Honourables. Lanky, stammering youths, awfully well bred. Great fun for the twins. The youths amused them. . .

Mary Ambrose tried to profit by the advice of Captain Spooner, who wasn't really Captain Spooner because of family pride or family crest or something. Poor devil! Brown Beauty was the name of the mare Spooner mentioned. Nine years old and still winning races. "Swings up 'longside 'em coming down the straight and laughs," said the captain. "'It's me, Brown Beauty,' she says. 'Little colts and little fillies, I'll show you how to race.'"

But the twins set a murderous pace. Devilish. No hanging back with the twins. When the barrier of daylight was up they were off, and they never took a pull on the rein till midnight, or later. Hated Big Ben, did the twins. Thought his night tolling gloomy.

They rode Mary Ambrose off the track. Bumped her at the turnings. Pocketed her when she tried to come through.



SPOONER was in the automobile. Sitting within it and trying hard to wipe from the trousers of his morning suit a fine coating of Epsom mud

he leggy, stuttering youths who followed the twins were, at times, a little sympathetic. Tried to give Mary Ambrose a break. Often one of them would bleat timorously: "Would you—ah—er—care to accompany us, Miss Ambrose?" Then came the quick, dirty work of Denise or Eleanor. Fast, vicious. "Auntie doesn't like a show of this sort. It would bore her dreadfully."

Mary Ambrose was certain that the nine-year-old mare, Brown Beauty, had a lot of courage. At times the mare filled her thoughts. Began to buy the evening papers to look for the name in the entries. . . .

Mary gave a jolt to Denise one morning. The second Spring meeting at Newmarket was on. Said Denise: "Auntie, give me a tenner, please. The Honourable Jacky Pigott-Pigott is taking me to see the gee-gees gallop."

"I'll give it to you on the course," said Mary. "Yes, I'm going too."

Mary Ambrose laughed inwardly as she watched the face of Denise. In the *Star* on the evening previous Mary had found the name of Brown Beauty. Third race of the day. Mary was going to see how Brown Beauty did it. . . .

Mary Ambrose put a pound to win on the mare. At sixes. She was quite excited. For a moment, as the field came towards the barrier, Mary thought that she was the glistening thoroughbred who carried her bet. That she, Mary Ambrose, was Brown Beauty!

A roar went up from the crowd. "They're off." Mary's heart hurled itself upward and nearly choked her. The shouts of the crowd deafened her. "Silver King in front!" . . . "Diana Buttercup after him!". . . "Claymore coming through on the rails!". . . "What's that on the outside? . . . Watch it come!. . . "*It's Brown Beauty!* Golly! Look at her! Look at her walking through them! . . . Attagirl! Mowing 'em down! Brown Beauty for ever! Got it, by Gosh! Got it by a head!"

Mary Ambrose wept as she collected her winnings. She drifted away from the twins and their bodyguard of young men. The twins were piqued. Young Lord Strawbottle, whose father owned Crabmeat, had given them that horse as a sure winner, and they had crashed.

"How ever did you come to back Brown Beauty, Auntie?" asked Denise peevishly.

"I don't know," answered Mary Ambrose. "I heard—no, someone told me that—that she was very old."

The bodyguard of admirers laughed heartily. They thought it a strange reason. Young Strawbottle nearly choked, but the twins were not amused. It was annoying to think that Aunt Mary had backed a winner.

Mary Ambrose found a secluded seat and sat herself down. A strange elation was upon her. She closed her eyes and saw again the brown mare coming round the galloping leaders. Possibly the mare did jeer at the younger horses as she came neck and neck with them. Who could tell?

Someone standing above Mary was speaking. The brim of her hat hid the speaker from her, but the voice seemed familiar. The words were surely addressed to her. There was no one else sitting near.

"Big crowd, what?" said the unknown speaker. "Good day for the punters so far. . . . Three favourites, y'know. . . I know a little runner in the next race that is the goods. Like to put a fiver on him?"

Mary Ambrose didn't answer. She lowered her face over her race card.

"Tell you the name if you care to punt," said the voice. "You're a Colonial, yes?"

"No, Chinese," murmured Mary. "Paternal mansion, Bubbling Well Road. Father, a Mandarin of the Yellow——"

"Oh, I say!" gasped Captain Spooner. "Pardon me! What a jolly ass I am! The same blunder! Awfully silly of me, really! Y'know, I thought there was something familiar. That's—that's why I spoke. It is, pon me word! I said, 'Spooner, you have met that lady before.' Fact! That's what I said."

Mary Ambrose was amused. The captain was a factory for small, silly lies. He manufactured them by the million. They constituted his stock in trade. Of course he had not noted anything familiar in her appearance. He had just pounced upon her—as she supposed he pounced upon scores of others—hoping that she would accept his tip and hand him a commission if the horse won. Poor Spooner!

The captain started to speak breathlessly. "Got something of yours," he stammered. "Something you gave me to carry. What? Sixteen bob an' some coppers. Day at the pub. You said it would soil the lining of your bag. Got it right here."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of silver. Mary Ambrose was touched by his effort to put himself right in her eyes.

"Please, please, no!" cried Mary. "I—I don't want it! I have the same bag with me now. See! and—and I had a pound on Brown Beauty! Your tip! I should—I really should give you a commission!"

The captain slid the handful of silver back into his trousers pocket. He looked relieved. He had offered to return the money and his offer had been refused. A gentleman could do no more.

"Remember telling you of the mare," he stammered. "You spoke about your nieces. Youth isn't everything, y'know. Now my brother—told you about him going to Canada, didn't I?—much older than me, but can race my head off. Grey stuff an' all that. Clever. Thought over what you said about me going to Canada. Made me laugh. Afraid, positively. If Galloway, that's my brother, if he was there I wouldn't be nervous. Clever chappies over there. Scare me. . . . Do you wish to know the winner of the next?"

"Thanks, I'm not betting," said Mary.

"Well, I'll toddle along. Got to spill the tip to a friend. Lord Spottybirch, y'know. Plunger. Shakes the Ring now and then. Anytime I can do you a service only too pleased. Kind, you are."

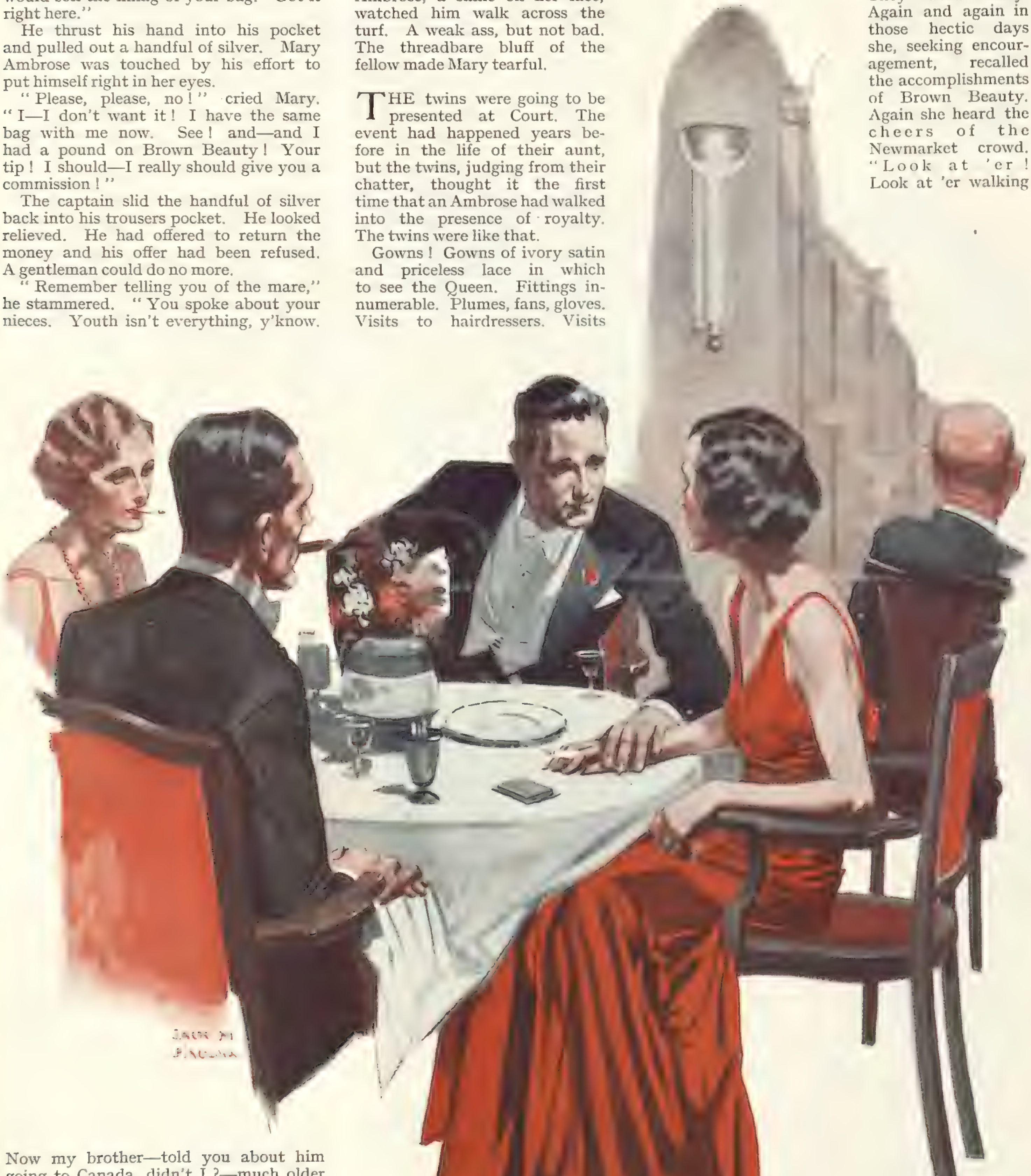
He left with a flourish. Mary Ambrose, a smile on her face, watched him walk across the turf. A weak ass, but not bad. The threadbare bluff of the fellow made Mary tearful.

THE twins were going to be presented at Court. The event had happened years before in the life of their aunt, but the twins, judging from their chatter, thought it the first time that an Ambrose had walked into the presence of royalty. The twins were like that.

Gowns! Gowns of ivory satin and priceless lace in which to see the Queen. Fittings innumerable. Plumes, fans, gloves. Visits to hairdressers. Visits to a penniless countess who gave lessons in curtseying.

Arrangements with Darkroom, the fashionable photographer of Bond Street, to snap the twins on the morning after. Great hullabaloo. All bills to Miss Mary Ambrose, Berkeley Hotel, Berkeley Street. What had the captain said? "Big stable? High?" Well, it was.

Galloping nieces! They tired Mary. Again and again in those hectic days she, seeking encouragement, recalled the accomplishments of Brown Beauty. Again she heard the cheers of the Newmarket crowd. "Look at 'er! Look at 'er walking



FOR Mary Ambrose the week following the Derby was a week of wonder through them! Brown Beauty! Brown Beauty by a head!"

But the twins were great gallopers. That damnable couplet! It made visions of the glorious legs of Denise and Eleanor. The twins were no taller than Mary, but their legs—their slim, graceful legs—looked ever so much longer. Beautiful legs had the twins. . . .

Débutantes on the way to the Palace. The fairest of England, where all women are fair. Plumed beauties to bow before Their Majesties. In the stream of splendid elegance went the twins.

The pop-eyed watchers lining the pavement. Getting a thrill out of the parade. Exchanging impressions. "Will 'er Majesty speak to ev'ry one o' 'em?" . . . "Naw, not 'arf! She'll jest nod 'er 'ed as they goes by. These debbytants turn arter they pass 'er Majesty an' toddle orf stige wiv their fices turned to 'er. I'll show yer. See, you're the Queen an' I'm one of these debbytants. I bob an' then I turn an' go—'Scuse me, lydy! Scuse me for bumpin' inter yer. I wus jest showin' a friend o' mine 'ow these debbytants meet the Queen."

Mary Ambrose was tired when the twins set out from the Berkeley. The twins didn't notice her fatigue. Their thoughts were on the Throne Room. Their eyes saw Queen Mary sitting there in regal splendour to receive them. In their fine vanity they thought Her Majesty might be thrilled by their slim elegance. They were really very beautiful.

On the ride to the Palace they chatted together. "Auntie is so funny," said Eleanor. "While she was dressing me I asked her again why she had backed that old horse at Newmarket. You remember? Old Brown Beauty. She snapped me and said that she would prefer age with brains to youth that was plain silly."

"Poor Auntie!" said Denise. "She's thirty-two, you know. How terrible to be thirty-two!"

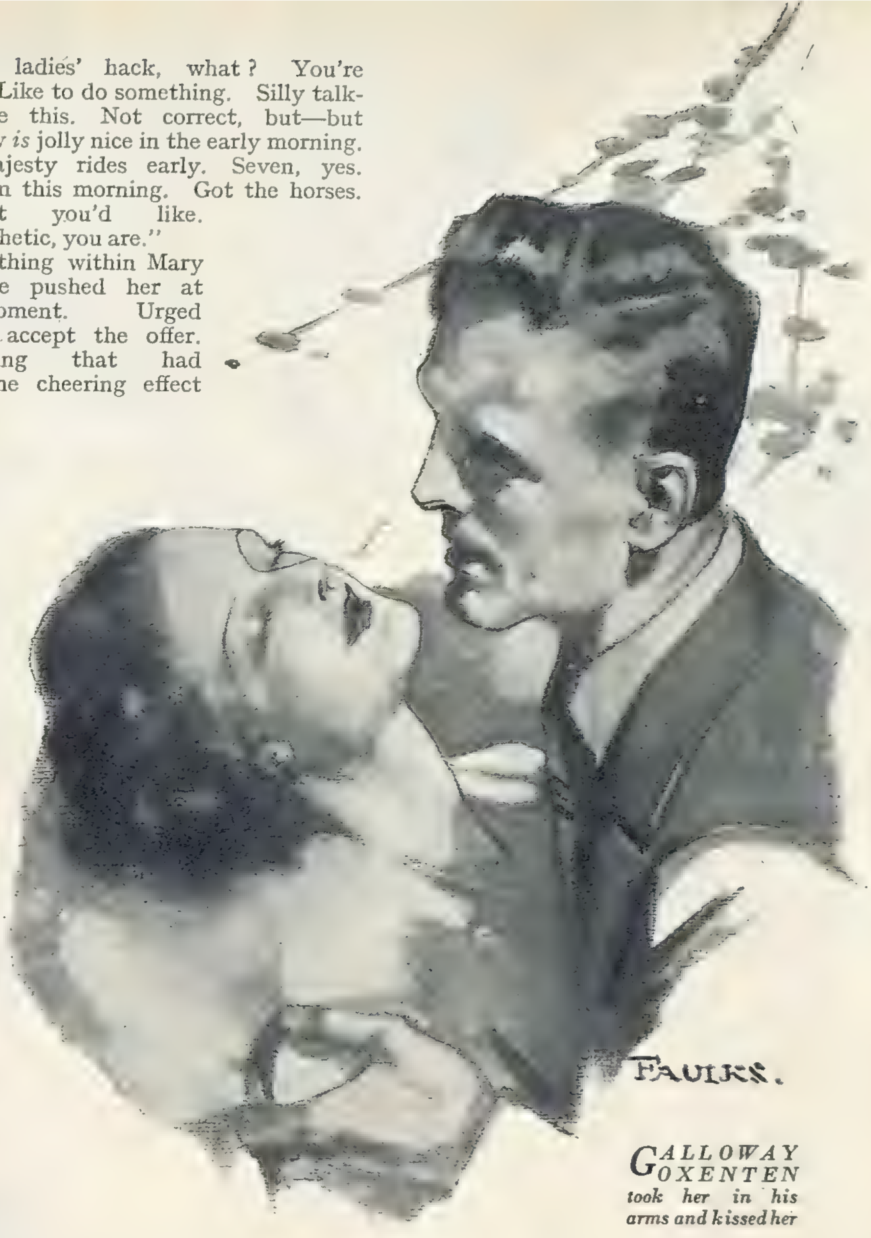
IN the soft twilight of that May evening Mary Ambrose, alone, walked slowly up Constitution Hill in the direction of Piccadilly. Near the Wellington Statue a man saluted her, and she shook herself clear of dream thoughts to recognise Captain Spooner. Spooner in cords and well-polished riding-boots.

Spooner explained his appearance. It was all due to the strip of leather from the bridle of Kellsboro Jack. Did she remember? Well, a friend of his, who had gone to the Continent, had given him, Spooner, the use of two riding horses while he was away. Spooner rode them in turn on Rotten Row so that they would not forget their state of servitude and act nasty when their owner returned.

"He, my friend, has a funny idea 'bout horses," said the captain. "No memory, he thinks. Believes if he left 'em a day or two without straddlin' 'em they'd ask him what a bridle is. Fact! No grey matter, he says . . . . You ride? Yes?"

Mary Ambrose admitted that she did ride. Visions of long rides to King's Weston Down slipped into her mind at the moment. A fierce longing for Bristol was upon her. London was tiring.

Captain Spooner straightened himself. "P'raps," he stammered, and he looked over Mary's shoulder at the Iron Duke as if seeking courage from the statue, "p'raps you'd permit me to offer one of these neddies? Canter in the Row? Perfect ladies' hack, what? You're kind. Like to do something. Silly talking like this. Not correct, but—but the Row *is* jolly nice in the early morning. His Majesty rides early. Seven, yes. Saw him this morning. Got the horses. Thought you'd like. Sympathetic, you are."



GALLOWAY OXENTEN *took her in his arms and kissed her*

Something within Mary Ambrose pushed her at that moment. Urged her to accept the offer. Something that had the same cheering effect as the shouts flung at Brown Beauty. Rotten Row in the May morning! The King riding! An escape from the twins. From the infamous chatter concerning the presentation of the previous evening. The ride would brace her for the work of preparing Denise and Eleanor for the photographer.

"If—if I can pay—pay for the hire of the horse I will come," said Mary.

"Can't hire them," said the captain. "Orders. Loan 'em, yes. Word of honour an' all that, what? See you to-morrow morning, eh? Seven? Reefer's Riding School, off Kinnerton Street."

THE Row filled with powdery sunlight. Silver mist over the Serpentine. Straight-backed riders on big sprawly horses. Large ladies on mounts that seemed to bend under their weight. Old gentlemen with stiff grey moustaches in livery faces on nuggety cobs. Might be retired generals, vice-admirals, or chaps from the Poultry. In the Row a man is a mystery to all but his horse.

Young girls with open blouses and flopping felt hats. Riding astride, contemptuous of the criticism of the dictators of riding ethics. "England not the England of old! Riding in the Row dressed like damned cowboys, sir! Shocking!" The girls were satisfied. Splendidly satisfied.

Mary Ambrose escorted by Captain Spooner. Good were the "neddies." A bay mare for Mary, lanky chestnut with a bad eye for the captain. The twins forgotten. Still in their beds in the Berkeley were the twins, dreaming of Queen Mary, splendidly regal, gracefully acknowledging the bows of hundreds of débutantes. Beautiful slim things that slid before her with the movements of delicate cats.

Spooner quite a fellow on a horse. Pleased with himself. Pleased because he could offer something that cost him nothing to a very kind lady.

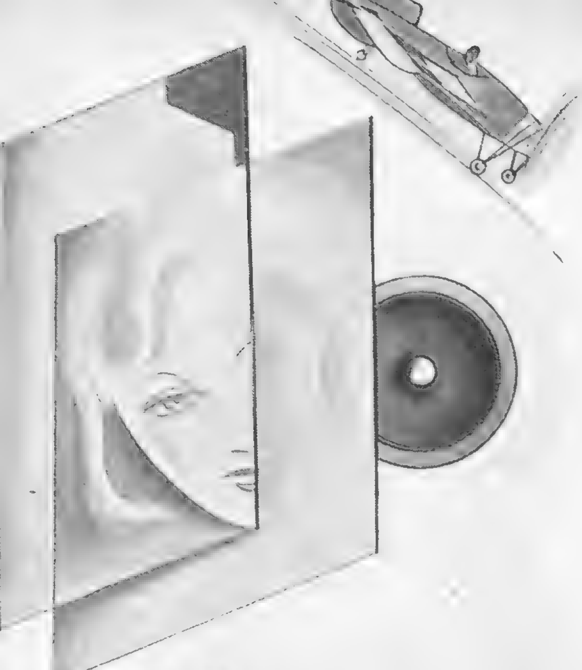
Possessed with that curious idea of importance that comes from knowing the great by sight. Whispering names to Mary Ambrose. Names of titled riders.

"Old chap on the grey cob Lord Scuttlefield . . . Girl on the roan is daughter of old Earl of Blitherly . . . Cool million for her some day. One of those Russian princes that marry movie stars is chasin' her . . . Boy with no hat is Honourable George——" Spooner broke off with a little gasp, straightened himself in the saddle, and whispered a warning to Mary Ambrose.

"The King!" he murmured. "His Majesty! Straight ahead!"

Mary Ambrose looked. Coming towards her at a gentle trot was King George, an equerry riding at his stirrup, a mounted policeman in the rear.

Captain Spooner drew the chestnut out of the way. (*Continued on page* 112)



INTO * THE * NEW * WORLD

A Prophetic Vision of Things to Come—Scientific Marvels of 1950 which are the Embryos of 1935

HE put the autogiro away in the garage, pressed the button that opened the front door, went into the house, and ascended in the lift to the top. A panel slid, and a pretty woman with brightly tinted hair came to meet him. Noting a certain abstraction, she reached up and pulled his ear. "The great brain works on," said she accusingly.

He smiled. "I was continuing a train of thought," he admitted. "It is New Year's Day, 1950. It is also the fourteenth anniversary of our marriage. I was thinking of life, and the world, in the old days, when I was 20, and we first met. You remember? Marina, the war scare, Belisha beacons, Roosevelt experiments, economy hopes and fears—a romantic and adventurous time. An old world was dying, a new one was being born. And on the edge of 1935 I went to a ball at the Dorchester, you recall, a duty ball, because it was for the cancer research funds and I had just started to work with the professor in that field, and at that ball I met his daughter. . . ."

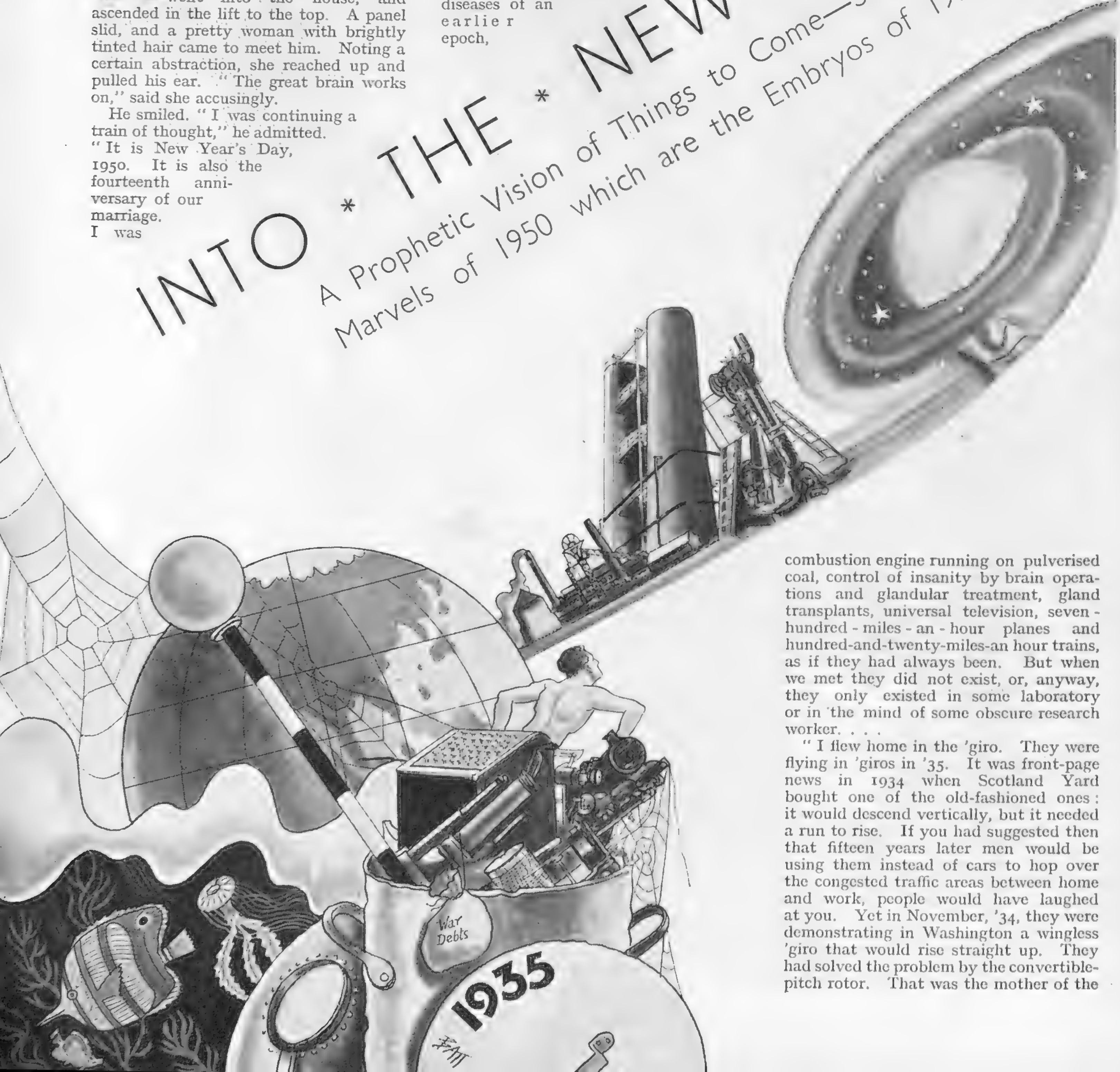
"And lived happy ever after," she finished. "Or, at least, after I finally said 'yes.'"

"The mortality from cancer in that alleged scientific age," said he, looking away from her out of the glass wall, beyond which the lights of the great city glimmered far below through the leafless trees, "was one in every ten men and one in every eight women over forty. And now. . . ."

"And now," she caught him up, "it kills less people than typhoid, smallpox and diabetes, the dread diseases of an earlier epoch, killed in 1935, because by 1940 we had found out how to handle it. That is a line from one of your lectures. But I'm afraid that it also comes into my mind, since we're reminiscing like this, that the hard-up young research worker I married is now the five-thousand-a-year head of an anti-cancer serum factory that wasn't even on the map of possibilities when we danced."

"So many things," he responded, "aren't on the map of possibilities to-day, and then you blink, and there they are. We accept air-conditioned houses, suffused sunlight lighting, rubber speedways, an internal-combustion engine running on pulverised coal, control of insanity by brain operations and glandular treatment, gland transplants, universal television, seven-hundred-miles-an-hour planes and hundred-and-twenty-miles-an hour trains, as if they had always been. But when we met they did not exist, or, anyway, they only existed in some laboratory or in the mind of some obscure research worker. . . .

"I flew home in the 'giro. They were flying in 'giros in '35. It was front-page news in 1934 when Scotland Yard bought one of the old-fashioned ones: it would descend vertically, but it needed a run to rise. If you had suggested then that fifteen years later men would be using them instead of cars to hop over the congested traffic areas between home and work, people would have laughed at you. Yet in November, '34, they were demonstrating in Washington a wingless 'giro that would rise straight up. They had solved the problem by the convertible-pitch rotor. That was the mother of the



GRILLED STEAK
1950

By C. Patrick Thompson

Decorations by BATT

'giros of to-day. Its blades folded back, so that the machine could be housed in an ordinary one-car garage. It would cruise as slow as seventeen miles an hour, and as fast as a hundred and five. It averaged twenty-five miles to the gallon, weighed six hundred pounds empty, and would carry within sixty pounds of its own weight."

"I've been looking it up," he added, catching her eye. "Hengler phoned and asked me to do a piece for the *Science Weekly* on the next things in science, looking a decade or two ahead, and against the background of progress since the world turning point in 1935. I started to make some notes, and then I found I was hedging too much. I was hedging as I might have hedged, looking at 1950 from 1935. I found myself reluctant to believe that things change as quickly as they do.

"Look at the internal-combustion engine. It was a joke in 1900. Ten years later it had enabled man to fly, and in another ten years it had changed all human life and provided the basis for an immense expansion era.

"Then consider radio. How many people believed in 1920 that they would soon be able to catch vibrations in the ether in a little box in your home, and that a decade later radio would be one of the great industries? Fewer probably than foresaw in 1935 the transformation that television would effect in their lives before another decade was out.

"Well, I'm going into the library to make some more notes. And there again you see how far we've travelled. Back in '35 we worked an eight-hour day. It would have been six before I left the plant, and I would be home in nice time to tub and change, and eat. Now we have cut an hour off the working day, we get through more work; and here I am with leisure I wouldn't have if time moved back fifteen years."

In the library he switched on the dictation machine, and smiled, thinking of the cumbersome things with voice tubes they had in '35. What would he have thought then of a neat little machine that caught your voice at three yards range and typed off the words on a paper tape as you talked? A miracle! Yet they had the first experimental talking-tape machines then, although no one knew about them except the readers of technical scientific and engineering journals.

Laying out old photograph albums and selecting books, he was again struck by the number of things they had in embryo in 1935 which had gone to the making of this marvellous world of 1950. The tide of change was indeed flowing so strongly that it frightened many people. Here was C. E. M. Joad, that celebrated philosopher, calling in 1934 for a stop to "this spate of inventions," and Sir Josiah Stamp, banker, railway president, industrialist, statistician, proposing a twenty years' holiday for science. Certainly, there was plenty to bewilder and daunt the elders of economics, banking and politics. No sooner had the British Treasury laboriously got the two great old-established competitors on the Atlantic ferry to merge than along came a bright new group and prepared to upset that apple cart by running a £10-to-America service with first-class big ships. It was a symptom and a portent. The day was passing when trans-oceanic travel was what the motor car had been in 1920—a high-priced thing for a small market. The new men were seeing that the big profits of the future lay in broadening the market through lower prices. The world

(*Continued on page* 108)

LITTLE Prince Baudouin of Belgium will not, we hope, need to grapple with his problems for many years

THE tiny buffer States of Europe are always a problem: Prince Jean of Luxemburg may have to face this task in years to come

CROWN PRINCE FAROUK of Egypt. He is a big chap now, fourteen years old and extremely intelligent

Making the KINGS of To-morrow

LORD LASCELLES and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles shopping in Oxford Street

Left:
THE "Little Princesses" en route for the North, giving us incidentally a fine view of their famous "Nannie," who is carrying Margaret Rose

By Joan Woollcombe

A SMALL boy—apparently a very ordinary small boy and dressed with studied usualness. He may be anything between eight and a dozen years old and his background, as we see him, consists, nearly always, of a Spartan suite of rooms with plenty of open windows and a minimum of display. A tutor, generally English, and a governess or nurse: both lynx-eyed for his slightest fault and both always imperceptibly guiding and training. His regime rigorous in the extreme; his education intensive and his days planned to the last minute; his childhood discarded at the earliest moment. In fact, *any modern heir to any modern throne*. . . .

Perhaps the selected spinsters of Britain, who sail serenely into the stormy seas of the Central European courts, know more about these younger heirs to European thrones? For modern democratic royalty is nothing if not a tribute to the nurses and governesses who form one of our most sought after exports to the rest of the world. The truly amazing realisation of the power of these unknown women begins to dawn upon us—women who set forth across the continents armed with

Democracy is a hard Taskmaster and demands of the new generation of Royalties an Intensive Training for future posts of grave Responsibility

PRINCE MICHAEL OF ROUMANIA has been educated with selected school-boys as companions

Right:
HE did not know that he would so soon be King. Prince Peter (as he then was) is here seen out for walk in London with his tutor, Mr. Parrott

nothing except their most formidable convictions about fresh air, open windows and the training of little gentlemen . . . and who remain undisturbed and incorruptible through wars and revolutions—maiden aunts, young and modern, of great John Bull.

WITHOUT vanity we can say that Buckingham Palace and the York Cottage ménage of the present King and Queen of England; that Mr. Hansell, the Prince of Wales's tutor, and Mrs. Knights, the Duchess of York's "Nannie"—these have set the pace for the younger Royalties of the world. Ruefully enough these intensively trained, highly bred young folk would confess it—that life is not at all the same for heirs to thrones, established or uneasy, since the Divine Right in England faded before the definite if less divine need for being trained to be Royal *à la mode.*

In Britain we breed and train our Royalties with as much care and quite as much success as we do our race-horses; we are famous for both. Famous, too, for our trainers. Meanwhile all over the world we see standing forth the sturdy younger generation of trainees for this appallingly difficult profession, a fine crop of specially bred young rulers—one of them, one of the youngest, has succeeded recently to his turbulent heritage in the cockpit of the Balkans. Little King Peter stepped from a Cobham "Prep." school to the macabre ceremonies that surrounded the body of his murdered father . . . *What this child-king will be may depend very largely upon what, for the last seven years, his Nannie has been.*

Upon Miss Crowther, Englishwoman of Bradford, is this responsibility! What Miss Marr, Scot of Glasgow, achieves for the next few years may have repercussions all over the Balkans; Mr. Parrott, English tutor to His little Majesty, may yet do for Yugo-Slavia what Mr. Hansell has achieved for the Prince of Wales and Britain.

IT is "Foxy," and the loyalty of the Duchess of Kent's parents to their employee, (*Continued on page* 115)

A SNAPSHOT of Crown Prince Farouk of Egypt taken in his baby car when he was eight years old

According To

THE gangways had hardly been pulled up (or dragged off; which is it ?) when the young people met on the promenade deck.

"Oh, it's you," said Miss Van Vreenan coldly.

"Good morning." Lord Homerton politely raised his hat.

"Are *you* coming across ?"

"If you mean, am I travelling in this boat across the Atlantic——"

"Oh, don't get fresh."

"Fresh !" said his Lordship bitterly. "Ha !" he said. "I suppose I ought to have had my passport visé-ed by you !"

"Not by *me*, darling. I guess your mother's O.K. was good enough."

It was a shrewd thrust, and it cheered her considerably. For Charles, the fourteenth Baron Homerton, was rather a mother's boy. As every one knew, Lady Homerton (her husband had lately taken thankful refuge in the grave) devoted her whole energies to her son. She was his courier, his schoolmaster, his A.D.C., his chaperone, the controller of his purse, and his boss.

Poor Charles !

His physique was indifferent. At Eton he had played games no better than an intelligent chimpanzee. At Cambridge, therefore, his friends were oddments. A pity, because Charles was no imbecile. But life is like that. He couldn't safely kick them, so in the end he made the best of pretentious mediocrities, and perhaps got a bit ladylike himself. He'd cherished an ambition for the Brigade. But the doctor turned him down—bad eyes, I believe.

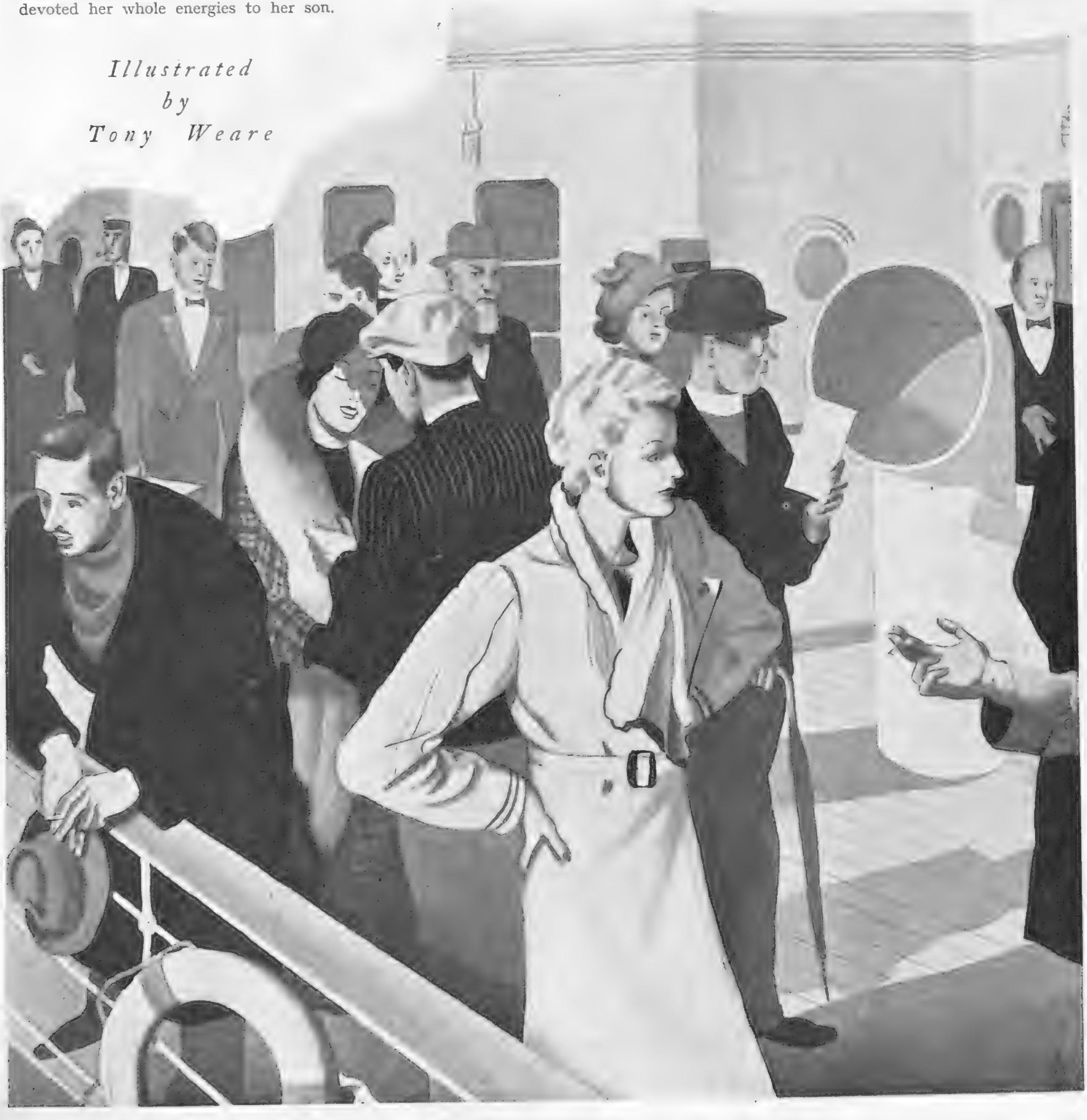
His father, instructed thereto by Lady Homerton, then tried to make him a farmer.

The number of ladylike young men who have made good farmers has never troubled a statistician.

Charles mooned round with the agent, played a little bad cricket in the village team, and composed songs. Everything he did was not just quite good enough.

HIS father had been one of those hereditary legislators who——. Oscar Wilde first discovered that Nature copies Art. Nature copied the art of the caricaturist when the thirteenth Lord

Illustrated
by
Tony Weare



PLAN

A Ship, a Chaperone, a Peer with few points and the Girl with Many Dollars

By

H. T. W. Bousfield

Homerton appeared. He was the perfectly futile peer that no one really thinks has ever existed. No vices, no virtues; never hated, never loved. He never enjoyed anything himself. He never gave anyone else a good time. He was weak, and a bore. He would sit in the House of Lords for hours, saying nothing. His fellows regarded him with impatience and fear. Suppose he *did* speak? They shuddered. And then he died, vaguely, unexpectedly and very tiresomely, for his house was full of guests.

His wife wept well, but she felt she would like to slap somebody.

Death duties in this case unfortunately had to be paid in full. None of the prudent wangling that one takes for granted nowadays had been thought of.

So the big house was closed, and the London house let.

Lady Homerton and the new Lord Homerton retired to a flat.

And Sally Van Vreenan was discovered; the American heiress, the pretty, spoilt, cheeky Sally, who was reputed to feed fortune-hunting young men to her wolfhounds. And was it a shame to hand her Charles Homerton? She said it was a shame herself.

Still, Sally had her own troubles too. She was only twenty-one, and not till she was twenty-five would she get hold of her money. Meanwhile there was her guardian, Aunt Sabina, who chaperoned her, abused her, almost beat her.

Aunt Sabina and Lady Homerton joined forces. Aunt Sabina was great on pedigrees. Not for her a parvenu viscount, or even a recent earl, when the fourteenth baron was available.

She prided herself on this sophistication.

Lady Homerton was great on cash. Not for her a blue-blooded daughter-in-law with a few hundreds for pin money. Someone would have to be found who would refund what the Treasury had taken.

She prided herself on being a practical woman.

So when she found her son having a wholly unnecessary drink in the smoking-room that morning his excuse did not please her.

"I'm having a drink because I just ran across Sally Van Vreenan, if you want to know."

"Charles, I hope you weren't rude to Sally?"

"Rude to her! I'd like to see someone being rude to her. She hasn't got the manners of a —— "

"Charles, come over here."

Lady Homerton led him firmly to a secluded table and sat him down.

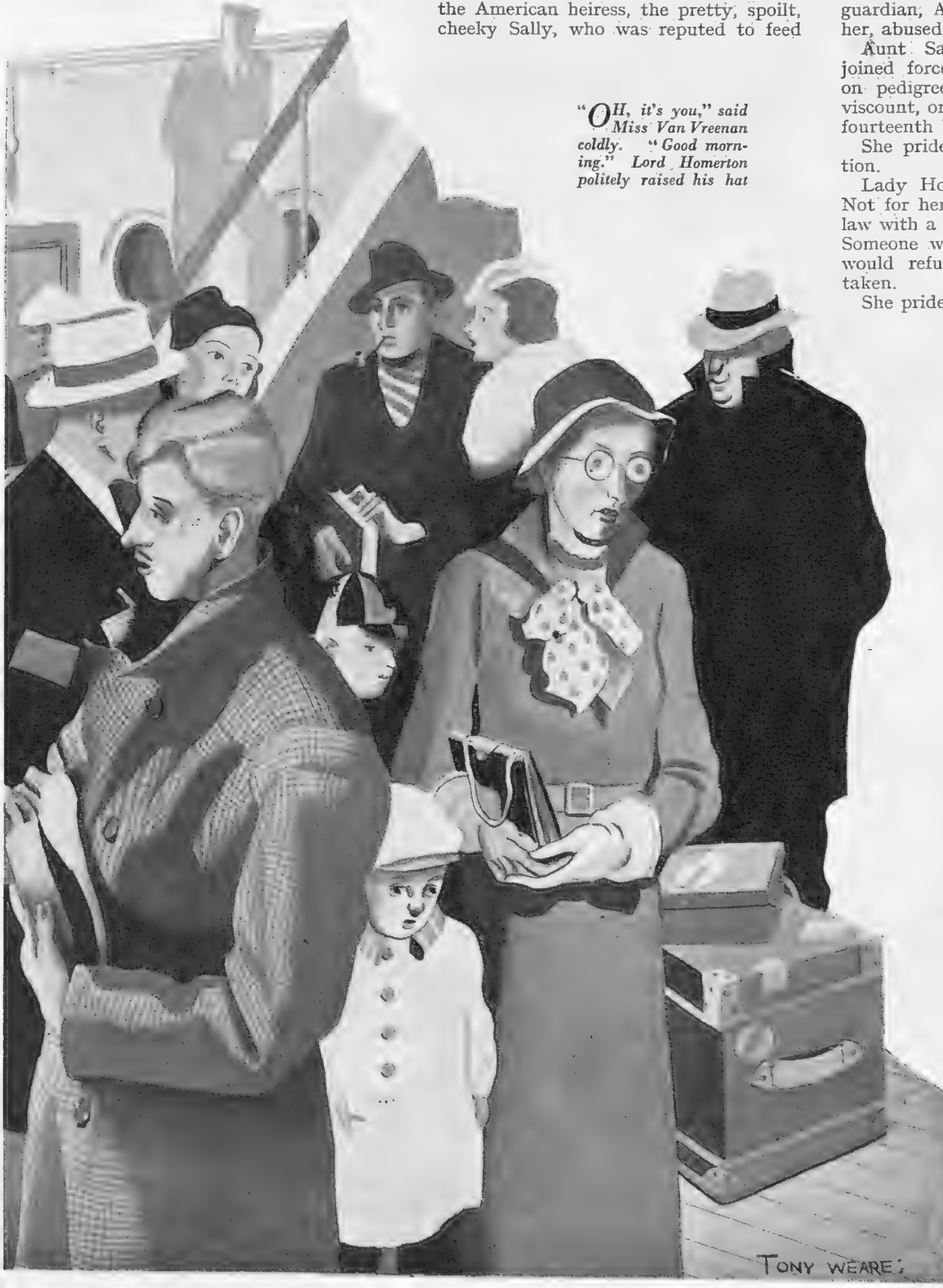
"I suppose you knew the Van Vreenans were coming on this boat," he grumbled.

"Of course. Charles, listen to me. You've got to marry money. How many more times am I to remind you? Sally is a great heiress, and she's quite pretty, and for an American her origin is passable."

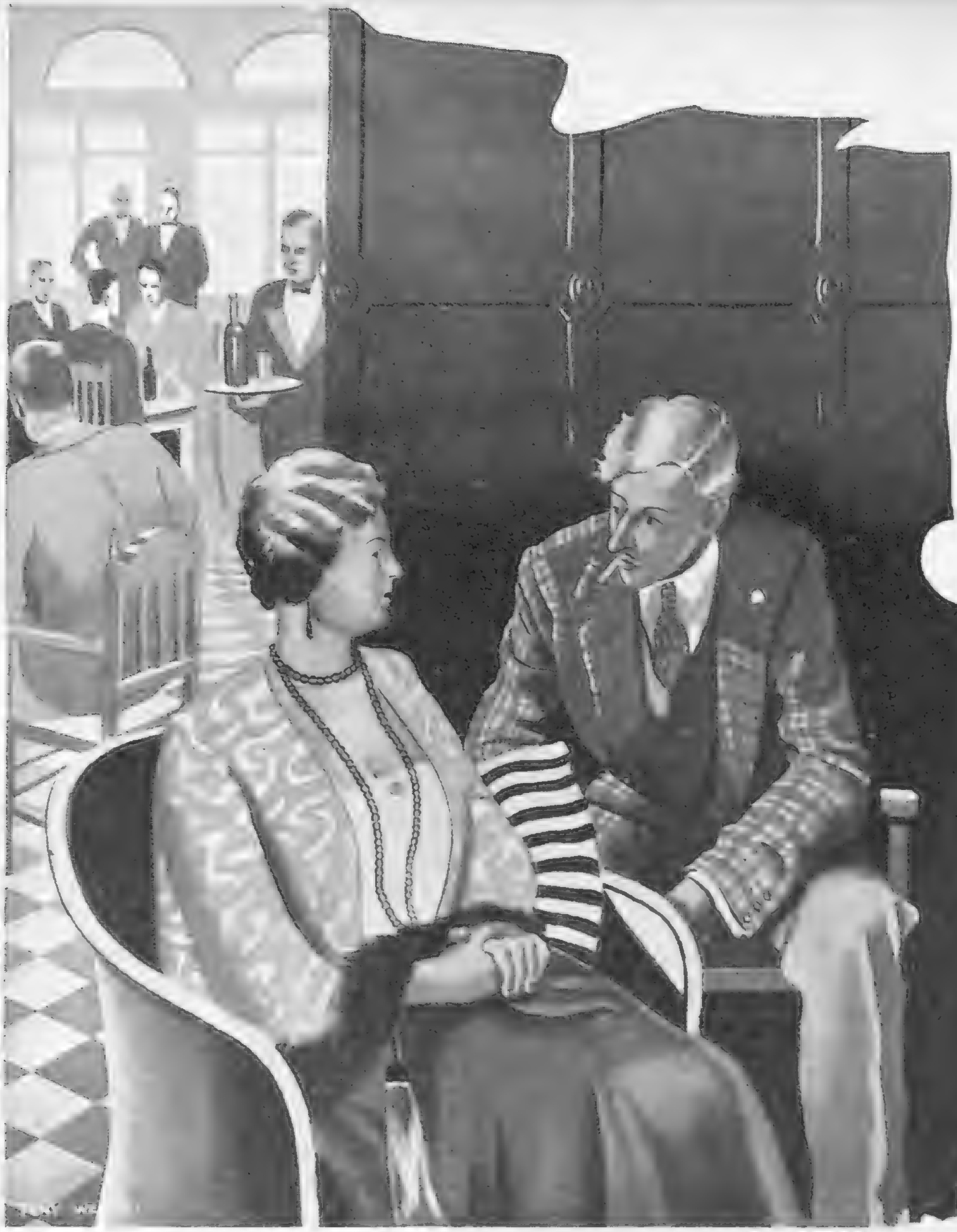
Charles's drink must have been a strong one. He finished it and laughed.

"Tell Sally that; I'd like to hear you." He got up and strolled out. "I'm busy, mother—got some letters to write."

The Homertons and the Van Vreenans sat at the Captain's table. He, sensible fellow, took every possible meal in his own quarters. But



"OH, it's you," said Miss Van Vreenan coldly. "Good morning." Lord Homerton politely raised his hat



"I SUPPOSE *you knew the Van Vreenans were coming on this boat," he grumbled*

his Line expected him to be polite, so such respites were not many.

That first day he did not appear at lunch, but dinner he couldn't decently escape. Mrs. Schuyler Van Vreenan (Aunt Sabina) and Lady Homerton were on either side of him. Charles and Sally sulked opposite. There were also a somewhat grim international organiser of women police, and a very famous entomologist.

Well, captains don't get much exercise, so it would be a pity if their appetites were over-encouraged.

With sugared bitterness Lady Homerton and Mrs. Schuyler Van Vreenan discussed the Young People of the Present Day. The captain at intervals assured them both that what they said went well with him. Sally in timid, maidenly tones confided to the entomologist her dread of moths. His Lordship unreservedly praised the women's police movement and its value in Rescue Work.

"I think your women police are wonderful," he said.

An uncomfortable meal.

Nothing of an interesting nature happened that night. The mother and aunt played bridge. Sally continued to sulk. Lord Homerton monopolised the drawing-room piano and drove everybody with sensitive ears out on deck. After that there seemed no point in playing. He wandered over to the bar. Hardly a creature.

So, depressed and disgruntled, Lord Homerton went early to bed.

ONE would not think it to look at him, but this unsuccessful dilettante, this undistinguished young man whose physique gave strangers the impression that he had never had a square meal in his life, cherished a perpetual ambition for bulging muscles and a he-man's chest.

This urge, together with the fact that he had gone to bed too early and slept badly, brought him out on the promenade deck next morning at the inhuman hour of seven, and clad in very emphatic pyjamas. In this attire he proceeded to swing himself from one to another of the awning stays.

He may have looked like a monkey, but Sally, who herself had been too cross to sleep well, regarded him for the first time in her life with something kinder than contempt.

He looked, she considered, quite pathetic.

Coming close up behind his tortured and suspended form: "Do you mind my watching you?" she inquired.

He dropped on the deck, rubbed his blistered fingers and prayed for breath.

"Hullo," he panted. "Have you come up to work off cocktails and caviare? You are getting a bit overweight, you know."

Her kindly mood vanished, and very naturally.

"That's why I've no business to be here," she said. "Laugh and grow fat! I guess I've put on five pounds this morning already."

Have I said before that Sally was not just pretty, as Lady Homerton put it, but *really* pretty? She was adorable.

But sea air and early rising are wonderful tonics. Charles did his best to hit back.

"With a tongue like yours," he remarked pleasantly, "you must be a martyr to acidity."

A steward appeared at that moment with tea, toast and an apple.

"Oh, put it down here, steward," said his Lordship.

"Put it down *here*, steward," smiled Sally sweetly.

"Very good, m'lord."

The steward obeyed neither command, as a matter of fact. He simply vanished with his tray.

"You must have frightened him," said Charles. "I'm not surprised."

"On the contrary, he must have seen your Darwinian demonstration. He's gone to get some nuts."

As a matter of fact, the poor, tip-loving creature had merely hurried away to double his burden.

Before lady and nobleman had time to reach blows he had returned—tea, toast, apples and oranges as well.

"Evidently," said Charles, "he could see we are lovers. Two teas upon a single tray!"

"I suppose it's the ozone," said Sally as she took the last two pieces of toast together, "that makes you so articulate. I always believed you only knew words of one syllable, and only six of them."

"That's because you've been educated by American comic papers. A narrow curriculum. Englishmen are bad enough, according to them. But an Englishman with a title! It makes them all hot and conscious of their hairy ears!"

"Is that so?"

"I'm afraid it is. But, Sally, of course I don't mean you. You're not like the rest. You—you're different somehow. You're perhaps not a citizen of the world exactly, and yet you're a little bundle of sophistication yourself. Just to see the unexpired night-cream on your nose, the mascara of yesterday on your eyes, is enough to show me how little you care about daybreak and—er—what common stewards think.

"I could kiss the dirty little bedroom slippers you're wearing."

He dodged the teapot. It went clean overboard.

"Nerves," said Lord Homerton, rising and walking away. "I shall have to speak to Aunt Sabina."

Breakfast was gloomy.

In the middle of the morning it was Lord Homerton who brought a cup of soup to Miss Van Vreenan, for the sea was making itself felt.

She wasn't looking any too well.

"This is soup," he remarked. No answer. "I only want to tell you this is soup. Your soup, not mine."

"Go away."

"Now, let me give it to you. I admit the sea is rather rough, but ignore it. A nice dish of greasy soup will scare the nasty waves away. Watch the funny little rounds of fat on the top of the cup."

He put it down. He produced a cigar.

"You don't mind if I smoke; you 'll have a cigarette? You and I are good sailors, thanks be, and when you 've had your soup, you 'll be hopping about as merrily as the best of us."

He beamed ever so kindly.

"You won't have any soup to-day?"

"If I had a gun, Charles——"

"You 'd take me on at half-a-crown a shot, I know. But you can't out here. We 've left the seagulls far behind. You won't drink your soup? Naughty!"

He drank it.

"Good soup. Cigarette? Sally, are you losing your sense of humour?"

Sally began to cry.

"Don't cry, darling. Have you got a pain? I 'd send Mrs. Van Vreenan to look after you, but she 's playing bridge. I heard her telling my mother she had just been ordering luncheon for both of you. Think of it, Sally: I 'm going to have just the same. Pea-soup, grilled salmon, cold duck, and chocolate soufflé with cream."

"Chocolate soufflé with cream, dearest."

Miss Van Vreenan had not the strength to throw her chair at him. She needed everything she had to get herself below.

How foolish young people are!

The sea abated by tea-time, and even the worst sailors appeared on deck.

LORD HOMERTON, whose mood of officiousness had not yet been cured, happened to meet Sally as she emerged from the lift.

"Well, well, well," he said, "let me get you a nice hot cup of chocolate."

"You get me a gun," said poor Sally.

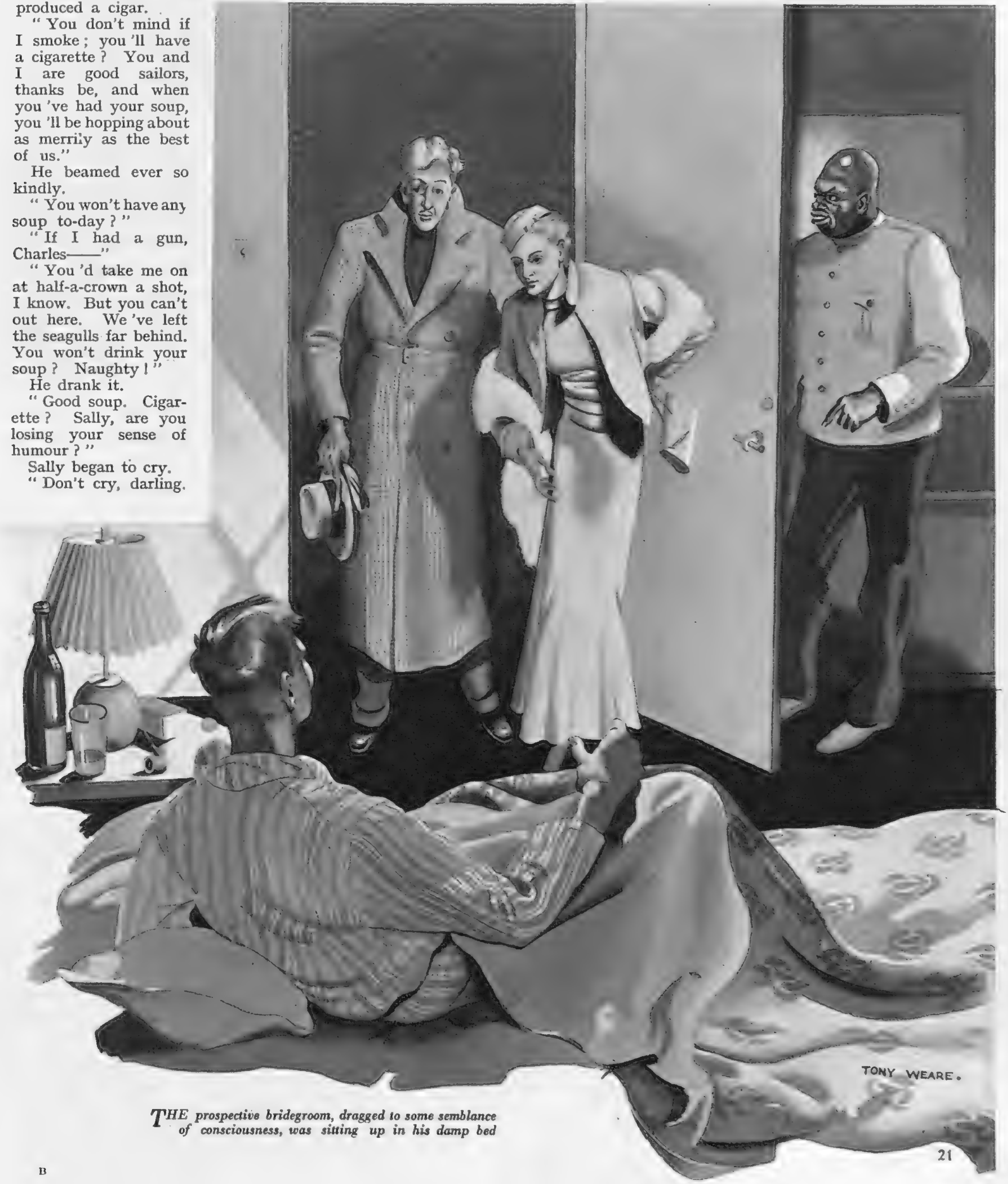
"But I 've told you there aren't any seagulls. I don't suppose we shall see a bird for days."

"Then oblige me by committing suicide."

"My darling, I fear, is overwrought."

But he had the sense to leave her till after dinner.

(*Continued on page 82*)

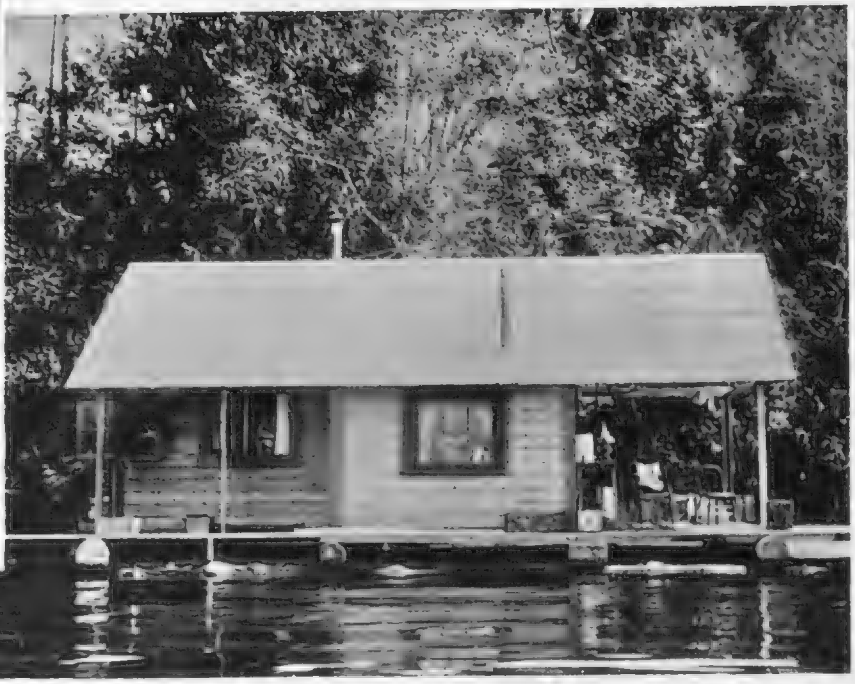


THE prospective bridegroom, dragged to some semblance of consciousness, was sitting up in his damp bed

The Happy Exiles

By Negley Farson

THE Game-Warden with a "Whiskey-Jack." These birds are so unafraid of man that they will fly over the forest and alight on your hand



A HOME afloat—a plain shack on a log raft. It had this advantage; we could pull up our moorings and let it drift at nights—to see where we could wake up in the mornings. This gave a variety of views

"DARLING, the surgeon says he has done all he can for you."

"Well, that 's good."

"You 're not to walk for six months."

"Swim, I suppose?"

"Something like that. You 're to go out in the sun and let Nature cure you."

"Did he tell you what I was going to do it on?"

It 's just like doctors to give prescriptions like that. A winter in Davos or sitting on the breakwater at St. Tropez. But this was Montreal; winter was coming on; if I tried lying out in the sun in Canada I was going to freeze to death; and we had only 400·00 dollars in the wide, wide world—125 dollars of which was stolen in a tram-car that very night.

He 's a funny old goat," said my wife. "He 's been here for forty years, he hasn't seen anyone of his family for fifty years, and he thinks the air is polluted if anyone dares to live within a hundred miles of him."

We were lairds of the manor in Uncle Dick's "cabin" in British Columbia. Uncle Dick, as you should have guessed by now, was a retired Indian Army colonel. In the days of his youth, in Ladakh, he had enjoyed the unusual sensation of being under bow-and-arrow fire. Since then Uncle Dick had shot at everything within sight. As he had hit most of them, we expected to find a Peter Arno cartoon, and be told by a porty old boy: "I was really angry with that one." But Uncle Dick had a fine disregard for antlers and heads. His show-piece was a white Buddha he had traded for a Service revolver from the Akhund of Swat. And after taking one long look at "Eve and her American husband," he said "Hunh!" and did a quick-march to another place he owned thirty miles away. He left us to face the winter with a cat and a hundred tins of pea-powder soup—which we discovered was all that Uncle Dick ever ate.

The lake itself was in the heart of Vancouver Island some thirty miles from the main railway. Scavenging lumber camps had raped it in parts, but for the most part it was as virgin as the day when Columbus set sail for America. It was twenty miles long, and, aside from a little cluster of house-boaters that lived near the store at its foot, it held only five

A LOGGING camp on Vancouver Island

Two Years in the Woods on £10 a Month

UNCLE DICK'S "cabin" in British Columbia

THE Game-Warden's cabin. He has lived on this raft since 1917!

"HIGH RIGGERS." They cut the tops off fir trees at 200 feet and use them as masts for the logging donkey-engines. The "High Riggers" are nearly all sailors—and Finns—and usually meet a nasty death by falling from the tree. They are the highest paid men in the logging camps—£2 a day

families. And, in their various fashions, these people eked out a life in true frontier fashion. It was a life full of work—but no worry.

THE condescension of original settlers takes a lot of enduring. The women, for instance, were surprised that my wife knew how to cook. When she gave them fillets of Rainbow Trout with Tartar Sauce they began to get interested. It was snobbish—but good to eat. The men were frankly sceptical about my ability with an axe. It wasn't until the Game Warden and myself had sweated one long whole day at the opposite ends of a cross-cut saw that we began to have a certain amount of respect for each other. But, after all, misery loves company, and there we all were, out in the woods of British Columbia, with a long, wet winter coming on.

WE met at the store once a week, when we rowed down or put-putted in our various motor-boats (those which we could get started); and there we got our mail and bought groceries (and took home these for those who could not get their boats started); and there we passed the time of day and tried to find out as much as we could about each others' private lives (which we retailed to the boat-less people we were carrying parcels for); and, just to keep the Game Warden in his place, I shot a fat deer by moonlight the night before season opened.

It was a wonderful life, and I often wonder why we were crazy enough ever to leave it. There was just one little difficulty. One had to have money. It wasn't much. But one had to have something. Shorty Auchincloss, the "Pessimist," for instance, never spent at the store more than 80 dollars a year. But then Shorty was a genius. Shorty raised a pig to maturity, shot it, cut it up in pieces, coasted about the lake in a Siwash dug-out selling pig in sections to all of his friends—then he invited himself to luncheon during the succeeding days and ate back nearly all of it. But even Shorty had to sell himself to get his 80 dollars, and swing an axe periodically against some un-killable Swede in the logging camps.

The Game Warden and his French wife nearly died of starvation during their first winter at the lake. He had been a postmaster-general, or something

(*Continued on p.* 80)

THE author's wife cooking breakfast at Shaw Creek, one of the best Rainbow trout streams in the world—when the wind is right

Grey Fox *goes* Back

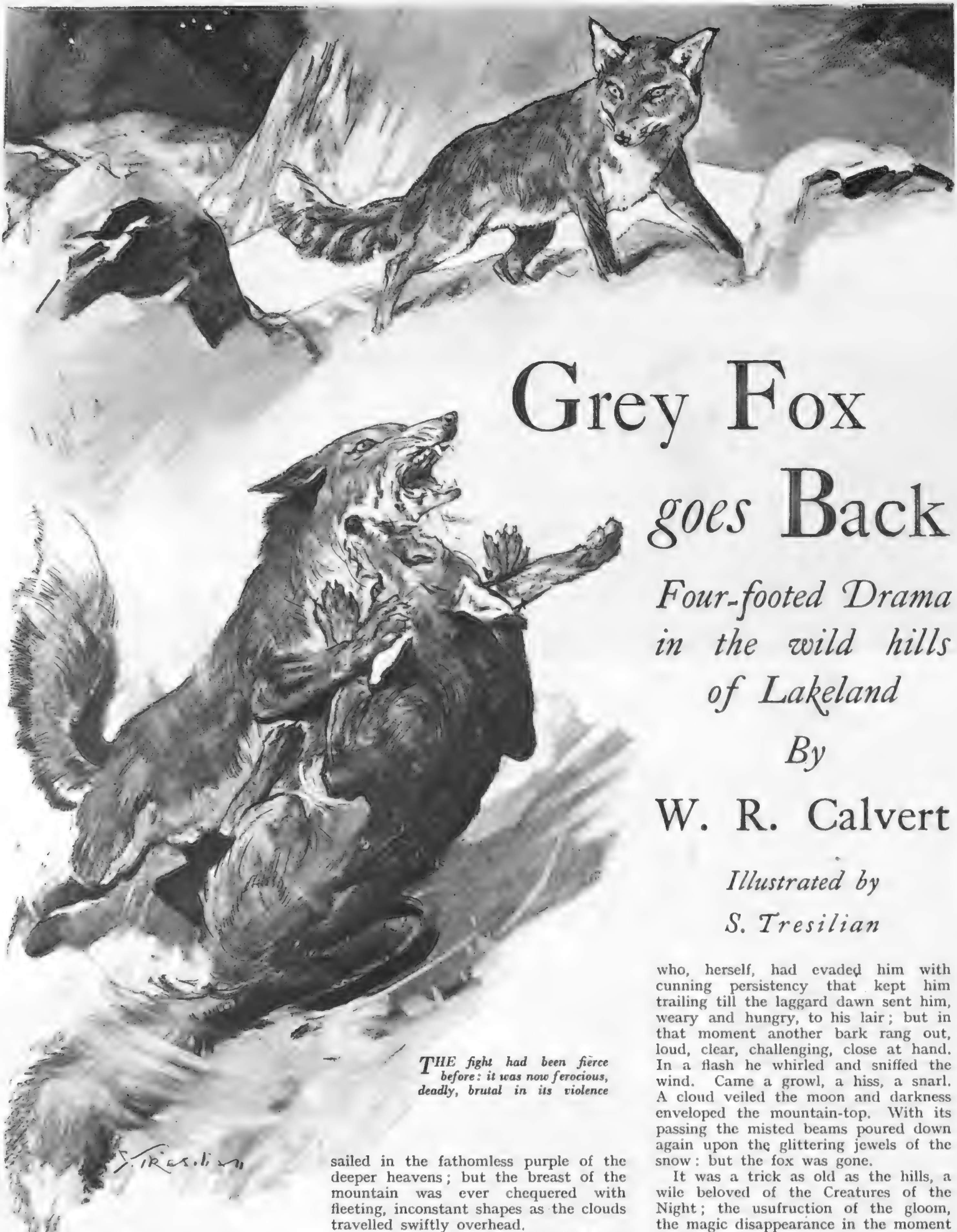
Four-footed Drama in the wild hills of Lakeland

By

W. R. Calvert

Illustrated by

S. Tresilian



THE fight had been fierce before: it was now ferocious, deadly, brutal in its violence

GREY FOX barked twice on Hartbarrow.

The fell lay stark and white beneath the winter sky wherein a waxing moon raced in and out the scudding clouds and star points pricked the velvet depths with gleaming arrogance. The shadows of the crags were etched, hard, swart and ponderable on the virgin snow each time the moon sailed in the fathomless purple of the deeper heavens; but the breast of the mountain was ever chequered with fleeting, inconstant shapes as the clouds travelled swiftly overhead.

Again the sharp, staccato bark cut clear across the silence. Faintly, as from a great distance, there came an answering call, a yelping squeal, mournful and most eerie; and Grey Fox pricked his black-tipped ears as, with lifted paw and pointed muzzle, he stood silhouetted against the light. He was about to reply before bounding off to seek the vixen whose cry had thus come to him three nights in succession yet who, herself, had evaded him with cunning persistency that kept him trailing till the laggard dawn sent him, weary and hungry, to his lair; but in that moment another bark rang out, loud, clear, challenging, close at hand. In a flash he whirled and sniffed the wind. Came a growl, a hiss, a snarl. A cloud veiled the moon and darkness enveloped the mountain-top. With its passing the misted beams poured down again upon the glittering jewels of the snow: but the fox was gone.

It was a trick as old as the hills, a wile beloved of the Creatures of the Night; the usufruction of the gloom, the magic disappearance in the moment of obscuration. A dim form drifted like a leaf within the dimness of the racing shadow. It was Grey Fox. Swiftly he reached the drift-piled wall that dropped, black and sinuous, beside a tinkling stream to the distant valley; and in that moment a darker form sprang out to meet him, scattering the snow in all directions.

After the first tumbling, snarling flurry, the moonlight showed a big red fox, his brush waving, his fangs bared, facing the younger grey. For a while they watched each other, hissing and growling, but immobile save for the ominous grace of the waving brush. Then the red one lifted his head and sent forth, loud and sharp and very bold, the double bark of the courting fox. The vixen's answer came at once, much nearer than before, much more eerie and mournful, and most exasperating.

Grey Fox opened his jaws to reply, but his bark changed to a growl as the other rushed upon him: and the battle surged in earnest. The weight of the older animal bore down the grey in that first unguarded moment, but he rolled swiftly upon himself and carried the aggressor with him, all the while tearing the fur from belly and back as he sought to sink his fangs in the sinewy throat. Fast and furious they bit and clawed. A shrewd, slashing rip opened the flank of the younger as they sprang apart and drew from him a squeal of mingled pain and anger. He made a rush; the other feinted and turned upon him, and again a raking blow seared him like white-hot iron, so that he snarled and sprang aside. Red, following up his advantage, rushed in. Grey was not there. Red whirled about, saw his adversary with lolling tongue and streaming flank, and rushed anew. Grey met him with craft and cunning in mid-air, rising to his falling body, and thus able to secure the lower, inner grip on the unguarded throat, the while his claws sought belly, flank and withers.

For the second time the weight of his bigger antagonist bore him down, but his fangs were gripped on the coarse, white hairs where chest and throat are one; and though sharp nails tore at his back and shoulders, he worried home the grip, slowly yet surely carrying it a little higher, a little deeper, a little nearer that vital spot he sought instinctively. All about the snow was trampled, scattered and stained with blood. A panting snarl, a muffled groan, the sound of tumbling bodies profaned the silence—that white silence of the mountains in winter's grip which is as clear and unbroken, as ineffably remote as the first great silence of the upper air.

Suddenly, from out the blackness flung by a dense and massive cloud, there rang a cry as from some tormented soul. The blackness passed with the long-drawn quavering note. With the coming of the light the cry shrilled forth again. Boldly standing on the wall, her amber eyes gleaming in the moonshine, the vixen looked down upon the reeling combatants. Her presence distracted Grey Fox. He started at the sound of her voice and glanced aside, for he was young, ardent, inexperienced, and he had long been seeking her for his mate. But his rival growled, a low, muffled growl because of the fangs at his throat, and used teeth and nails with unabated fury.

The fight had been fierce before: it was now ferocious, deadly, brutal in its violence. Grey Fox became a gory horror, his rival a blood-stained nightmare. The bloody slaverings from their jaws dripped to the reddened slush in which they rolled and staggered, fell down, stumbled up and were knocked down again. Their breath wheezed through wide-distended nostrils and smoked in the frosted air with the steam that rose from their heaving bodies. And from above the wall the gleaming eyes of the vixen burned like twin stars—steady, immovable, baleful in their intensity.

The end came swiftly. Grey Fox slipped and went down, and his adversary fell heavily upon him. Nigh winded, he strove to shake off the crushing weight that threatened suffocation; yet doggedly he refused to relax his grip on the throat and so obtain the air he needed. He tried to roll: the blood he had lost, and was still losing, made him weak, so that he could not move. A blackness, shot with flashing stabs of red, descended upon him, and he knew the end was near. And then, shrill and loud, the vixen screamed. Grey Fox heard. Savagely, recklessly, uncaringly, he shifted his grip and drove it home: a red, warm flood gushed over him. The enemy quivered and was still.

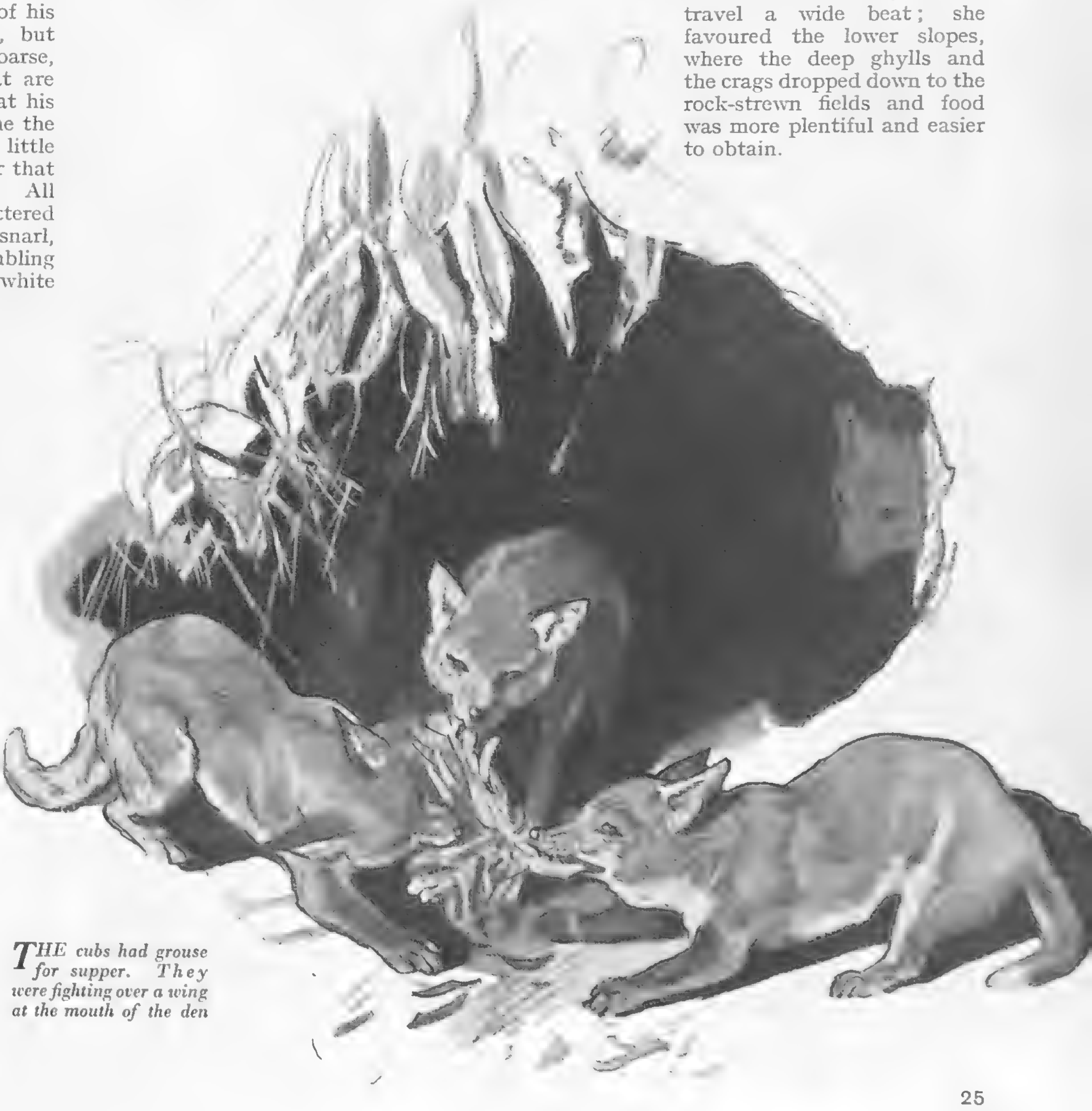
FEEBLY, very feebly, Grey Fox struggled to his feet. He tottered and swayed, but turned to where the vixen stood silhouetted in all the graceful beauty of her being. Twice he barked, a quavering, uncertain bark. From the wall the vixen answered, then sprang down and licked his gory muzzle.

Together they loped slowly down the fell.

Dawn was breaking when Grey Fox led his hard-won mate to a narrow ledge on the rock-seamed face of Hartbarrow. The light comes slowly to the winter solitudes of the high mountains of the English Lakeland, yet the hours of gloom had been none too long for the victor in the fight. Had he been alone he would have crept away to lick his wounds and rest his aching limbs; but with the vixen by his side, pride and passion filled him with a new, fictitious strength, and eased his torment in a strange forgetfulness. He was hungry, too: ravenously. For three days and nights he had eaten little save the remnants of a rabbit buried in the snow on his last foray before the coming of the vixen, and a weasel surprised and pounced upon when rounding a corner of the ledge on which he had his lair.

So he and his mate loped down to the lowlands together, tongues lolling, eyes gleaming; and every now and again he nipped her flank in playfulness, whereupon she snarled and showed her teeth, but kept her place beside him. They made a handsome pair as they trotted through the dream-like beauty of the night.

Grey Fox was a descendant of the old breed that inhabited the fells unchallenged until there came the incursion of new blood from the south. Long in the leg, long and lean of body, with grizzle-grey jacket, a "throw-back" true to type, he differed from the smaller vixen with her dark coat of yellowish-red and "ring-streaked" brush. Like his ancestors, he preferred to lie up high, far removed from the haunts of man, and to travel a wide beat; she favoured the lower slopes, where the deep ghylls and the crags dropped down to the rock-strewn fields and food was more plentiful and easier to obtain.



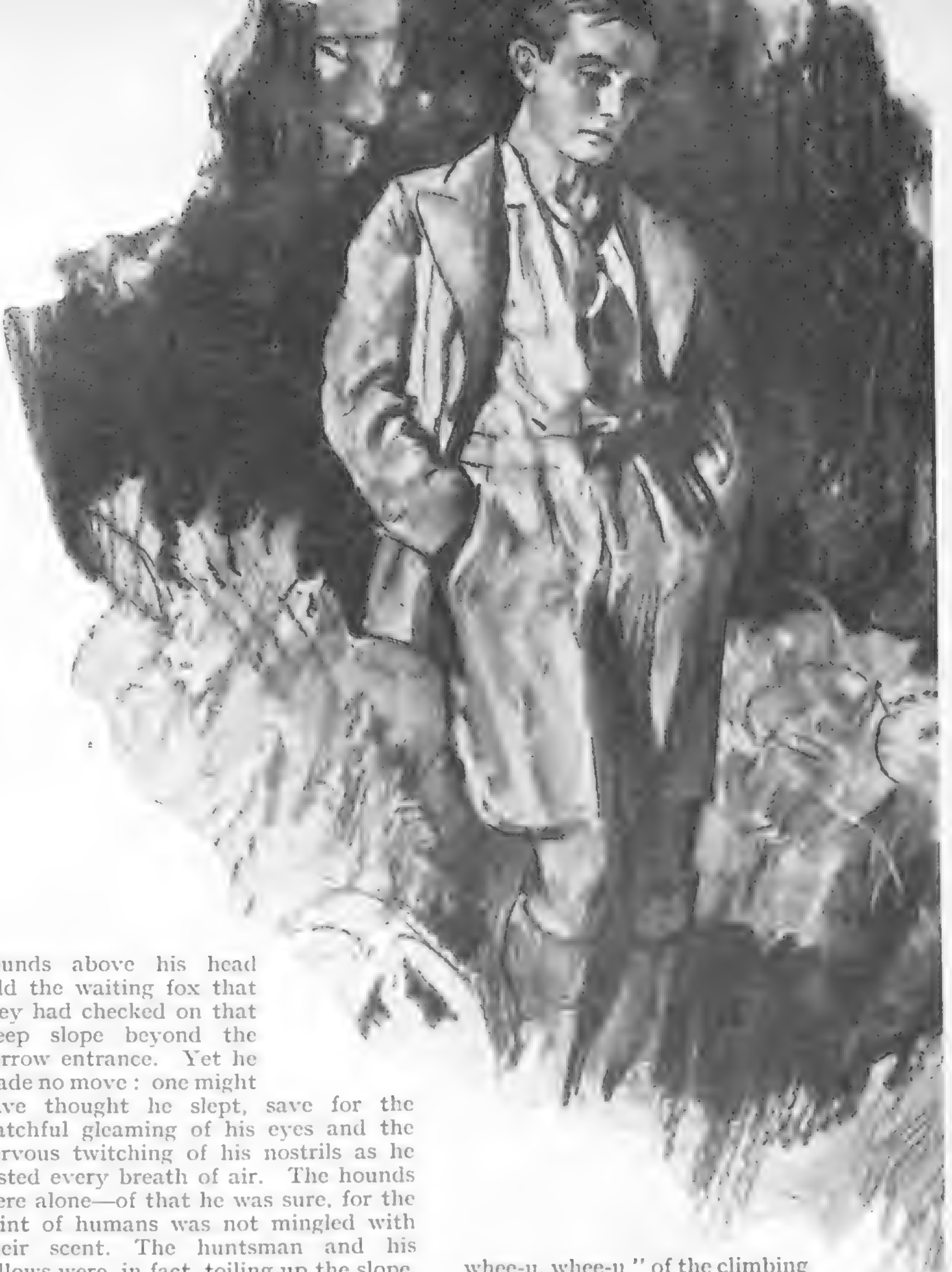
THE cubs had grouse for supper. They were fighting over a wing at the mouth of the den

The moon had gone and only the stars' unsteady lamps shone dim upon the plains of night when the foxes entered the farmyard by the lake. A watchful cur, taken indoors because of the bitter weather, gave the alarm; but the robbers were off with their booty, a duck and a drake from a pen believed to be secure, when a window was flung up and a gunshot tore the silence—and nothing more. With pointed ears flat against his head, Grey Fox sped swiftly over the frozen ground. He made for his lair, instinctively and unthinkingly; and his mate followed. It was a long climb, and the leader ached from muzzle to brush by the time he reached the old, familiar trail from the tumbling stream to the bold, black bastion on the face of the crag.

A harsh croak greeted them as each moved gingerly, with mincing steps and upraised brush, down a steep and slippery slope. At the bottom the vixen stopped and snarled as the raven launched itself into the mist-filled void and disappeared; then followed Grey Fox through a narrow opening between two chock-stones—so narrow that it seemed a cat could not possibly pass—and stood upon a snug, well-sheltered ledge that clung to the precipitous face of the mountain. Daintily she padded it, and found it to her liking. Already a glow was spreading from the opening gates of dawn and touched, indefinite, the upflung peaks. Gradually, insensibly, the twilight filled with pink and purple luminosity. Crag after crag stepped forth from the curtain of the night, and when the vixen felt the first warm rays she sighed contentedly and curled herself upon the bed of heather which Grey Fox had prepared against her coming. Here, with the sunlight full upon them, with all the dale spread out beneath their gaze, safe and secure and sheltered from the wind, the foxes slept away the daylight hours.

Each dusk the pair stole out to hunt the lowlands, for food was scarce on the crest of Hartbarrow. Now and again they stalked a lonely curlew there, or coursed a mountain hare that sped before them, swift and low, across the glittering slope; but rabbits formed their staple food, with occasional pheasants from the larch plantations.

IT was after a foray to a distant, mallard-haunted tarn on the far side of the valley that the questing nose of a foxhound struck their scent and led the pack with ringing cries to the stream that grooved the flank of the fell. The foxes in their hidden lair watched the hunt trail up towards them. Grey Fox waited, careless and content, confident that no hound could reach them in their hidden fastness: but the vixen was uneasy. She paced the ledge with restless pads and whined fretfully when the hounds disappeared from sight within the ghyll, so that only the clamour of their tongues betrayed their swift advance. At last she could bear it no longer. With never a backward glance at her mate, she squeezed herself between the chock-stones and slunk, silent and unseen, into the maze of hanging ribs that crimped the frowning crag. Like a cat she went, one foot after the other, balancing with her outflung brush upon precarious ways. Swiftly she sped and vanished round the buttress; and Grey Fox lay still and unblinking on the narrow, sun-warmed ledge.



The vixen had not been gone a quarter of an hour when the ululations of the hounds above his head told the waiting fox that they had checked on that steep slope beyond the narrow entrance. Yet he made no move: one might have thought he slept, save for the watchful gleaming of his eyes and the nervous twitching of his nostrils as he tested every breath of air. The hounds were alone—of that he was sure, for the taint of humans was not mingled with their scent. The huntsman and his fellows were, in fact, toiling up the slope, panting and sweating, cognisant of the check, ignorant of its cause. Had they been more agile, Grey Fox might have had to fight the terriers on that hidden ledge; but while yet they struggled over the frozen ground, Mischief, a young hound in her first season, quested far and wide and stumbled on the breast-high scent left by the vixen as she stole from crag to crag. At once the bitch gave tongue and sought to hunt the line. Alone she would have failed, but when the others took her cue, the trail was found. Then the huntsman saw his pack clamber among those awful rocks, and he cursed the vixen loud and long. He dared not shout; he could not follow: only stand and watch and curse and pray that none might slip to sure and certain death in the dizzy depths below. One by one they vanished from his sight; faint and more faint their music rolled away: and on his ledge the grey fox snoozed.

The sun was still above the jagged, pine-topped crest of the western ramparts of the dale when he pricked his ears and stretched himself to listen. All was silent, save for the mewing of a buzzard that wheeled in wide and graceful spirals in the blue-grey sky. Yet the fox was not content. He sniffed the air for every wayward scent, and strained his ears to catch each fleeting sound. Up and down the ledge he went, the while the " whee-u, whee-u, whee-u " of the climbing bird rang shrill and clear through the frost-nipped air. At last he passed the narrow opening and sought the higher ground by devious ways. Belly-flat, he crawled across the heather to where a sodden patch betrayed the source of the stream, and there he stiffened and lay still, for in that moment there came to him the whisper of a hunting pack from out the dusking valleys far below.

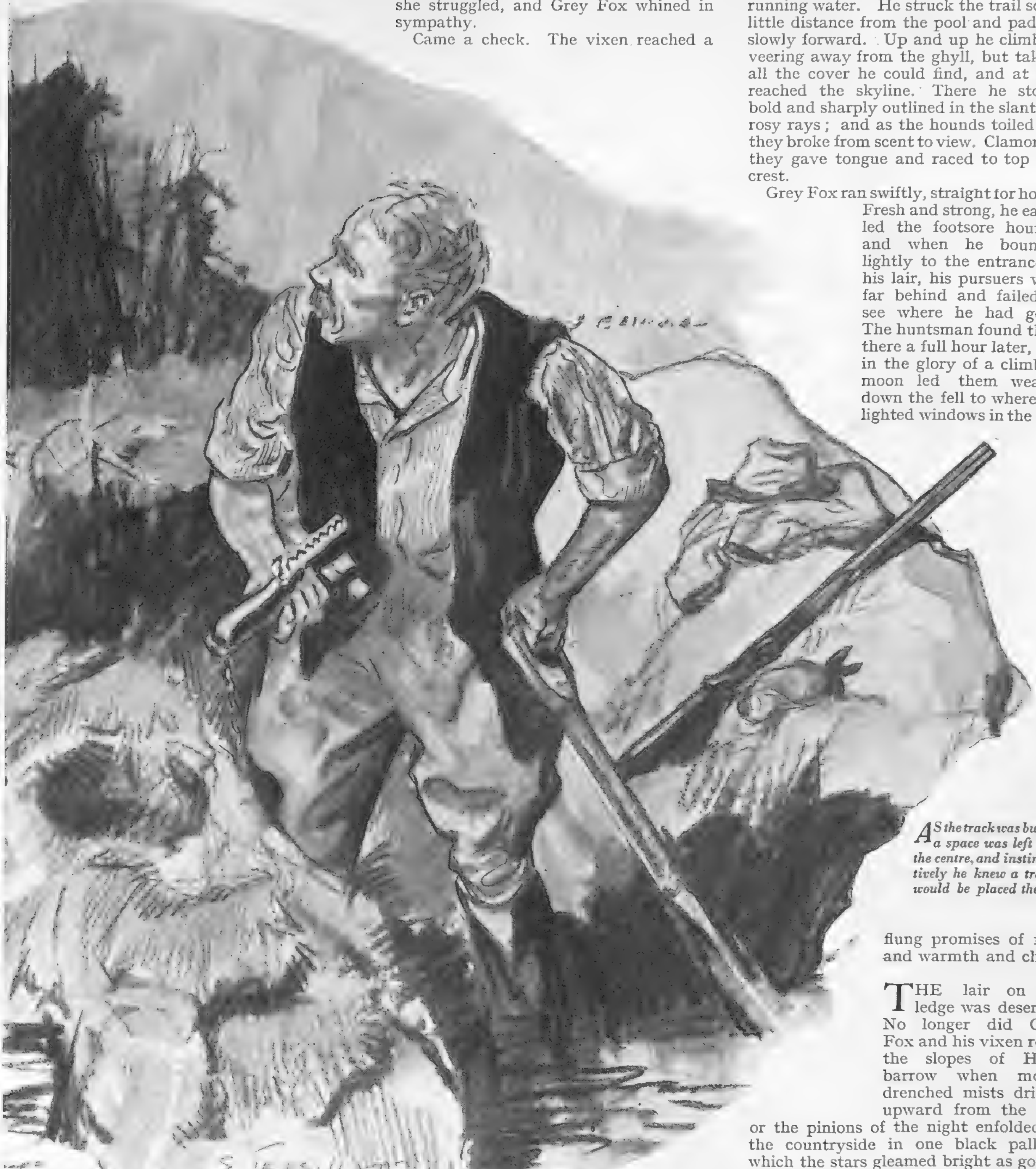
With that he did a curious thing. Rising to his feet, he moved in the direction of the sound with that gliding action peculiar to his kind: a deceptive, easy movement that carried him swiftly across the fell till he came to where it sloped steeply to a wild and jagged amphitheatre of crags and pillars, buttresses and gigantic boulders. Here the looming shadows of the early winter twilight filled the vast arena; but on the upborne airs there came the faintest taint of fleeing fox, the stronger scent of running hounds: and Grey Fox knew his mate was weak and weary and failing fast.

For a while he crouched on the rim of the crest, a watcher of the dark. Scent and sound told him every move in the approaching chase. Clearer and clearer came the bell-like music of the hounds as they hunted the fading drag up the steep acclivity. The vixen was making for the tops by a short but cruel route where every foothold was precarious, hoping thus to win sanctuary on that hidden ledge she had left five hours before.

As she emerged into view, Grey Fox knew she could not do it. Her eyes were glazed, her brush bedraggled; her sides heaved and she rolled unsteadily each time she sprang from rock to ledge, from ledge to slippery slope. She ran a twofold race with death—a swift and tumbling death on the jagged rocks below; a snarling, worrying death from the fangs of the pack behind. Yet on she struggled, and Grey Fox whined in sympathy.

Came a check. The vixen reached a narrow shelf above a deep and swirling pool into which dropped sheer the rushing stream; and there she stood, too dazed to find a way of escape, too weak to dare the leap to take her whence she came. She whined and cried between her gasping breaths, and Grey Fox whined again. The baying of the hounds was very loud, and as he looked the dog fox saw the leader of the pack struggle into sight. He voiced a warning to his mate: she cowered amid the hanging drapery of the ledge. Then, with stealthy tread and outflung brush, Grey Fox ran swiftly down the slope and crossed the running water. He struck the trail some little distance from the pool and padded slowly forward. Up and up he climbed, veering away from the ghyll, but taking all the cover he could find, and at last reached the skyline. There he stood, bold and sharply outlined in the slanting, rosy rays; and as the hounds toiled on, they broke from scent to view. Clamorous they gave tongue and raced to top the crest.

Grey Fox ran swiftly, straight for home. Fresh and strong, he easily led the footsore hounds, and when he bounded lightly to the entrance of his lair, his pursuers were far behind and failed to see where he had gone. The huntsman found them there a full hour later, and in the glory of a climbing moon led them wearily down the fell to where the lighted windows in the dale flung promises of food and warmth and cheer.



AS the track was built a space was left in the centre, and instinctively he knew a trap would be placed there

THE lair on the ledge was deserted. No longer did Grey Fox and his vixen roam the slopes of Hartbarrow when moon-drenched mists drifted upward from the dale or the pinions of the night enfolded all the countryside in one black pall on which the stars gleamed bright as golden sequins. No more did croaking raven or wheeling buzzard watch them pass the narrow portals or snatch at tainted remnants in their larder: for the vixen would not trust the place after her cruel run before the hounds. The fell had been alien to her from the first, so that when Grey Fox found her, shortly before the dawn, crouching on the ledge beside the waterfall, and fed her with a rabbit he had brought, she showed most plainly that if he still desired her company he must go with her, back to the big "borran" she knew across the valley, where heather grows rank and cock grouse call and treacherous scree-beds slope to still, black waters. (*Continued on page 98*)

Fishermen's War in the Northern Lights

THE NORTH CAPE, Europe's sheer out of the sea—a black,

THE trawler, in which the author made his voyage, leaving port for the Arctic fishing grounds

"BIG CHRIS"—one of Hull's most popular skippers—takes the wheel in an Arctic gale

HOISTING the trawl in a rolling sea, while icy winds sweep across the deck

By P. Jerome Willis

IN the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean little boats of barely 300 tons spend the greater part of every year, fighting terrific gales and the danger of drifting ice-floes to supply fish for Britain's breakfast and dinner tables.

They are the steam trawlers from Hull, manned by some of the country's best and bravest seamen, who laugh at danger and hardship as part and parcel of their daily job.

I have only recently returned from a 4,000-mile trip in one of these boats in the depths of an Arctic winter. In and out of the great saw-like stretches of the Norwegian coast, where the decks were swept by freezing spray and snow, we travelled, the little boat bravely standing up to some of the world's worst weather.

During that short three weeks, which at times seemed endless, whilst we were marooned in a world of mountainous seas and biting winds, I saw something of the lives of these men, who in a simple and cheerful manner live together on board like the members of one family.

Here there were no petty jealousies and rivalries, but a great-hearted camaraderie, born of the sea. They were all imbued with one purpose, to bring their little craft with holds full of fish safely back to port, where they could join their wives and families for a short thirty-six hours before they set out to sea again.

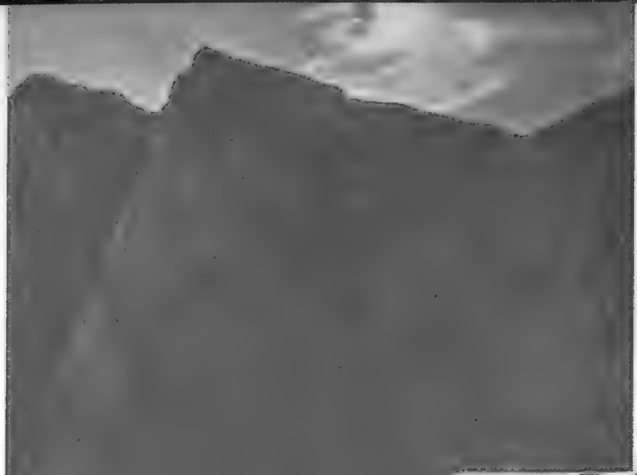
I saw something, too, of the jealousy with which they are regarded by Norwegian fishermen, and of that fishermen's "war" which threatened only recently to assume major proportions and is at present only patched up by a temporary agreement.

British trawler skippers were arrested, their boats taken into port and heavy fines sometimes levied for fishing "within the limit." They could offer little defence to the charge in a Norwegian court, where the jury was composed of local and jealous fishermen.

WHILE no one would defend foreign fishermen for encroaching within the universally understood limit of three miles from the coast, it is very difficult for any fisherman to know where the limit of territorial waters lies when no definite demarcation has been agreed upon.

And Norway for centuries has regarded anywhere off her own coast where her fishing-boats operate as her own territorial waters.

Norway is not a member of the North Sea Convention,



most northerly point, rises threatening, knife-like edge

The story of a British Trawler's 4,000-mile quest to Arctic Waters for Britain's fish

THE snow-covered streets of Tromso—the most northerly city in the world

A GOOD haul. The rich harvest of the sea strewn about the deck

by which it is agreed among North European countries that three miles from the coast shall be regarded as the limit of territorial waters.

Thus it was very simple to arrest British trawlers and, even if no case was proved against them, to delay their cargoes so long in port that valuable markets were lost.

Last summer such cases were particularly rife and irritated British trawlermen so much that a deputation was sent to the British Foreign Office asking that something be done.

That deputation was followed by a rapid visit of the fishery protection cruiser, H.M.S. *Harebell,* to the Norwegian coast, just to indicate to that country that the Navy was behind the trawlermen and would not suffer them to be victimised.

Many subtle ruses were engineered by local fishermen to incriminate British trawlers. Fishing lines were actually laid round the trawlers at night, so that when they steamed off, the lines were fouled and a claim for compensation arose.

Local fishermen then pleaded that their catches were spoiled and their fishing gear damaged by the trawlers. In fact, so many cases occurred that British skippers paid their fines at once, anxious that time should not be wasted in foreign ports with lengthy litigation and valuable home markets consequently lost.

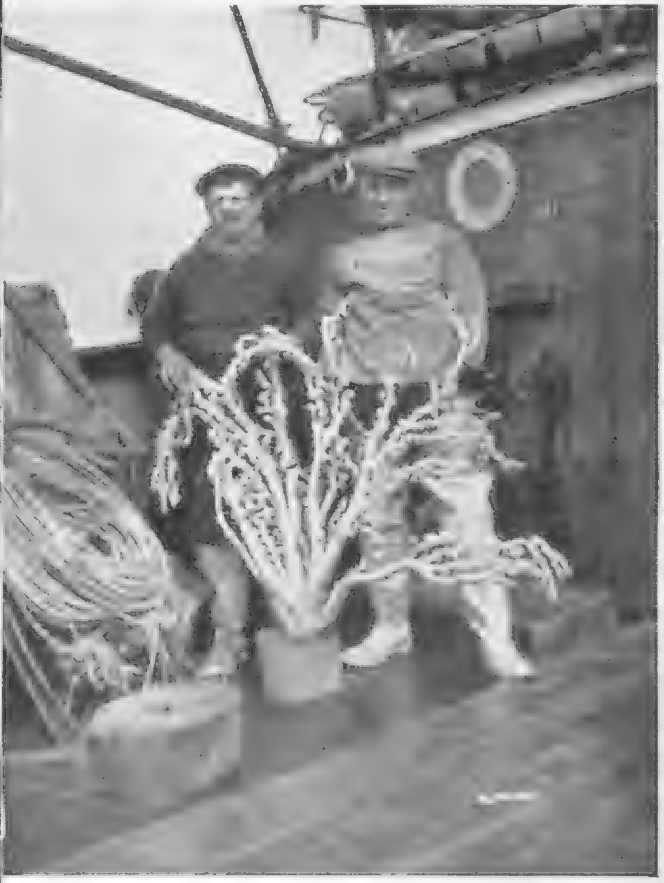
Endless notes passed between the two Foreign Offices before the temporary agreement was finally patched up, and both sides retired for a breather.

The temporary agreement established a four-mile limit off the Norwegian coast, and in parts enclosed great deep fjords, where it was anything from twenty to thirty miles from the actual low water mark.

How long this agreement will last it is difficult to say, for it means that British trawlers often have to travel many hundreds of miles farther north to avoid the charge of "poaching" in waters which are so far distant from the coast that they would be regarded as international waters by most other countries in the world.

That was one of the reasons why the trawler in which I travelled as a passenger steamed over four thousand miles to bring her load of fish back to Hull.

(Continued on page 94)



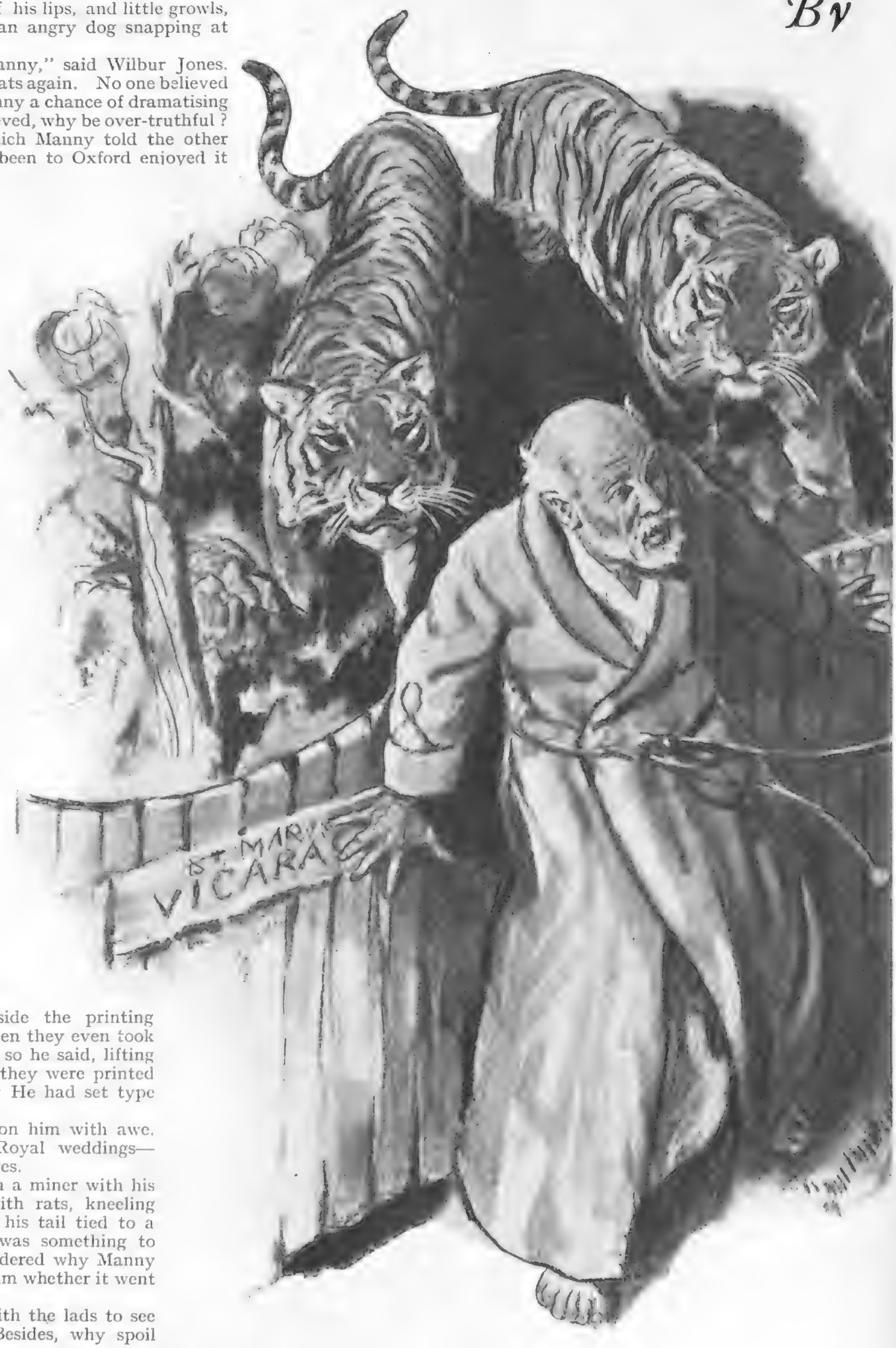
ALL sorts of queer fungus-like growths—scooped from the ocean bed—come up in the trawl.

A HARDY trio. Three members of the crew prepared to meet the cold weather of the Arctic

The Reporter's Story

TOO GOOD

By



MANNY PARKINS was talking about the North again. The other reporters always got him to tell of his youth when the news was scarce, and they could sit around a bit. . . .

There seemed no end to Manny Parkins's youth. He could tell years and years of it. It almost appeared, sometimes, as though his youth had lasted for half a century. He was the expert on all the things they did not know down South.

You might have been listening to a cannibal, sometimes, when he talked. He told of weird things of which the more polite, the calmer, yes, and the less intelligent Southerners had never heard. And he would illustrate it all with animal movements of his lips, and little growls, and noises that sounded like an angry dog snapping at another one.

" Tell us about the rats, Manny," said Wilbur Jones. So Manny told them about the rats again. No one believed him. So perhaps this gave Manny a chance of dramatising it a bit. For if you are not believed, why be over-truthful ? It was a strange North of which Manny told the other reporters. The two who had been to Oxford enjoyed it especially. They knew all about the streets in ancient Babylon. But " Life " was still new to them. They wished they had had a youth like Manny's rather than the more classical one that had given them a detachment not much good in journalism. They knew Homer. Manny knew detectives by their Christian names. On a big fire, he could ask a Salvage man about his family—and then get right through the barriers. His was the real knowledge.

" Yes, that miner could fight ten rats in a morning," said Manny. His eyes started almost from his head as, graphically, and with violent bits of drama, he told them. It was about a Northumbrian miner who, with his arms tied behind him, would fight rats with his teeth, just for a shilling bet.

Then there was the Yorkshire iron moulder who ate black puddings against time, and the beer-drinking champion of Middlesbro'. Twenty pints in an hour was his record; at least so Manny said. And he told of the bets they made while the champion reached for another pint.

Manny had started young. He said that, in his youth, he had slept beside the printing machines. He remembered when they even took papers off an old flat press, or so he said, lifting the sheets one by one. First they were printed one side, and then the other. He had set type once, had Manny.

The other reporters looked on him with awe. Coronations were nothing. Royal weddings—well, anyone could use adjectives.

But a reporter who had seen a miner with his hands behind him fighting with rats, kneeling down in a yard, the rat with his tail tied to a post by a long string—that was something to write home about. They wondered why Manny never wrote it. They asked him whether it went on now.

" Ah, you've got to be in with the lads to see it," Manny used to say. " Besides, why spoil sport ? "

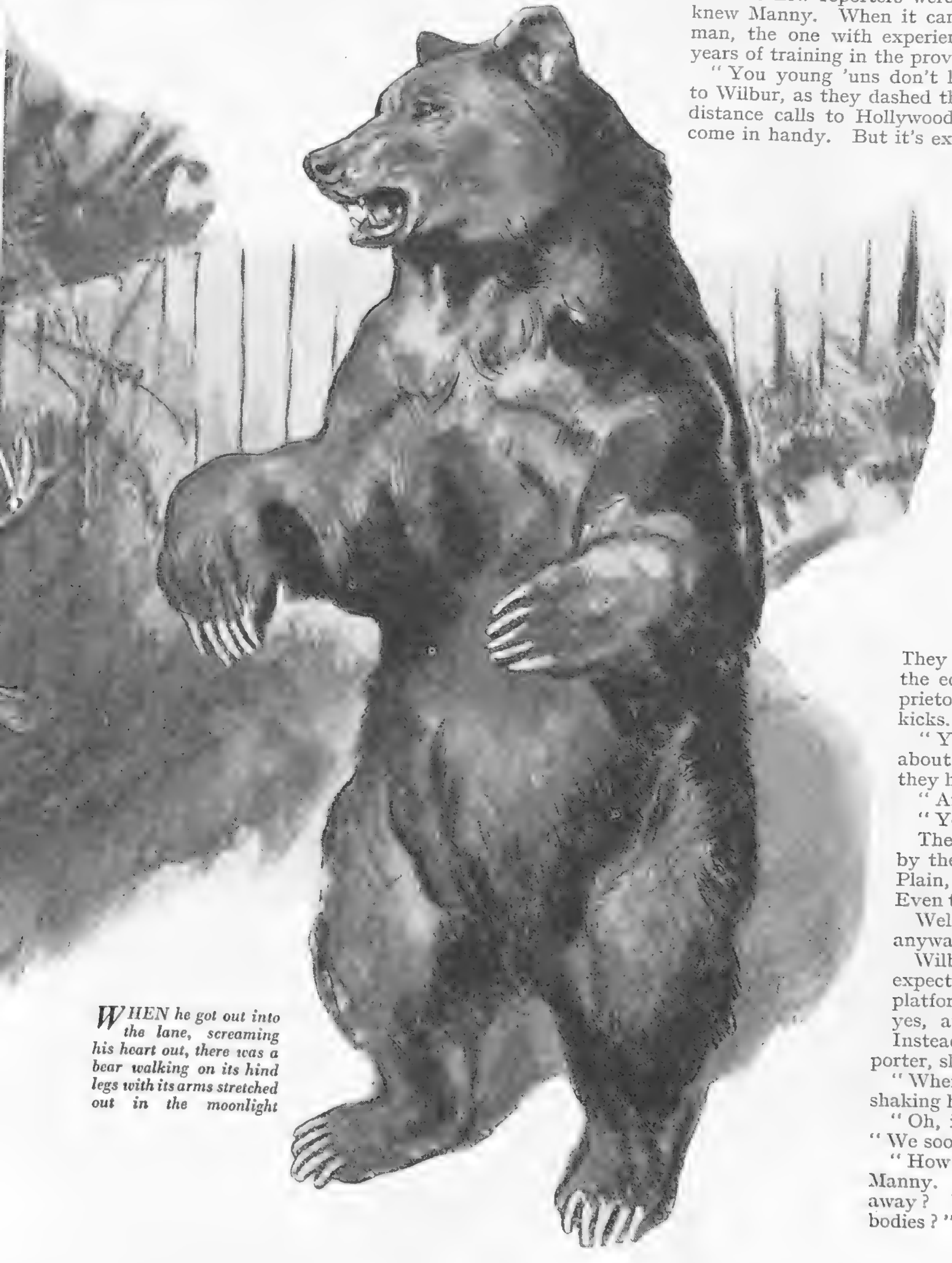
Manny was like that. He knew lots of things

that was to PRINT

Hannen Swaffer

he never wrote. But, for all that, he was the star reporter on the *Daily Scare.*

The News Editor believed in him. What he wrote always went in. It's easy enough to get a good story, when you're a reporter on a big newspaper, but it's another thing to get them to use it. Often, they don't believe you. It takes years, sometimes, before the man in charge will take your word, really believe that you've got round the awkward bits.



When he got out into the lane, screaming his heart out, there was a bear walking on its hind legs with its arms stretched out in the moonlight

MANNY was in the middle of one of his best stories. He had told how he had seen a dog set on to fight a badger, how he had watched while a dog was made to fight a bear, yes and even how he had seen a professional boxer put in a ring to fight twenty stable boys all at once, how he knocked them out, one after the other, all the boys trying to fight him at the same time, and how the millionaire owner of the racing stable sat by, gloating.

Then he was just starting to tell . . . when "Mr. Parkins, the News Editor, wants you," came the word. "And you, Mr. Jones."

It was ten o'clock.

"Train Smash on Salisbury Plain!" said the News Editor. "You and Jones get off. I've sent for a car. You'll be there by midnight. Get on the 'phone at once. You'll just catch the second edition. We cover that district with the second. So, for Heaven's sake, don't miss it."

That was one of the jobs Manny always got—when, late at night, they had to take your word. They would stand even a criticism of a signalman, if Manny said he was to blame.

And libel was getting a greater difficulty every month in Fleet Street. There were all those snide lawyers nowadays, searching through the papers and then trying to get clients to start actions on sharing terms. Even "respectable" solicitors were doing it.

These new reporters were not so clever as they thought, knew Manny. When it came to a pinch, it was the older man, the one with experience, who got the scoops. Long years of training in the provinces still counted. . . .

"You young 'uns don't learn it nowadays," Manny said to Wilbur, as they dashed through the night. "These long-distance calls to Hollywood are all very well. Aeroplanes come in handy. But it's experience, my boy, that counts—how to write it—how to get it in—yes, and how to have your excuse ready in the morning when the other paper's done you in the eye. Always get your alibi ready before you go out on a crime."

"Wonder how many are killed," said Wilbur Jones, the car dashing meantime through a village which had already gone to sleep.

"Oh, don't worry," said Manny. "We'll get a story. There's always a story in everything. You don't have to have killed to get a good yarn about a railway smash."

Wilbur Jones, younger and more timorous, was afraid of the other papers. He thought their reporters might have got off first. Then he and Manny would get the blame. News editors were never to blame. They "explained" to the editors and the editors "explained" to the proprietors. Reporters always got the kicks. They couldn't answer back.

"Yes, there's a train off the rails about fifteen miles down the line," they heard at Salisbury.

"Any killed?"

"You'd better ask 'em."

The car was off well into the night by then, smelling its way across the Plain, for there was no one to ask. Even the sheep slept.

Well, it was a one-eyed old station, anyway, when they got there.

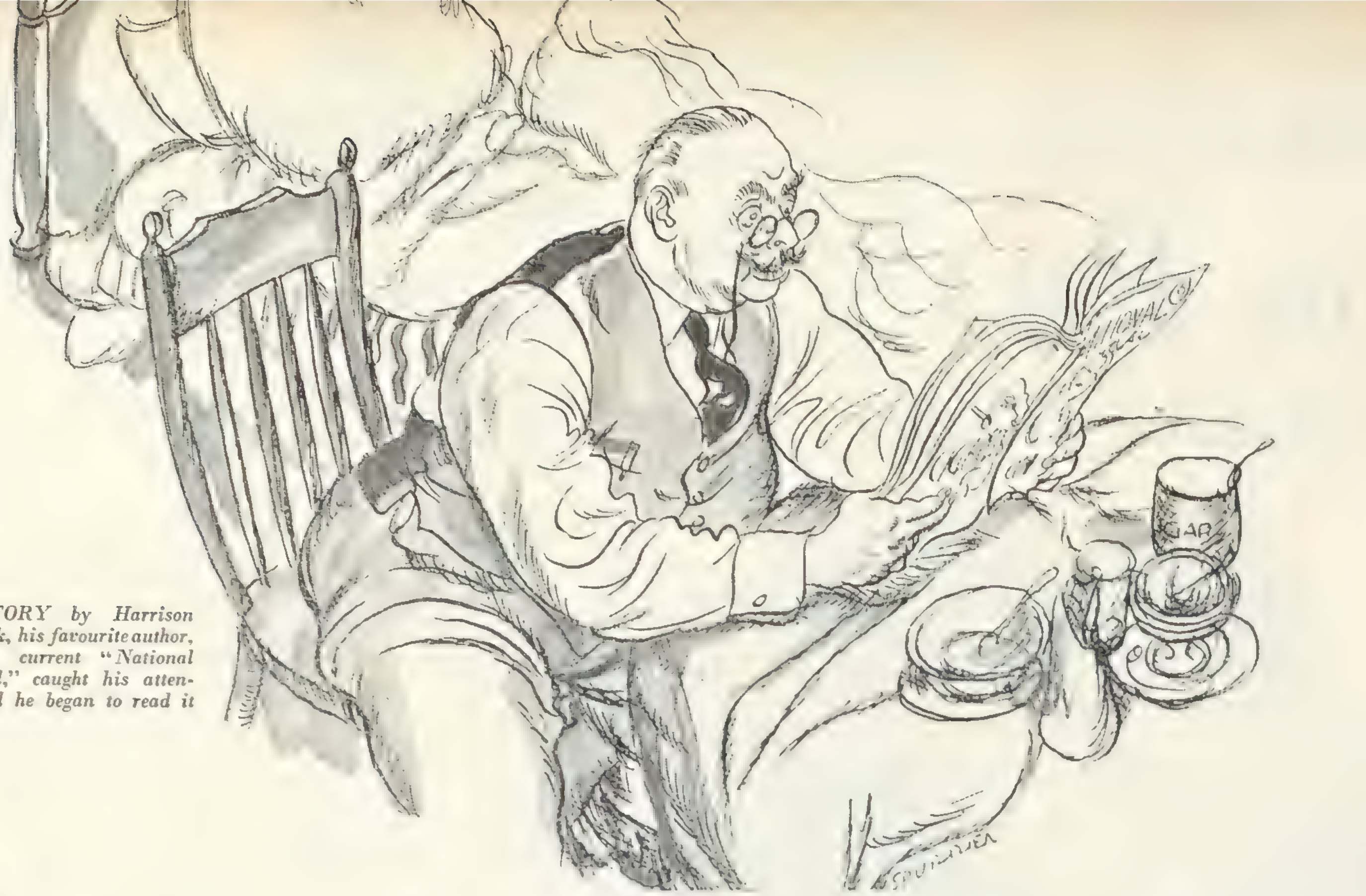
Wilbur Jones, new at the game, expected to see rows of injured on the platform, and nurses and doctors, yes, and perhaps a lot of blood. Instead, they saw merely an old porter, sleeping on a bench.

"Where's the smash?" said Manny, shaking him.

"Oh, it's nothing," said the porter. "We soon put that right."

"How many killed?" shouted Manny. "Where is it? How far away? Where have they taken the bodies?"

(*Continued on page* 86)



A STORY by Harrison Meek, his favourite author, in the current "National Pictorial," caught his attention and he began to read it

Tarrbridge Balloons, Ltd.

Portrait of a Weakling in Search of Strength

By

Charles G. Booth

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

MR. J. CARTER TARRBRIDGE had emptied his pockets of his capital the night before. It lay on the dressing-table, a half dollar, three dimes, a nickel. That would be ninety-five—no, eighty-five cents. Out of it must come his shoeshine, his morning paper, his cigar, his buttonhole and his car fare. Then there would be his lunch from a paper bag and behind his newspaper in Pershing Square, and his car fare back to Hollywood in the evening. That would be—how much? Mr. Tarrbridge wrinkled his forehead. Anyhow, he could not manage a barber, and with a sigh he went to the lavatory in the corner.

As he scraped his ruddy rippling cheeks and double chin he reflected bitterly on Lila's carelessness in not sending him his allowance. The cheque was due on the fifteenth; to-day was the eighteenth. Lila was the soul of punctuality, and Mr. Tarrbridge was a trifle worried. Her last letter wasn't as cordial as it might have been.

"I shouldn't mind seeing you at Christmas," she had written, "but you are not to come unless you are prepared to do something with yourself. I won't have you cluttering up the shop——"

Lila had her good points, he admitted, but he wasn't going back to her everlasting nagging. Twenty years of that had given him all he wanted. Lila was doing well with her millinery shop in New Jersey and she could easily afford his paltry hundred.

"Cluttering up the shop," indeed!

Mr. Tarrbridge washed himself, applied a little lotion to his pink jowl and surveyed himself approvingly in the mirror. His face was fleshy, but its ruddy colour betokened health and a mind usually untroubled by the merest ripple of worry or discontent. He pinched the glowing flesh and watched it whiten, then redden again, with keen enjoyment. Yes, he guessed he'd spend Christmas in Hollywood.

Turning back his mattress, Mr. Tarrbridge took out his trousers, the creases of which were fairly well defined, and dressed himself with care, choosing a knitted silk necktie of dark blue barred with white. His toilet completed, he nodded his satisfaction in the mirror. His suit, a rough grey tweed, which he had bought at a sale two weeks before, became his portly figure; his greying hair was crisp and inclined to curl, his white moustache bristled aggressively. Drawing his hands over his rounded abdomen, he nodded again. Yes, he carried his flesh well.

Breakfast disposed of—grapefruit, cereal and milk out of a cracker box near the window—Mr. Tarrbridge found himself with an hour or so to spare. He might have caught an earlier car, but Mr. Finley usually went in on the nine-fifteen and Mr. Finley was as essentially a part of Mr. Tarrbridge's daily routine as his shave and his morning paper. On the few occasions when he missed Mr. Finley a sense of incompleteness haunted him until the next morning.

A story by Harrison Meek, his favourite author, in the current *National Pictorial*, caught his attention and he began to read it.

HARRISON MEEK, who was evidently a man of wide experience and vivid imagination, left the impression of a rich personality upon every line that he wrote, and Mr. Tarrbridge was quickly absorbed in the yarn. Its elements were primitive and terrible. He liked that sort of thing.

MacNair was building a railroad in the Congo. Carson, one of his subordinates, had beaten a native worker. The native disappeared. Several days later Carson also disappeared, and MacNair learned that he had been captured by the tribe to which the native belonged and that he was to be offered up in sacrifice to the tribal deity. There was not time to send for the military and MacNair had gone after him—alone.

Mr. Tarrbridge moistened his lips.

It was dark when MacNair got to the village. The lustful stillness of violence straining on a leash permeated the jungle night. MacNair did not hesitate. Revolvers in hand, he sought Carson and found him staked out over an anthill, smeared with honey. MacNair cut him free, slung him over his shoulder, and started back.

Mr. Tarrbridge began to breathe gustily.

As MacNair reached the edge of the jungle the village came screaming to life. He dropped Carson and let go with his revolvers. Half a dozen of the yelling blacks dropped through the ebony gloom, but the others came on. His pistols empty, he laid about him with a native spear. The darkness helped him, but he was bleeding freely. All at once he went down. That should have been the end of MacNair, and Mr. Tarrbridge drew his hand across his damp forehead ; but it wasn't.

Four shots rang out and were followed by intermittent firing that drove the blacks howling into the secret aisles of their jungle. Mr. Tarrbridge was able to breathe freely again. It turned out that the young engineer MacNair had left in charge of the construction camp had put himself at the head of three crack shots and trailed his chief. He turned Carson over.

" Why, he's dead ! " the young engineer said. " You've had your trouble for nothing, chief."

MacNair looked at him in contempt. " Sure, he's dead ! He was dead when I found him. What of it ? It's the effort that counts, not the prize, my lad ! "

Mr. Tarrbridge put the magazine down and shook himself vigorously. Nothing he had ever read of Meek's had gripped him so much as " MacNair " had. He would remember it as one of the beacon lights of his story-reading. Especially that glorious climax.

" ' It's the effort that counts, not the prize, my lad ! ' " Mr. Tarrbridge found himself repeating. " Immense ! " he exclaimed. " A philosophy in ten words. I'd like to shake Meek by the hand."

Finley would appreciate the yarn as he, Mr. Tarrbridge, would tell it.

DONNING a light grey felt hat with a wide brim, and taking up his stick—a malacca cane with a silver knob on which the initials J.C.T. were inscribed, and which he had been lucky enough to pick up in a second-hand store—he looked in the mirror again. The reflection of, say, a prosperous New York banker who had been around the world a good bit smiled back at him. Mr. Tarrbridge moved his tie a fraction of an inch, nodded and took his departure.

As he sauntered forth into the Hollywood sunshine an eager-faced youngster thrust a morning paper into his hands.

" Paper, Mr. Tarrbridge. All about stocks and bonds, sir."

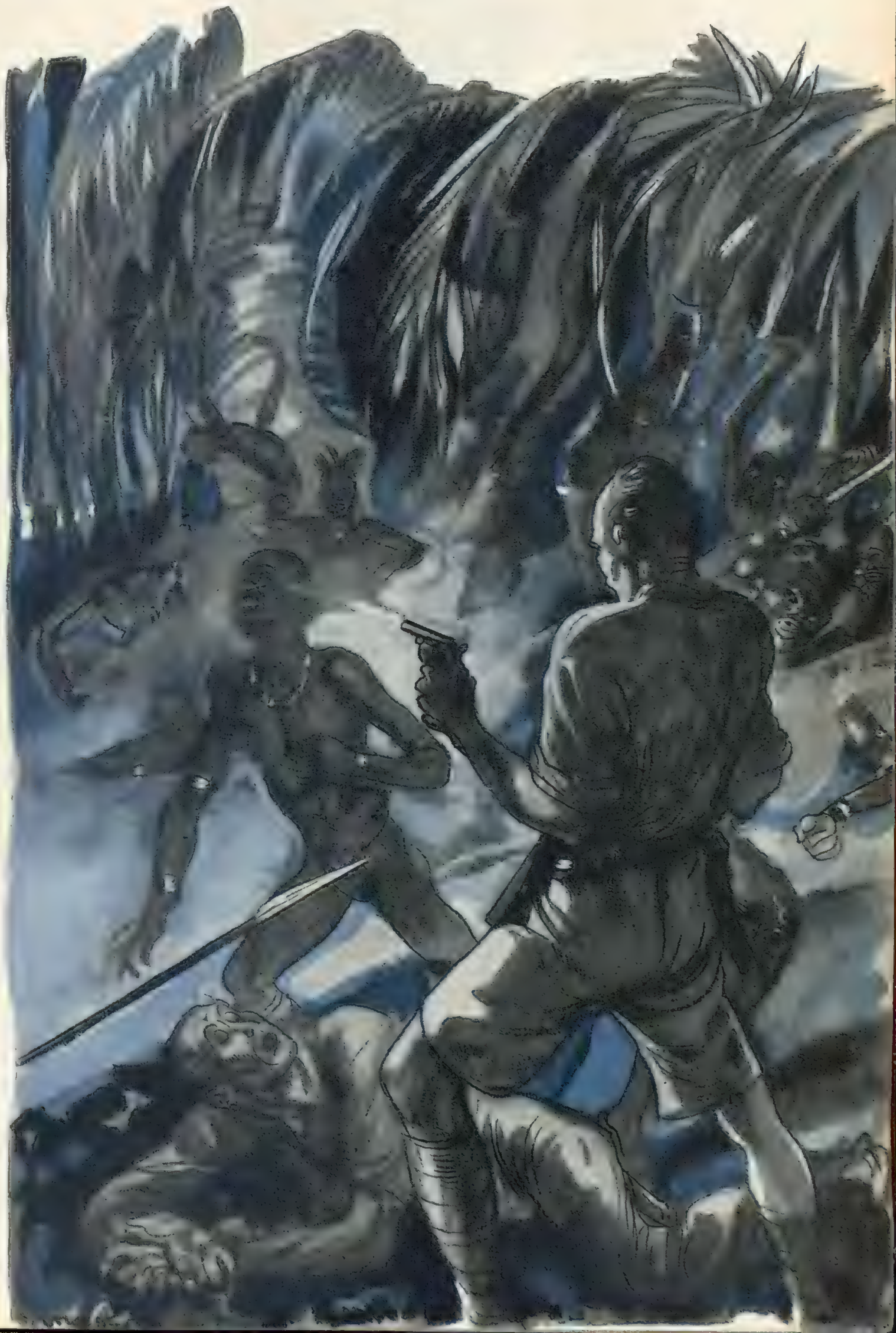
" That's the way, my boy ! Always be on the job and you'll get to the top of the tree." Mr. Tarrbridge tendered the lad a nickel.

" Mr. Tarrbridge, sir ? "

" Yes, Jimmy ? "

" I'll be sixteen next March, sir. Mother says I can go to work then. D'yuh think I could get a job in one of your banks ? Any ol' job, sir ? "

Mr. Tarrbridge chuckled and patted the lad's head. " Wanting to help your mother, eh ? That's the spirit, son. I'd been doing that five years when I was your age. Started in at two dollars a week." He chuckled again, his ruddy face the friendliest network of wrinkles imaginable. " What is it to be, vice-president ? Well, we'll see when the time comes," and Mr. Tarrbridge strolled on towards the boulevard, Jimmy staring after him adoringly.



HE dropped Carson and let go with his revolvers. Half a dozen of the yelling blacks dropped through the ebony gloom, but the others came on

Mrs. Wimple, the flower woman, was waiting for Mr. Tarrbridge at the next corner.

"You'll be wantin' a posy this mornin', sir?" she inquired in her usual flutey treble.

Mr. Tarrbridge had seemed engrossed in the financial page of his newspaper and he looked up with a start as Mrs. Wimple stepped in front of him, her tray of dewy blooms extended.

"Why, hello there!" he exclaimed jovially. "A posy, to be sure! Let me see what you have got."

Mrs. Wimple tucked a dewy yellow rosebud mounted on a sprig of maidenhair into his buttonhole.

"It's a wonder a busy man like you has time for a poor woman like me, Mr. Tarrbridge."

The latter chuckled again and gave her one of his precious dimes.

"I shall never be too busy to inhale the fragrance of one of your posies, Mrs. Wimple. 'A rosebud perfuming the temples of Mammon,' eh, what?" Mr. Tarrbridge tipped his hat and passed on, engrossed in stocks and bonds again.

A block from Hollywood he stopped at the arcade where he bought his cigars and magazines and had his shoes shined. Although Mr. Tarrbridge never spent more than ten cents for a cigar—he insisted to those who waited on him that a ten-cent cigar was good enough for any man, be he millionaire or office clerk—Tony Cleek greeted him warmly.

"Fine day, Mr. Tarrbridge. The usual, sir?"

"The usual, Tony."

He lighted his cigar at the gas-jet. A broad-minded man, Mr. Tarrbridge! Tony leaned agreeably on the glass case.

"Much doin' on the 'Street' these days, sir?"

Mr. Tarrbridge ascended the shoe-shine stand and Joe Beal, the negro, became furiously busy with his brushes.

"A bull movement in Steel." Mr. Tarrbridge's tone was a trifle brusque.

"I thought yer'd know, sir. Must be great to be next to things thataway. Lotta worry, too, I guess."

"Money brings its responsibilities," Mr Tarrbridge observed, rattling his newspaper, "and responsibility means worry. Usually wealth and wisdom go hand in hand."

"I guess that's right, sir. Lookit Rockyfeller." Tony insinuated himself around the corner of the glass case. "I guess yer wouldn't be recommendin' a li'l flyer I could take, Mr. Tarrbridge? I gotta coupla thousand hangin' loose."

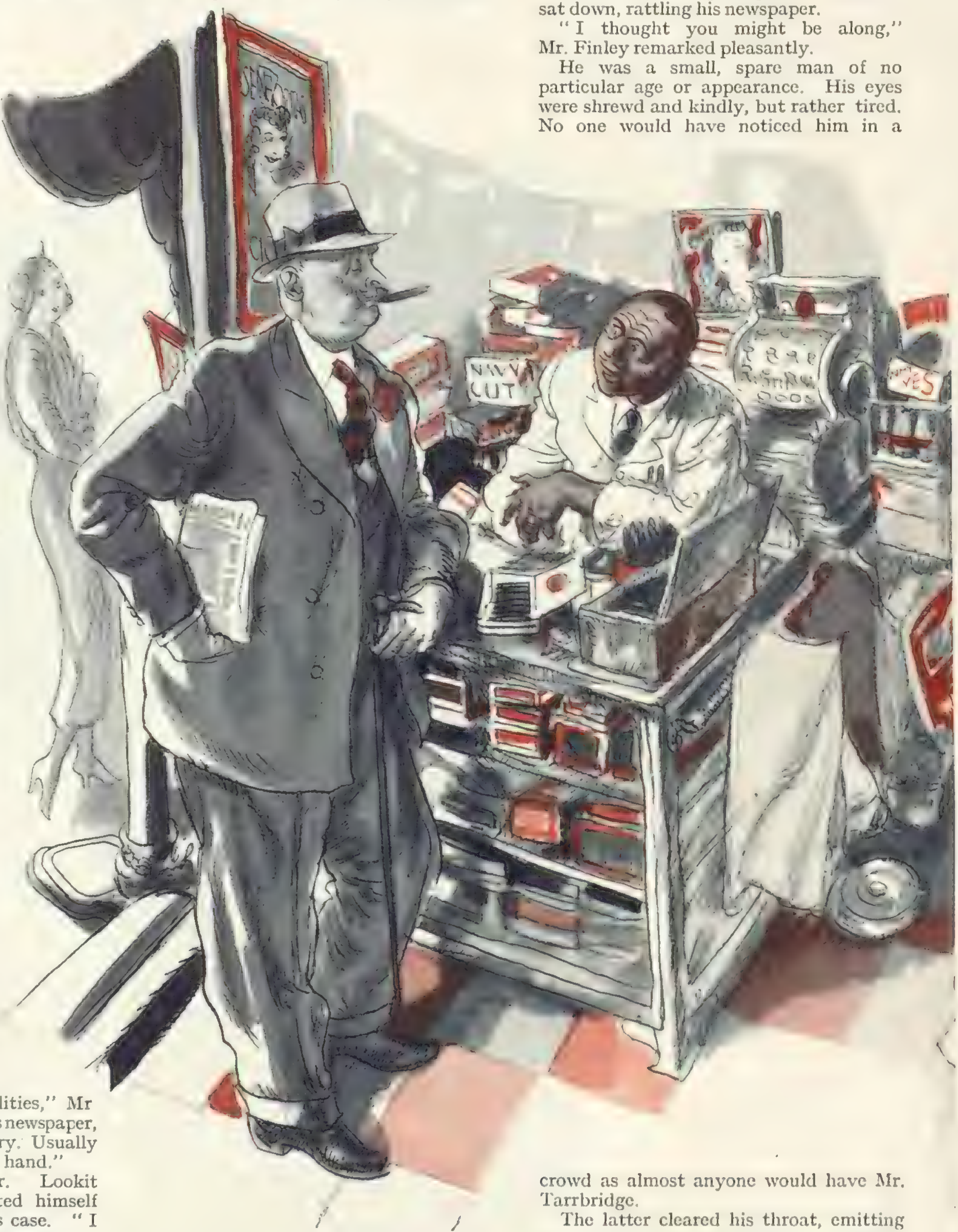
"Margin trading is not for the poor man, Tony. I've told you so before. Buy your stock outright or put your money in the bank." Mr. Tarrbridge paused, but with the unmistakable air of one who still has something to say.

"Yes, Mr. Tarrbridge?" Tony suggested persuasively.

"Oh, I'm not averse to expressing the opinion that Steel will advance materially within the next few weeks," he went on good-naturedly. "I'm buying heavily myself."

"That's mighty nice of yer, sir," Tony exclaimed gratefully. "I guess I'm a lucky guy to have you help me. I cleaned up a grand on that tip in 'oils' you gave me a coupla months back."

Mr. Tarrbridge shook his head warningly. "Put your money in the bank—that's my advice to you, young man. Four per cent. and safety." Tony Cleek laughed understandingly. "Oh, you bankers, Mr. Tarrbridge!"



Mr. Tarrbridge also laughed understandingly.

STIMULATED by his contacts along the street, Mr. Tarrbridge had managed to throw off the depressing effect of the non-arrival of Lila's cheque, and by the time he reached the Boulevard he was in excellent form for his morning chat with Mr. Finley. As he boarded the 9.15, he noticed that Mr. Finley was at the upper end. The seat beside him was vacant. He proceeded unsteadily up the swaying car, his nose buried in his newspaper as if Mr. Finley had not the remotest connection with his thoughts.

"Good morning, Mr. Tarrbridge."

The latter started and looked down.

"Ah, Finley, I didn't see you."

He hesitated for perhaps a second, then sat down, rattling his newspaper.

"I thought you might be along," Mr. Finley remarked pleasantly.

He was a small, spare man of no particular age or appearance. His eyes were shrewd and kindly, but rather tired. No one would have noticed him in a crowd as almost anyone would have Mr. Tarrbridge.

The latter cleared his throat, emitting a volume of smoke that completely veiled Mr. Finley's colourless face.

"I expected to motor in this morning," he declared angrily. "Directors' meeting at ten. I 'phoned my chauffeur, but the fool had been out all night and he was drunk. Hadn't turned up. I rarely use him at this hour and he had taken advantage of the liberty I allow him."

"Very provoking," Mr. Finley agreed.

It was known to Mr. Finley that Mr.

Tarrbridge preferred the friendly democracy of the trolleys to the seclusion of a private car—of which he had several—and that he always used them when he could afford the time. Mr. Tarrbridge drew heavily on his cigar, gave it a lingering look and flipped it through the open window.

" You can't depend on the people you employ nowadays," he continued vehemently. " If you want a thing done you must either stand over them until it's finished or do it yourself."

" Times have changed, certainly," Mr. Finley admitted.

" I should say they have. When I think of what I *had* to do in my early years—and thought nothing of it—and of what the average young fellow considers it beneath himself to do nowadays, I wonder what the race is coming to. Too many white collar jobs, Finley. The race is cutting its own throat."

Mr. Finley thought he wasn't so sure of that. " You are a man of unusually wide experience, Mr. Tarrbridge. Your adaptability isn't given to many of us, you know."

" I have been around a good bit," Mr. Tarrbridge admitted, his amiability restored. " Perhaps I am a trifle harsh."

" It makes a difference, sir."

" I suppose it does." He laughed reminiscently. " Speaking of the things we did as a matter of course in my younger days reminds me of an adventure of mine." Mr. Tarrbridge folded his morning paper at the financial page.

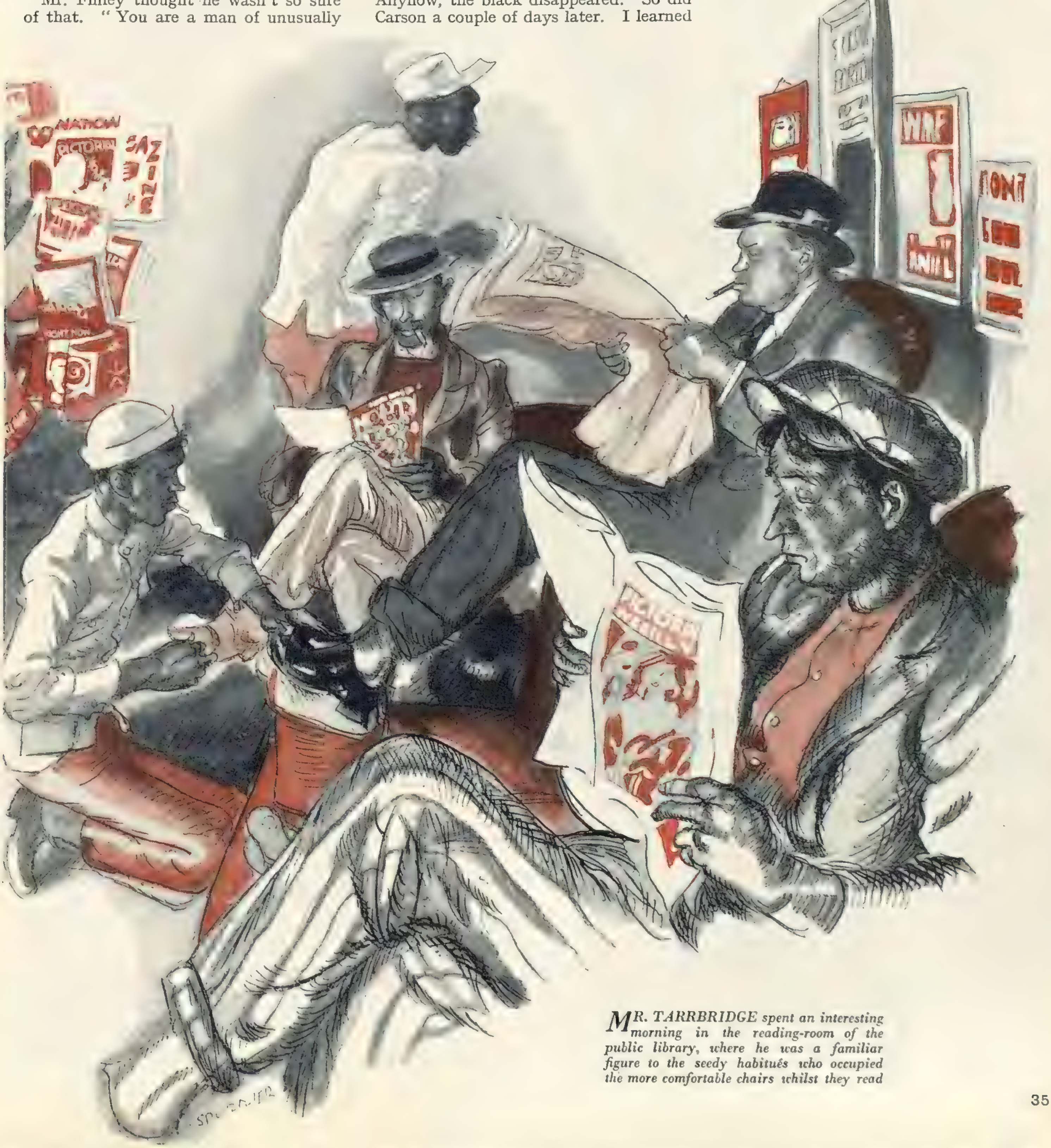
" I should enjoy hearing it," Mr. Finley said sincerely.

Mr. Tarrbridge chuckled. " I suppose it was a modest little affair, but I couldn't help recalling it. I was in charge of a difficult bit of railroad construction in the Congo. One of my lads, a youngster by the name of Carson, got into trouble with the blacks. He whipped one of them severely, if I remember rightly. Anyhow, the black disappeared. So did Carson a couple of days later. I learned that the native tribe to which the black belonged had captured Carson and were to offer him up as a sacrifice to their tribal gods. There was a good bit of that sort of thing in those days." Mr. Tarrbridge paused and looked quizzically at the other. " What would you have done in a case like that, Finley ? "

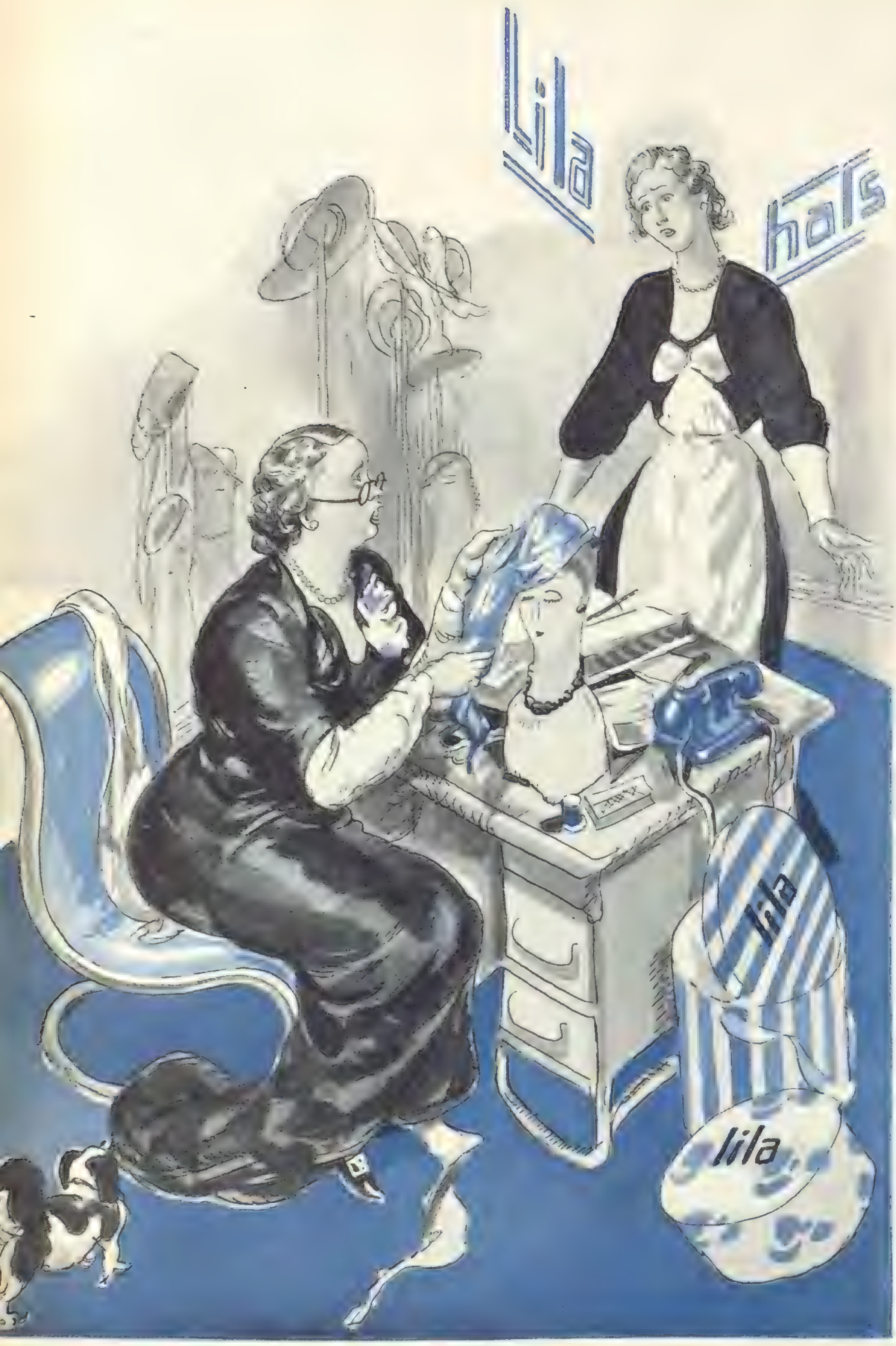
" I'm sure I don't know. Sent for the military, perhaps."

Mr. Tarrbridge laughed indulgently. " There wasn't time. Carson would have been cold meat before the military could have got started. I tell you, sir, it had me beaten at first. Carson was a worthless chap, but he was white and I couldn't leave him to the horrors those black devils would concoct." Mr. Tarrbridge paused again and Mr. Finley looked at him breathlessly. " Well, I went myself."

" You went yourself ! "



MR. TARRBRIDGE spent an interesting morning in the reading-room of the public library, where he was a familiar figure to the seedy habitués who occupied the more comfortable chairs whilst they read



"*CARTER, see if you can match this velvet*" . . . "*I wish you wouldn't spend so much time in the workroom, Carter*"

Mr. Tarrbridge laughed. "It took me eighteen hours to cut my way to the native village—eighteen hours of reeking jungle. You'd know what that meant if you'd ever been in the Belgian Congo. It was night when I got there. Black, stinking, hot. And quiet! The quiet that makes your teeth rattle in your head. I'd sooner hear a tiger yelping outside my hut. Carson was staked over an ant-hill, smeared with honey. I cut him loose and dropped him over my shoulder. The blacks came to as I got to the edge of the village. I've heard the Siberian wolves give tongue; I've crouched within a hundred feet of a lion roaring over its kill; I've quailed at the trumpeting of a mad bull elephant, but I never heard before or since the equal of the racket those niggers turned loose. Demoniac, you might call it. I don't know. It wasn't of our understanding."

Mr. Tarrbridge paused and wiped his forehead; the horror of that terrific hour looked out of his eyes and blanched his cheeks.

"Get on," Mr. Finley whispered in fascinated tones.

"I stood over Carson, my back against a gun, and let them have it from both of my revolvers. They got at me with their spears. My pistols were empty. I wrenched a spear away from one of them and laid about me with it. That held them for a time, but I was bleeding freely and at last they beat me down." Mr. Tarrbridge laughed unsteadily. "That should have been the end of me, but it wasn't. Ferguson, the lad I'd left in charge of the camp, had trailed me with three other boys. All of them were crack shots. They opened fire just as I went down, and the blacks took themselves off." Mr. Tarrbridge paused again. "The Belgian Government offered me one of their tinpot medals, but I didn't take it."

Mr. Finley slowly emerged from the spell Mr. Tarrbridge's thrilling narrative had thrown about him.

"And Carson?" he whispered.

"Carson?" Mr. Tarrbridge chuckled. "Carson was dead. He was dead when I found him on the ant-hill."

"Yet you brought him away?"

"Certainly I brought him away!" Mr. Tarrbridge thundered. "That is the point I'm trying to make, Finley. It's the game that counts, not the prize. Nowadays young people want the prize without the game. Isn't it the game that builds character?"

"I suppose it is," Mr. Finley admitted thoughtfully. "Yes, your philosophy is sound, and you have illustrated it excellently. That must have been a terrific experience. I congratulate you on your courage, Mr. Tarrbridge."

The latter cleared his throat. "Conservatively speaking, Finley, I'm worth a round ten millions, but I tell you frankly I value that character-building experience more than I do the money that has come to me since."

Again Mr. Finley nodded. During the silence that followed Mr. Tarrbridge checked certain stocks and bonds listed on the financial page of his paper.

"Are you fond of reading?" Mr. Finley inquired presently.

"Yes, I am."

"I thought you would be. Do you happen to be acquainted with the work of Harrison Meek?"

Mr. Tarrbridge's hesitation before he gave his hearty laugh was barely noticeable.

"Very well. I knew Meek in Africa. Knew him intimately. He used to say I supplied him with more material than any other man he knew."

"That accounts for it!" Finley exclaimed.

"For what?"

"Why, there's a story of Meek's in this week's *National Pictorial*, and it's your story, Mr. Tarrbridge. The story you have just told me. 'MacNair' is the title."

"You don't say." Mr. Tarrbridge was obviously pleased. "I shall read it. So Meek has made my little adventure into one of his tales. He told me he would. A fine fellow, Meek. I should like to see him again." He returned to his stocks and bonds.

They were getting into the city now, and several minutes later Mr. Finley bade Mr. Tarrbridge good-bye.

MR. TARRBRIDGE spent an interesting morning in the reading-room of the public library, where he was a familiar figure to the seedy *habitués* who occupied the more comfortable chairs whilst they read, or slumbered, or sat and looked, or just sat. He had never introduced himself to any one of them, but he knew they respected him as he had heard himself referred to as "The Senator" on more than one occasion.

Towards noon he sauntered out into the frenzy that comes upon down-town Los Angeles during the hours of release. The problem of obtaining a satisfactory lunch for not more than twenty-five cents of the solitary half-dollar in his pocket occupied his thoughts. He hoped Lila would not keep him waiting much longer. She must realise his position. A sandwich could be bought for a dime, if you went to the right place, he reflected; cookies for the same amount, and a pound of grapes for a nickel. When he had purchased these commodities he took himself to Pershing Square and fortified himself behind his newspaper.

Mr. Tarrbridge was careful about the newspaper. Mr. Finley had once come into the square just as he was going to eat an apple. Luckily he had seen him first.

Mr. Tarrbridge usually spent his afternoons in one, and sometimes two, of the inexpensive picture theatres. This was out of the question to-day and he remained where he was, crumbling a cookie he had saved and leisurely feeding it to the pigeons. Soon he had quite a number of pigeons around him. Tiring, he dozed, his hands clasped comfortably over his stomach until the grapes he had eaten began to disagree with him, when he turned to his newspaper, which he had barely glanced at until now. The woman's page attracted him first, then the automobile advertisements. His paper exhausted and his indigestion relieved, he took a turn around the square and permitted himself to be inveigled into promising to be the guest of a real estate firm at an excursion and barbecue to be held the following Sunday.

The afternoon was well advanced by this, and Mr. Tarrbridge strolled on down to the corner where he usually caught the Hollywood car. He was a trifle despondent. If Lila's cheque hadn't come, he'd have to do something or other.

NOTHING but a magazine awaited Mr. Tarrbridge at his modest apartment house, the Glen Ella, and he trudged dispiritedly up to his room. Lila had her nagging ways, but it wasn't like her to act like this. Perhaps she was ill. The possibility frightened him. He didn't know what would become of him if anything happened to Lila. Perhaps he'd better ask her to let him come home for Christmas. It would be nice to see Lila again, to hear her voice.

"Carter, shake down the furnace." . . . "Carter, see if you can match this velvet." . . . "I wish you wouldn't spend so much time in the workroom, Carter."

He had been ruminating in this pessimistic fashion for some little while when he happened to glance at the magazine he had brought up with him. The wrapper was addressed in Lila's pointed handwriting. She was well, then. He tore the wrapper open, consumed with curiosity, for Lila never took the slightest interest in his reading unless it were to condemn it. The magazine was a copy of the current *Continental*, which he had not yet seen. Harrison Meek's name, enclosed in a circle someone had drawn around it in ink, was on the cover. Mr. Tarrbridge rifled the pages and found the story. Lila had written on the first page:

"Here is a tale by that man Harrison Meek you used to rave about. Better read it."

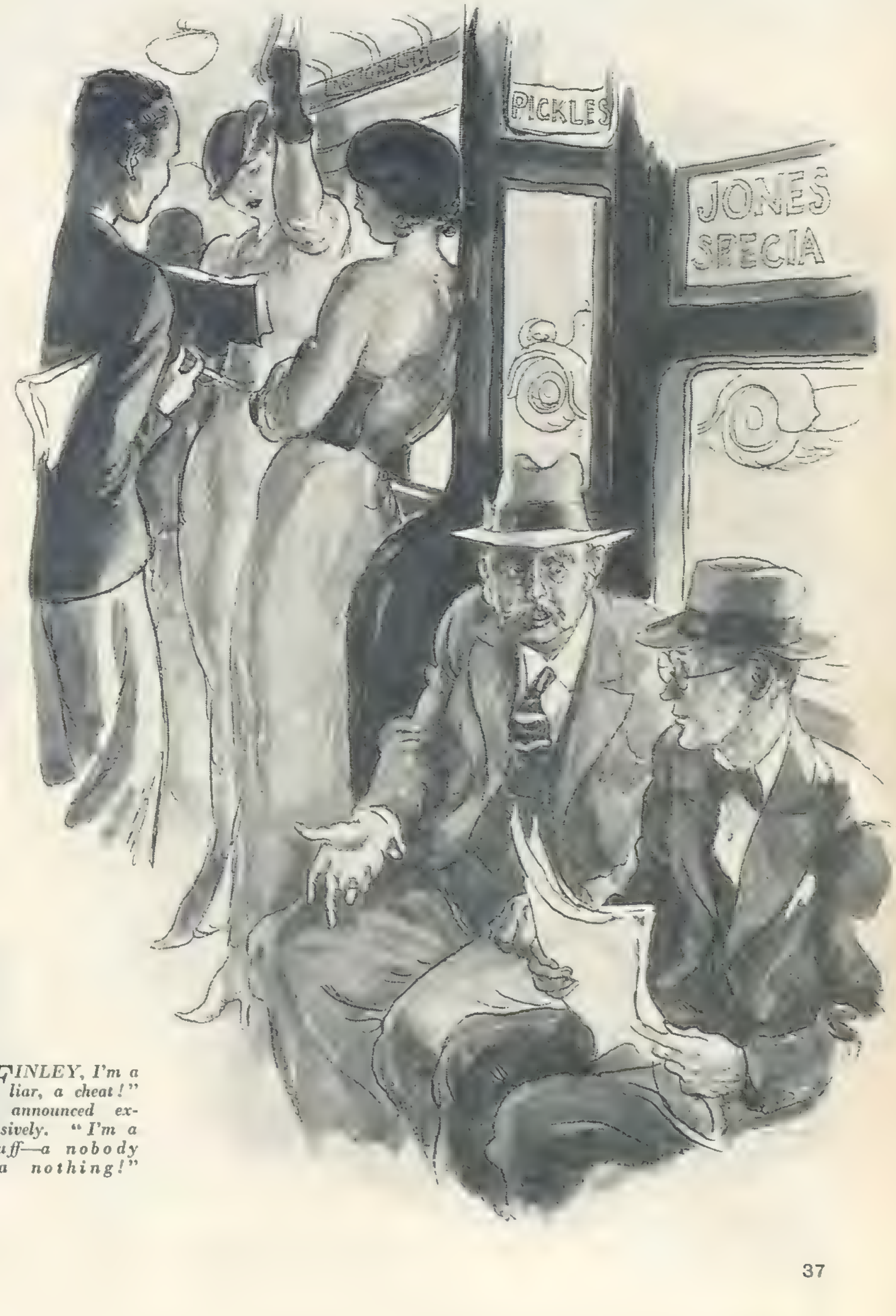
"Parasite" the story was called. It was a typical Harrison Meek title, but Mr. Tarrbridge looked at it uneasily. Just why he did not know. An explanatory word by the editor intensified but did not account for his uneasiness:

> In "Parasite"—a radical departure from the kind of work we have come to expect from his pen—Harrison Meek has done an exquisite character study of a type of the American male which is more common than we care to admit.

As he began to read the sketch—it really was that—Mr. Tarrbridge was instantly struck by the name of the principal character. The sketch was about a Mr. A. Parker Carrbridge. Mr. Carrbridge was, the sketch went on to relate, a ruddy, rippling man with the presence of a Wall Street banker and the imagination of a free verse poet, and he dwelt in cloudy castles wherein great enterprises were consummated and gorgeous adventures were spun into an inexhaustible reminiscence. Mr. Carrbridge had a necessary wife in the background, it was believed.

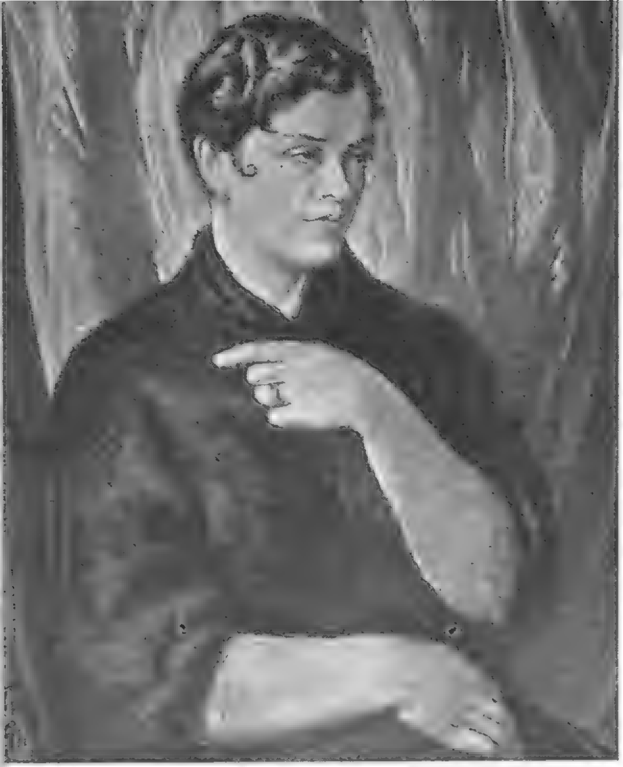
Mr. Tarrbridge suddenly gripped the magazine as if he would rend it in two. . . . "Mr. Carrbridge knew the value of little things," the sketch ran. "His morning paper was always open at the financial page and he was often—but not too often—seen checking Steel or Oils or Motors or Rails." Mr. Tarrbridge cried out in a strangled voice, his eyes bulged. . . . "Mr. Carrbridge would have his shoeshine and his buttonhole although it meant lunching out of a paper bag in Pershing Square. . .

(*Continued on page* 90)



"FINLEY, I'm a liar, a cheat!" he announced explosively. "I'm a bluff—a nobody —a nothing!"

BOOKS:



MISS LETHBRIDGE, *author of "Fortune Grass," the autobiography of a woman in the early thirties*

(Reproduced from the painting by Colin Gill)

I HAVE been reading a remarkable book, a book which manages to be, at one and the same time, extremely individual and extremely typical. *Fortune Grass*, by Mabel Lethbridge (Bles, 8s. 6d.), is the autobiography of a woman in the early thirties. It is individual because she is a woman of exceptional courage and independence, very direct in thought and, consequently, a natural writer; it is typical because the world to-day seems fuller than ever of young women who are consumed by impatience of the social circle, be it high or low, into which they are born, and wish to experience what seems to them to be the ampler life lying outside that circle. The modern girl has been explained *ad nauseam*. But if there is anyone left who feels that, because of or in spite of all the explanation, the modern girl is still a mystery, here is a most illuminating volume. I am surprised that everybody is not reading and talking of this book. Perhaps they are. The lists of best sellers produced, at intervals, by the booksellers often contain the names of works of which one has barely heard. Miss Lethbridge, then, may be the lion of the literary season. If so, I have missed her, and so have all my friends.

She is what is known as well born. She matured young, and was assisted by the War to make her escape from parental control at a very early age. (I say "assisted," since it is impossible to imagine Miss Lethbridge remaining, in any circumstances, under restraint. But if you believe, as I do, that she is not entirely a modern product, you will be bound to wonder what became of girls like her who were born in the days before, say, Florence Nightingale. Influence, as well as individuality, was needed to produce a Lady Hester Stanhope.) After a few weeks at a hospital, she lied about her age and got a job in a munition factory. There she was caught in an explosion. After appalling sufferings, described with great vividness, she found herself with a small pension, an O.B.E., a badly damaged body and an entirely undamaged zest for living. Scarred, almost blinded, minus a leg, she again left home at the earliest possible opportunity, and set off to—what? Well, simply to be free, completely free. Miss Lethbridge is not exceptional in her wish for freedom. What singles her out from the mass of her contemporaries is her readiness to go to any lengths to achieve her ambition. Rather than surrender her independence, she lied, cheated, starved, slept out on the Embankment, scrubbed doorsteps, associated and suffered with the verminous, and has had two husbands. Every kind of discomfort and ignominy has she undergone already, and she has nothing to show for it but a little breastplate of experience, a ragged but yet fluttering banner of independence. "Not enough," perhaps, will be the verdict of most readers. They may be right. But, unless they are unusually complacent, they may find difficulty in getting rid of a feeling that they have been in the company of someone finer, braver, and better than themselves.

THE month offers an assortment of London views, besides Miss Lethbridge's. Madame Odette Keun shows us, yet again, how we strike a foreigner in *I Discover the English* (Bodley Head, 6s.). Madame Keun tells us repeatedly how much she likes us, but there is a note of surprise in her voice that prevents us from feeling too exalted by her praise. Of course, she points out our faults

Here and There

"*Grand Tour,*" by Patrick Balfour. (John Long, 18s.)

A LIGHT-HEARTED record of an unpremeditated journey by motor car from England to Siam, illustrated by unusually good photographs. The book has a pleasantly unprofessional air—though this, of course, is deceptive. Mr. Balfour knows very well what he is about. He is, however, an amateur to this extent, that he was for the most part passing rapidly through countries with which he was unacquainted; and he makes no pretence to be thorough.

"*A Key to the Stars,*" by R. van der R. Woolley. (Blackie, 5s.)

THE author of this little volume in Messrs. Blackie's "Key" Series is Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. He writes in straightforward, understandable language, and, although there are countless books on elementary astronomy, there will certainly be room for this one.

"*Music To-day,*" by John Foulds. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.)

A VERY full, thorough and competent examination of music—whence it has travelled, whither it is going, where it is now. Everybody will find some point or other on which to disagree with Mr. Foulds, but there can be very few readers who will not profit by listening to him. He is dictatorial, but so are almost all men who know what they are talking about. In addition to much theorising and analysis, Mr. Foulds provides a number of short sketches of modern composers.

"*A Book of Old Ballads,*" selected and with an introduction by Beverley Nichols. (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.)

SOME forty ballads chosen by Mr. Beverley Nichols, and sixteen coloured plates, as well as many pen and ink sketches, by Mr. H. M. Brock, R.I. Mr. Nichols's introduction and Mr. Brock's pictures would seem to be aimed at two separate publics which have very little in common; and then there are the ballads, which will be most truly appreciated by yet another public. Still, the whole makes a handsome volume.

HON. PATRICK BALFOUR

Reviewed by
ARNOLD PALMER

MADAME ODETTE KEUN, author of "I Discover the English"

DOREEN WALLACE, whose novel, "Latter Howe"—an unpretentious tale of sheep farming in Cumberland—is a very genuine piece of work

THORNTON WILDER, whose new novel, "Heaven's My Destination," is reviewed in this article

too. Everyforeigner knows that it is useless to write a book about the English without plenty of ridicule in it; they would not understand it, wouldn't even buy it. So we are told once again that we are nice and polite, but insincere and stupid. Is that word really strong enough for the only nation in the world which, at the mere sight of a foreign observer in its midst, begins to hang its head? And we don't hang our heads in boredom either, although we know by heart the words about to be spoken. No, we actually wriggle in delighted shame, as if the comments were all new. Polite, indeed! I can add, without politeness, that Mr. Colin Gill's drawings are a peculiarly delightful feature of the book.

Queer things happen in town, no doubt, but some of them must be open to a simple explanation. In *Strange Cults and Strange Societies of Modern London* (Allan, 6s.) Mr. Elliott O'Donnell has collected some odd fish. They would probably seem not less but more odd if he exhibited them to us with not quite such credulous gasps. A little suspicion, if not cynicism, so far from being out of place, is a help to horror. A more robust view of an earlier London is given in *The Life and Work of Sir John Fielding*, by R. Leslie-Melville (Lincoln Williams, 12s. 6d.). John Fielding, who was blind, was fourteen years younger than his more celebrated half-brother, the author of *Tom Jones*; but the two men were of the same mind on many matters. Henry Fielding died in Lisbon in 1754, being then 48 years of age. John, who acted as Magistrate at Bow Street from 1751–1780, instituted a number of reforms, and thereby put into practice some of the ideas which had originated with Henry. We owe to John our system of stipendiary magistrates, our Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, and such charitable foundations as the Marine Society, the Royal Female Orphanage, and the Magdalen Hospital. Again, he was the first London magistrate to suggest that juvenile offenders (with whom London swarmed in the eighteenth century) might receive more harm than good

(*Continued on page* 88)

Dickens, 1935

"The Sentimental Journey":
by Hugh Kingsmill
(Wishart, 10s. 6d.)

"Dickens":
by André Maurois
(Bodley Head, 5s.)

ANDRE MAUROIS

THESE two studies of the most famous of all English novelists should be read together. Or perhaps it is fairer to say that Monsieur Maurois's book may be taken separately, whereas Mr. Kingsmill's should not be consumed neat. Mr. Kingsmill was not born for hero worship, and nobody who enjoys the acid tang of his work would think of wishing him otherwise. But when an author is instinctively iconoclastic, he should be careful to smile while at work; and if he is to smile, he must keep away from the idols which annoy him. Mr. Kingsmill, as anyone might guess, does not like Dickens, and he has done his best not merely to topple him over but to smash him. Big men cannot be broken up so easily. When Mr. Kingsmill has done his worst, Dickens is still there. Mr. Kingsmill, on the other hand, has lost his air of a mischievous schoolboy, and looks merely hot and cross.

MONSIEUR MAUROIS is better tempered, but, it must be conceded, duller. His book is, of course, a translation, and one must not forget that it was written (partly, at any rate) for a public which does not count Dickens as a fellow countryman and does not have to read him during school holidays. If the author had aimed this short study at English readers only, he would hardly have troubled to tell them at length what most of them know already—the themes of the novels, the nature of the protagonists, etc. But there is a good chapter on "Dickens and the Art of the Novel," and, indeed, the whole book is worth attention because it is a deliberate attempt to present Dickens soberly and steadily. Where Mr. Kingsmill tries to debunk, M. Maurois tries to desensationalise. Another matter—the Englishman's book is longer, and contains one plate. But there seems no reason why his publisher should ask for his volume more than twice the sum sufficient for M. Maurois's.

A STALL which can be child-built by plasticine and bast, so that she makes her own market produce

A PHYSICALLY educational toy. A nursery hurdle and ladder, teaching muscular control and fearlessness

The Play-way *of* Learning

Toys that educate as well as entertain your children

Written and Photographed by

"Lisa"

FIRST lesson in arithmetic. Learning to count by dots on cards

TOYS can be extremely useful in educating your children, or they can be just time-passing occupations. The intelligent child prefers the kind of toy which teaches him something.

Play, contrary to general opinion, is a very useful thing, valuable to later life. In play the child tests and learns.

The play of animals is solely educational. The cat learns to be nimble in catching mice by playing with a retreating piece of string; the dog to be swift of foot, and agile in fight, by wild playful rushing and sham contests with his fellow puppies in the basket. In the nursery, the little girl with her doll learns the first care of a baby. She develops her maternal tenderness. Her first attempts at sewing, at cooking, at cleaning, will arise from her childish love of her doll, her interest in its welfare.

The boy with his clockwork engine, or box of bricks, will be storing up valuable ideas of balance, of mechanics, or of construction, his imagination leading his train to compass the world, and possibly taking his interest to the farthest parts of the globe. Unobtrusive guidance from the parent in such play can stimulate his knowledge of geography, and of the various commodities with which each country can load his trucks, or his steamship for export to a likely metropolis.

HUMAN beings have invented certain toys and games which have little relation to the fundamental usefulness of play, though it is difficult to think of any game which has not *something* in its favour.

However, when choosing toys or games for your children, it is quite as simple, and much more sensible, to choose articles which will help their development.

Children themselves prefer such occupations, maintaining their interest in them for a long while. So, even if they should cost more, which they often do not, they will prove of no more expense in the long run.

Educational toys are being invented to-day under the guidance of trained psychologists, and the parent who wants to benefit by this will find it a simple matter to make a choice for the nursery and playrooms.

Toys are being graded into classes suitable for certain ages, so that the mother can make a choice of a number of colourful things which are considered by experts to be certain to amuse young children from the ages of 18 months to 3 years of age, from 3 years to 4½, and so on up the scale of the developing capacity of appreciation and apprehension.

SOME toys are physically educational. Such are the nursery climbing-frames and chutes for the toddlers. Here they gain in muscular control and in fearlessness.

Little nursery ladders with smooth edges and small hurdles, standing firmly, supply these needs.

The older children will have trapezes, rings or horizontal bars. These are all definitely physically good, as well as character forming.

The smaller muscles are co-ordinated by "fitting" toys, where varied brightly coloured shapes fit each into their own slots. They must match in colour and they will only go into the holes designed to receive them—a star, a circle, a triangle and so on.

Here the eye-judgment becomes good. Colour naming and matching becomes second nature. There are many types of fitting toys, and all are useful to the youngsters' love of experimenting with form and colour.

I saw a child of three years of age playing with a toy which contained a hammer and quite long nails. A fairly soft board was included, together with a number of coloured shapes, each pierced with a central hole.

The child hammered the patterns into position on the board and made his own pictures. He was expert with the hammer and he did not hurt his fingers nor

(*Continued on page* 92)

What I *have* Bought *this* Month

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles illustrated on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped post-card must be enclosed for a reply. Alternatively, if you would like us to buy for you, send us an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you without delay. Postage for England is given in each case, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

ARE you a gardener? If so, you will be getting busy now, and will find these pruners most useful. The specially shaped handles, which are enamelled red, make them so handy to manipulate. Price 2/6, 2/9 and 3/-. (Postage 6d.)

A BRONZE toad, weatherproof and everlasting, and coloured a most natural green, will add greatly to the décor of your garden. Peeping out of the rushes by the lily pool he will look alive. Price 9/6, 14/6 and 27/6 (Postage 9d. Orders over £1 free)

SHERRY parties are a popular form of entertainment, and much of their success depends on the manner in which the wine is served. This attractive decanter with matching glasses in smoked amber or golden amber glass is 17/6. (Postage 1/-)

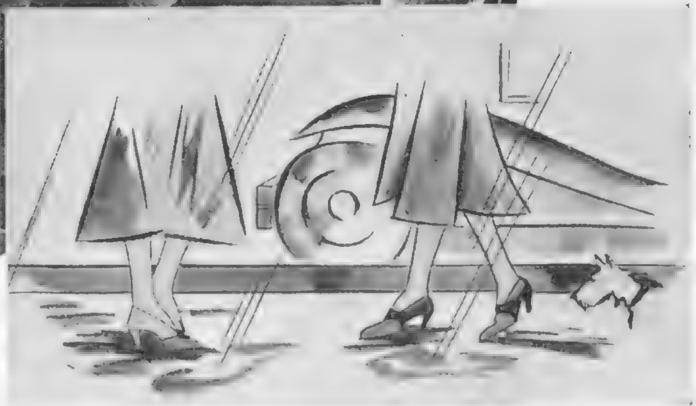
MATITA
MATITA

"PARFUM DE SPORT" is the name given to the perfume contained in this attractive circular bottle. It is the realisation, after many years' research, of an idea long held by Matita, the firm with a high reputation for sportswear. This perfume is 35/-. (Post free)

THIS beautiful quality porcelain morning tea set, comprising eight pieces, costs only 7/9. (Postage 1/3.) The pattern is a particularly lovely shade of blue. Similar 21-piece afternoon tea sets are 18/6. (Postage 1/6)

CUSHIONS make practical wedding gifts, and are comforts of which you cannot have too many. These are remarkable bargains. One has a woven covering in modern stripes, and is obtainable in brown, green, blue, orange and sunset. Price 10/6. The other, covered in art silk marocain in delicate shades of blue, pink, green, gold or beige, is 11/9. Both are down filled. (Post free)

CHILDREN love a really personal gift, and these "Moorcroft" mugs with names inscribed on them are sure to be popular. Any name may be ordered if not in stock. They are obtainable in a lovely rich chrome colour with lettering in golden brown to tone. Price 3/3. The "Moorcroft" beer beakers in the same colour are 2/6. (Postage in each case 6d.)



SOUND *footwear for bad weather helps to fight rheumatism*

If *you* have Rheumatism . . .

Don't blame *the* Weather—get *to the* Root *of the* Matter

WHAT is true of money can also be said of health: it only becomes important when it is lost. The really healthy man or woman is hardly conscious that he or she possesses a heart, lungs, liver and joints.

They all function unostentatiously and co-operatively like perfect servants, and it is only when something goes wrong with them that their owner becomes interested in their locality and their special offices.

Happily, the majority of ailments can be averted by a healthy mode of life; they are too often induced by indiscretions of one sort or another, in the matter of clothing, diet, excesses.

But there are, of course, infections, toxins and hereditary predispositions which may get the better of the most physically sound.

In curative medicine, immediate recognition, diagnosis and treatment are of paramount importance. Fortunately, Nature is only too ready to help those who will help themselves.

Not only have we in our own bodies beneficent germs, a defensive army to combat malignant bacteria, but there is an effective system of danger signals, the principal of which is *pain*.

It is a mistake stoically to ignore this symptom, or to disguise it by taking some temporary palliative, without inquiring into its cause and taking steps to remove the original source.

A neuralgic headache generally points to uric acid in the system, and is more often suffered by people with rheumatic tendencies when other indicative symptoms, such as stiff, swollen, or painful joints.

Rheumatism, in its multifarious manifestations, is a very prevalent affliction in this country. True, climatic and extraneous conditions may bring about an attack, but the actual source is uric acid in the blood, which, in its turn, has a variety of causes.

Faulty teeth, gums, tonsils or internal toxins may encourage its formation.

Apart from preventive measures like keeping warm and dry by means of suitable clothing and sound foot-wear, and proper diet, the essential treatment is elimination of the poison in a manner appropriate to its origin.

THERE are a number of alkalis, to be taken medicinally, which neutralise uric acid and relieve pain.

Some of the proprietary medicines in tablet form, with a base of salicylate of soda, are well known and approved specifics, and there is a more recent development along these lines which also contains alcohol which relieves pain almost magically, but should be taken under doctor's orders.

Violet ray and sunlight treatments have been found marvellously successful in treating rheumatism and neuritis.

Electric heat baths and paraffin wax baths are of undoubted value to draw the impurities—the cause of pain—out of the system.

The "water-cure," external and internal, is the basis of intensive and expensive cures at many famous spas.

A simple external version can be carried out at home by adding good alkaline bath salts to the hot bath, to be followed by a brisk friction to stimulate circulation, and encourage the blood to carry away impurities.

Another interesting development is the prescription of radio-active water.

It has long been known that where there is pitch-blend water and soil are radio-active, and in districts where these conditions obtain the natives are free from rheumatism, healthy and clear-complexioned, and live to a great age.

A remarkable little apparatus has been invented in which a minute piece of radium is fixed in the interior cylinder.

Ordinary water is poured in, and within a few hours the water, drawn off at a little tap, is demonstrably radio-active.

Patients who have had a course of this water are not only cured of rheumatism, but their general health improves and rejuvenation is apparent.

In a case of arthritis and senility, the patient became free of pain, active and regained her memory.

The machine can be hired from the makers, who are scientific instrument makers and purveyors of radium to the great London hospitals.

and BEAUTY

Painted Ladies . . .

Social Prejudice Against Make-up is as Dead as the Crude Make-up of Yesterday. The Reason? Women haven't Changed. Cosmetics Have

By Chrysis

Answering All Questions

BEAUTY to-day is largely a matter of the Three C's . . . Care, Cosmetics, Common Sense, in that order, and in equal proportion.

If you have any make-up or beauty questions to ask, please write to "Chrysis," "Britannia & Eve," 346, *Strand, London, W.C.*2, *enclosing stamped envelope for reply.*

IT seems difficult to believe that there was once a social, even a moral stigma attached to the users of powder and rouge. Painted ladies, they were called. And they were simply regarded as brazen, or hussies.

To-day, the practice of enhancing facial beauty, colouring and contour by means of toilet accessories has become almost universal.

Many men *say* they dislike make-up. But as they frequently succumb to the beauty of women who, to more discerning eyes, are clever make-up artists, this criticism cannot be taken very seriously.

If a woman is really well made up, most men are unconscious of the fact. And they would rather be seen with an obviously made-up woman than with a pale-lipped, shiny-faced one.

In fact, it is almost a social error not to be made up to-day. One of the reasons that make-up has achieved its present status is that the science and art of beauty culture have improved so enormously.

In the past, when there was little or no choice in the matter of colourings procurable, either of powder or rouge, and complexion powders were infinitely less finely sifted than they are at present, make-up was necessarily rather a crude affair.

The pink-and-white obvious effects were an offence against good taste and æsthetic perception; their use was confined to women who tried, ineffectually, to disguise the ravages of age and women who wished to, and succeeded, in making themselves conspicuous.

TO-DAY there are not, or should not be, any ravages if a good system of beauty culture is wisely and regularly followed; and powders are so fine and made up in such a wide range of colours that any complexion can be suited and the most natural effect produced.

The same thing applies to rouges. Water cosmetics for eyelashes and discreet eye-lid shadows have superseded those pitifully unbecoming hard black pencil lines with which, a few decades ago, the amateurs of make-up surrounded their eyes.

It is generally advisable to adopt and stick to one series of beauty preparations and cosmetics, as then they are more likely to blend and complement each other.

For instance, one famous firm produces everything that is necessary to keep the complexion in perfect condition, tone up and vitalise the texture and tissues, as well as a perfect and comprehensive range of cosmetics.

No make-up can be successful unless the complexion itself is clear, fine and healthy. Therefore we have a milk which is a perfect cleansing agent, leaving the skin smooth and soft, fresh and fairer; a skin food to nourish and restore; a skin tonic for stimulating purposes.

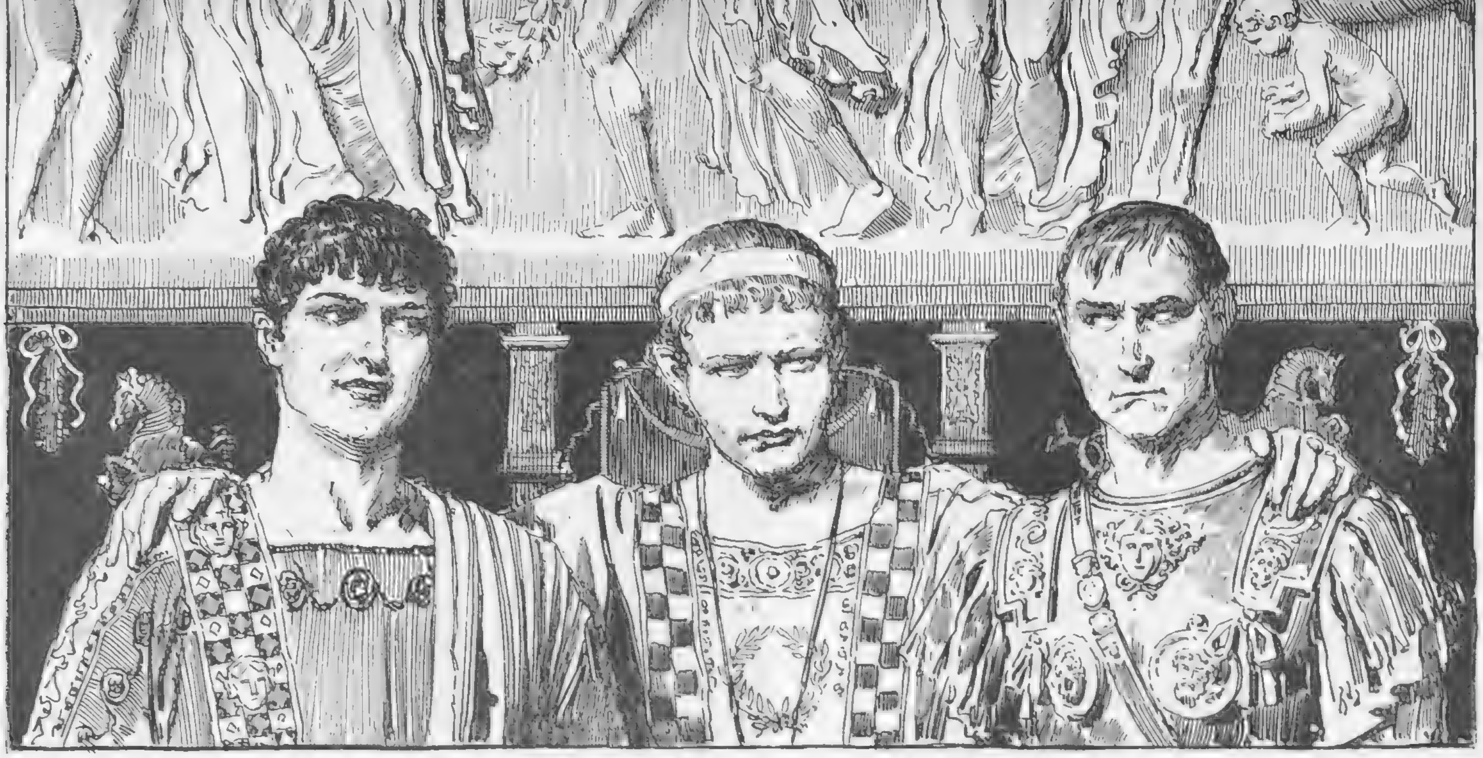
These three products should keep the complexion healthy and young, and thus provide a perfect foundation for "beautifying."

The base for powder is important and must be suited to different types. There is a *mousse* which is recommended for use on a dry skin, and a *matine* cream more advisable for use on greasy skins. If a liquid is preferred, an excellent foundation lotion is made up in all the different tints of the complexion powder, which is of ineffable fineness and contains nothing injurious to the complexion.

Whatever base is used it should be applied sparingly and the residue wiped off with a tissue before powdering, so as to avoid a coated look. The cleansing milk and base can conveniently be carried in small bottles or pots if a journey or a long day out calls for a cosmetic refresher. But if the original make-up has been carefully and well done the lasting effect will make everything but a discreet application of powder unnecessary in ordinary circumstances.

Now we come to the question of whether a woman should make up in public. Few people to-day expect a woman to absent herself to powder her nose in secret! It is only objectionable if she takes out a large puff, overcharged with powder, and shakes it

(*Continued on page* 106)



HE often strolled along the porticos of "Domus Aurea" with one arm round the shoulders of Petronius and the other round Tigellinus

Old Tales Re-Told

Petronius Arbiter: Written and Illustrated

by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

WHILE I was still a child I spent some unforgettably happy days with "Quo Vadis?" that masterpiece of Sienkiewicz. The knowledge I gained from my frequent visits to Pompeii—only a few miles from my home—and the history my father told me beneath the Neapolitan sun, for me made that book more instinct with life than any other I ever read.

Of course, I idolised the giant Ursus. His heroism, his steadfast fidelity impressed me so deeply that, in a love letter to a schoolgirl—we write them young in Italy!—I swore I was prepared to do for her all that Ursus did for Licia. I glanced at the muscles of my ten-year-old arm and, in naive honesty, I added: "And I shall do it, although I am not yet so strong as he."

But the character which dwelt with me from that day forth was Petronius.

Later on, when I followed the stream of knowledge to its parent springs, I came to the conclusion that a personality such as Petronius held within it infinite material for books, poems, paintings, films, plays....

History repeats itself. That is one of the few true platitudes. As we turn the pages of life's eternal romance, we find that the family of the Claudians repeated itself in the Antonines; that Tigellinus reappeared through the centuries down to Torquemada. Who would not recognise Agrippina in Catherine de Medici? Nero seemingly reincarnated several of the high—or low—despots of Persia, to be followed in turn by Nero after Nero, greater or less, down to the Borgias.

Neros by any other name would reek as foul . . . .

The same successive duplication applies to the great benefactors of humanity. Their lives, not only in their general lines but even in detail, are similar. Similar their nature, similar their object, similar the agonies they have undergone . . . Ovid and Dante, both the greatest poets of their ages, each a genius of the first order in the most sublime form of art, both were exiles from their native air, both have, with the passage of years, been restored to the full splendour of their fame.

But it is vain to seek a parallel to Petronius Arbiter. He is unique. Not by the magnificence of his achievement—he achieved little that lives—but unique by the sheer force of personality.

He was called Arbiter Elegantiarum—dictator of fashion for the chosen of the world. One may justly attribute the word—elegantiarum—to every other expression of his life; because he was always in the most perfect taste in every act, in every word, to the last moment of his life.

As a gambler with life he stands supreme.

Petronius belonged to an equestrian family of Rome, of that there is no doubt. Inscription after inscription survives to prove it. But the book that Petronius left—that has provided the doubtful with matter for grave dubiety. But despite those Didymi who always try to deny the undeniable, Petronius and his book remain—two realities unshaken, the classic master of refinement, the classic unshakable satire wherein caricature is so deft, so subtle that only its wit prevents it from condemnation as a mere literary photograph of the classic age.

From the description of Tacitus and Pliny it is not difficult to draw a portrait of Petronius reasonable in its accuracy. Handsome, rich, versatile, educated.

He rose rapidly in the service of the State. He was appointed Governor of Bithynia. In an age of administrative corruption—when a proconsul laid the foundations of his private fortune on the gold he could wrest from his province, when every agent forced from the people as much more than their allotment as he could, to keep the difference—in this work Petronius performed his task with unblemished reputation.

He surrounded himself only with those things which could gratify eye or intellect. The originality and grace of his entourage attracted the attention of Nero, and Petronius entered the privileged group that surrounded the Emperor.

In a short time he became his intimate friend. Nero gradually accepted all Petronius' suggestions, and Tacitus says that soon the Emperor enjoyed nothing that did not derive directly from Petronius.

A banquet prepared under the supervision of Petronius was a spectacle of beauty undreamed of and fantastic. Art was wedded to good taste, bold originality to unlimited resource. The selection of vessels, the combination of colours, the complicated machinery installed invisibly in the ivory ceilings so that it seemed the heavens rained rose-petals that changed colour as they fell to the table, wine spouting from amphoræ held by the gilded Danaids that stirred suddenly to unexpected life, the music, the women, their garments. . . . All reflected the personality of Arbiter Elegantiarum. What wonder he became the indispensable companion of Nero.

Faultless in his mode of dressing, his principal care was to beautify himself. Not one of the folds of his toga was disordered. His skin was freshly depilated daily. He had success with women. His collection of beauty, natural and artistic, was the richest possessed by one man in Rome. He promoted and organised revels wherein delicacy cast its cloak over debauchery and impropriety gave the spur to perfection. . . .

His own reputation he preserved unblemished—or almost so. It was almost impossible to walk with a Nero the narrow knife-edge that divides indulgence from crime. Not less difficult was it to elude the snare laid by the many, envious of the favour he enjoyed at Court.

CONSIDER, for example, the episode of Acte and the Neromic passion.

Acte was a slave bought in Asia. Such was her charm that she became to Nero more dear than his wife.

But when the influence of this beautiful girl threatened to impinge on that wielded by Agrippina, the Dowager Empress, pressure was brought to bear on the Emperor. The Imperial taste must not be seen to prefer one base-born to a peer of his own Imperial rank.

Nero strove. He forced the noble family of Attalo to adopt her. He procured by bribery and penalty false witness to prove the slave of the blood royal.

That effort was a straw in the Wind of Wedlock: hinting at the end of a voyage—possibly stormy—marriage.

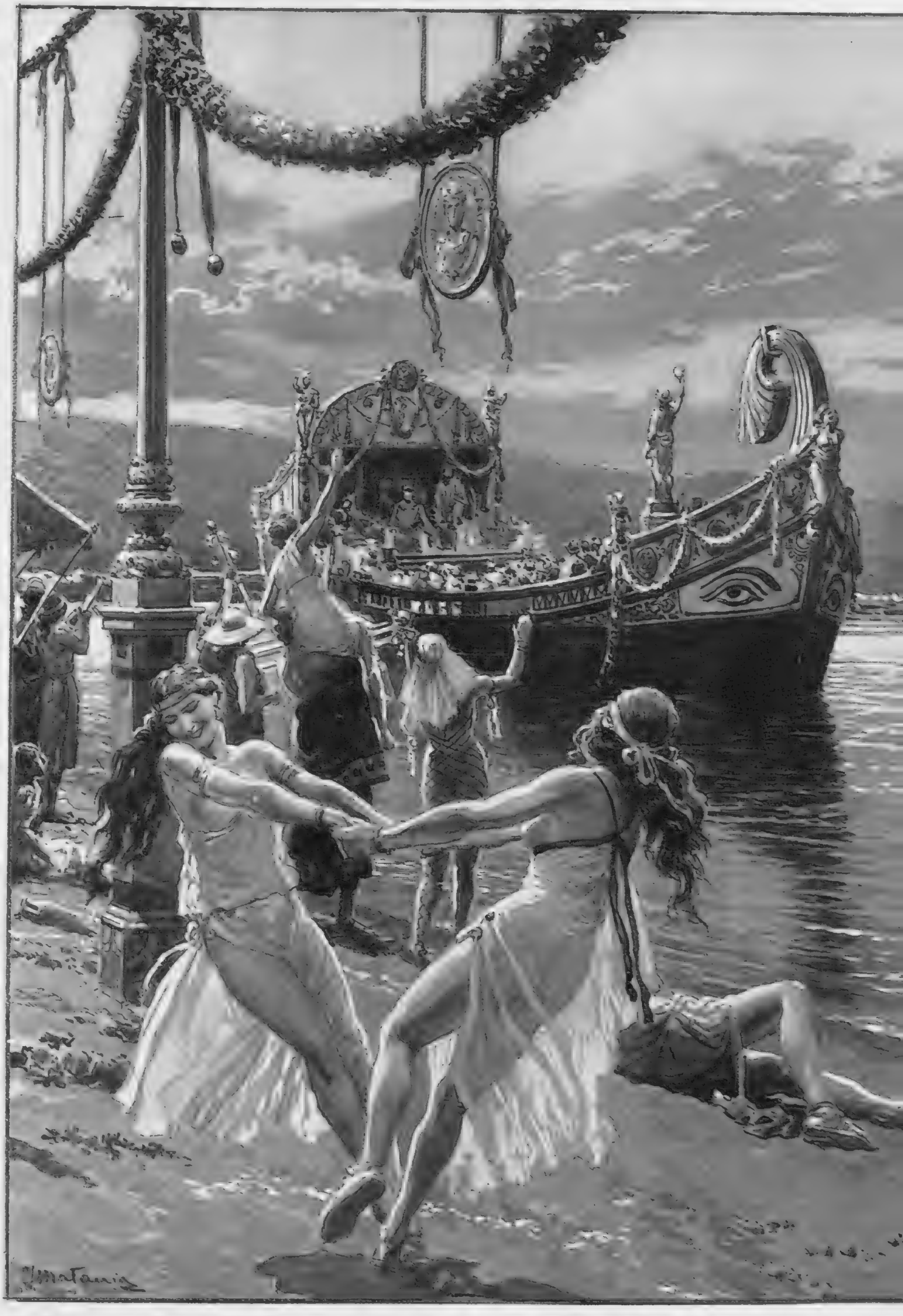
Such was the Emperor's power that even Seneca, austerest of philosophers, was not only acquiescent but a mediator in this affair.

Tacitus justifies Seneca's intervention on the ground that the affair with Acte alone preserved Nero from an incestuous relation with Agrippina.

The fact remains that for anyone to keep unsoiled, once in contact with Neronic pitch, was on a par with hoping to freeze in the sun.

Many are the descriptions of the extravagant entertainments staged for the pleasure of Nero. They all display the fact that the supreme understanding of Petronius invariably met—and guided—the taste of his master. Let us picture, for instance, one of the trips made by Nero along the Tiber, in the Gulf of Baia.

As the Imperial barge moved from the shore, thousands of voices echoed through the surrounding hills. Both shores were elaborately decorated. There were hotels, cantinas, places of pleasure, specially erected all along the river. Gilded festoons swung from tree to tree. Poetry, specially composed, was sung to music especially set. Roman matrons played the rôle of street vendors. Dancers in fantastic costume saluted the passing barge. Even on the rocks, on the sand,



AS the Imperial barge moved from the shore, thousands of voices echoed through the surrounding hills. Gilded festoons swung from tree to tree. Dancers in fantastic costumes saluted the passing barge, and in the water, mermaids with outstretched arms chanted to Nero, inviting him to land in the water, mermaids with outstretched arms chanted to Nero, inviting him to land.

As, slowly, the magnificent vessel dazzled the sunshine in its passing, the red-haired god—Divus Cæsar was head divine—took an active part and enjoyed himself to his heart's content.

THE more Petronius invented fit entertainments for the Imperator, the more he secretly despised him. In spite of the closest friendship, Petronius was not always made privy to certain relations. Secret escapades and parties took place without the Arbiter attending them.

But a certain Silia, former wife of a senator, filched from her husband by Nero, and installed as the High Priestess of the worst obscenities, had fallen in love with Petronius. She it was who supplied him with much of the material for the book that later on came to light.

A duel started between Petronius and Tigellinus, the Prefect of the Pretorian Guard. If they had both been of the same nature, Rome would have seen a brilliant competition of wit and talent: but Tigellinus was an enemy who stabbed in the dark: Petronius preferred to fight in the open.

Tigellinus believed in well-studied, well-prepared undermining. Far from being strong enough to meet his adversary with the same weapons, he set out to ruin Petronius by any means. And the most infallible—poison in the ear of Nero.

When diplomacy is degraded to the service of hypocrisy, it is difficult to detect what is really intended as a preparation for an unseen blow to follow.

Petronius was on the *qui vive.* He well knew his danger; knew, too, the advantage that lies with a man ready to fight with foul weapons. But he treated it with a sportsman's contempt for a cad.

In the meantime, both stood daily in the Emperor's company. And the Emperor—a complex character—enhanced their difficulties.

Perfectly unconscious of the thrust and parry that were exchanged daily under his own nose, he often strolled along the porticoes of "Domus Aurea" (the Golden House), with one arm round the shoulders of Petronius and the other round Tigellinus.

The ceaseless succession of great events gave grand opportunities to those two to take advantage of the slightest gap through which the sharp point of their enmity could penetrate, but the alertness and promptness of their defences foiled every attempt.

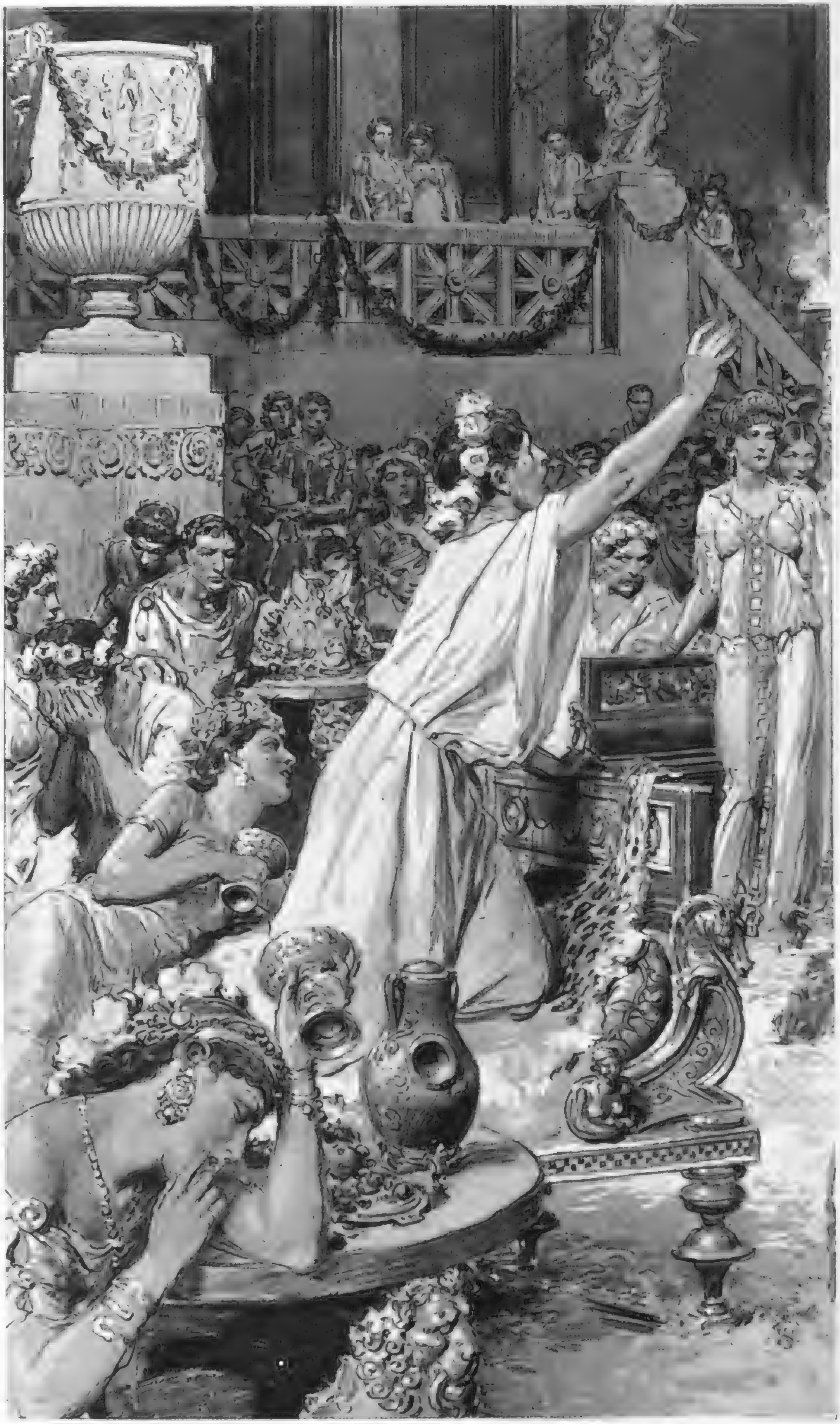
Tigellinus had not much to attract the envy of Nero, but Petronius had a great deal.

Petronius wrote verse. So did Nero—with this difference: that Petronius's poetry was considered just as good as that of Lucanos, the then laureate of Imperial favour, and therefore of the Roman world.

Petronius had beauty of body, success with women. He had a beautiful house, and a collection of works of art so precious that, according to Pliny, Petronius died because Nero fell in love with a precious vase Petronius possessed.

It is clear, however, that the Arbiter deftly evaded all perils and managed to maintain a position by its very nature—or rather, the nature of the man at whose hands it was held—insecure.

But the time came when the position

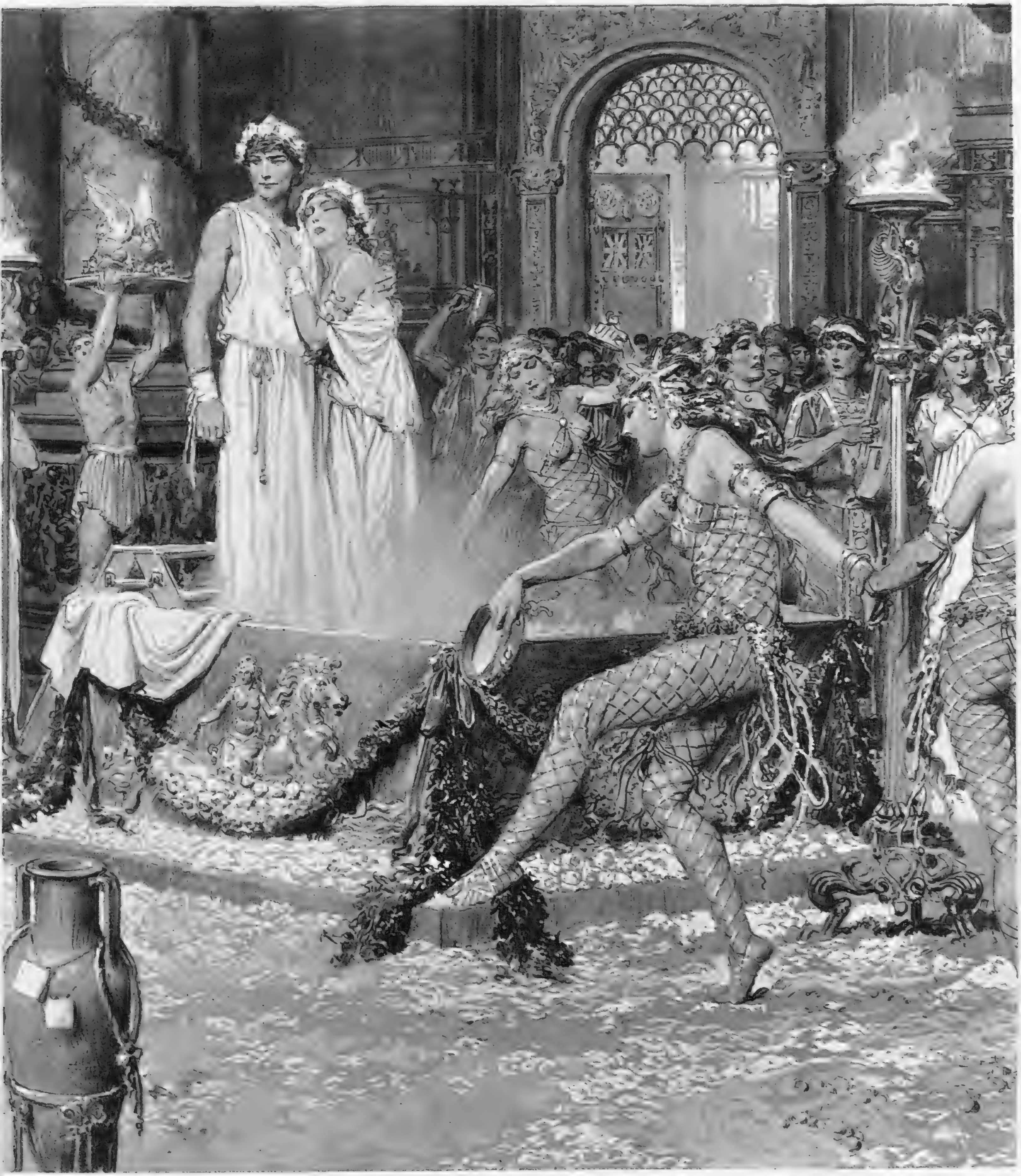


TOGETHER they swayed, locked in each other's arms, There was a flash of white—and a bandage slipped offered a golden opportunity to Tigellinus. Nero was travelling through the south of Italy, Naples-bound. Tigellinus was with him. Petronius was due at Cumæ almost at the same time.

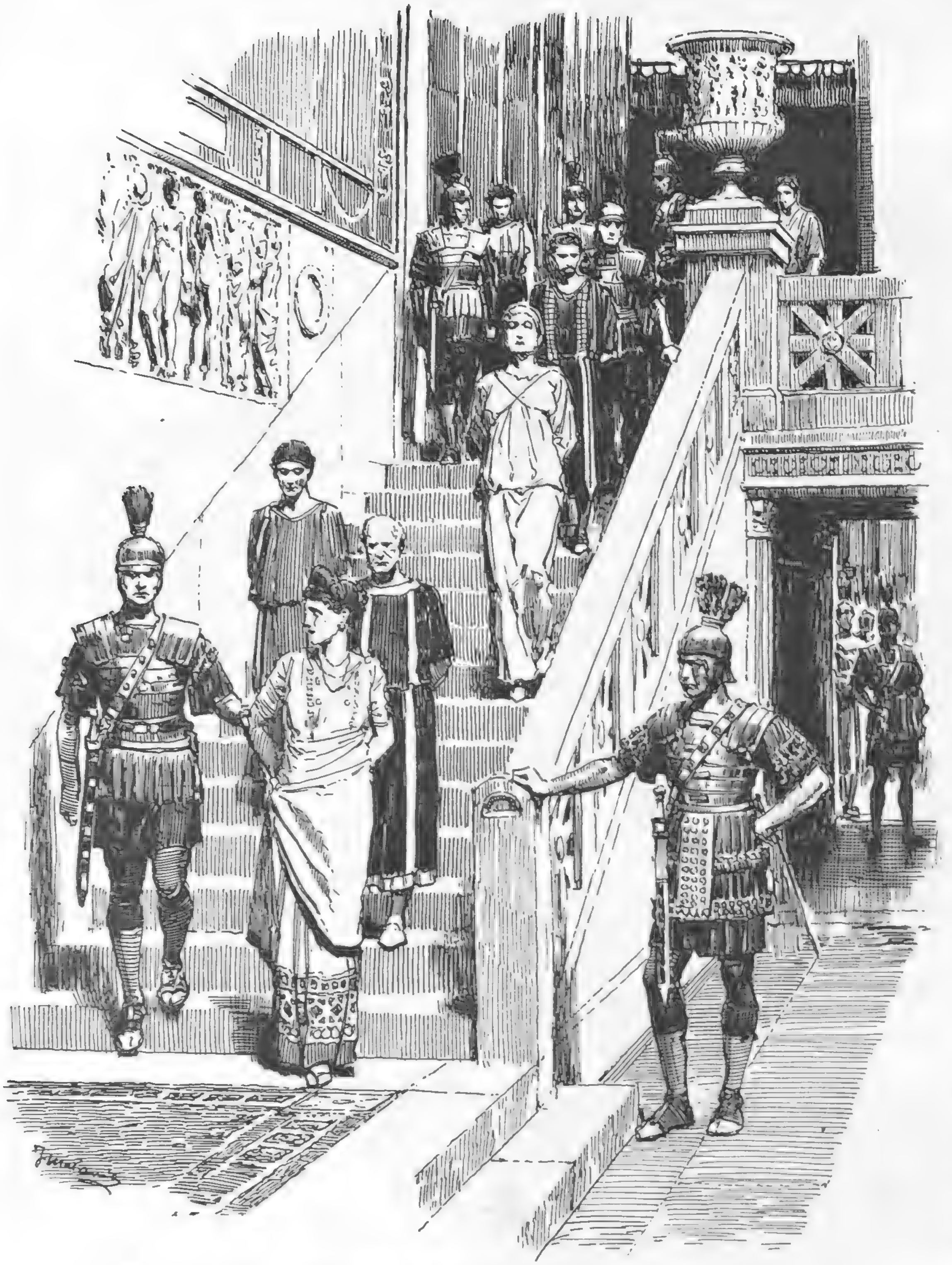
As the Imperial convoy, thousands of carriages strong, debouched upon Naples, a slave, bribed by Tigellinus, brought against Petronius the charge that he was secretly plotting with Scævinus against Nero.

Tigellinus managed to induce Nero to forbid to make any defence. That granted, the doom of the Arbiter was sealed.

With a rapidity that revealed a great deal of previous preparation, the family of Petronius was incarcerated in Rome, and their slaves arrested and secluded.



the length of the bath. . . . They kissed the kiss of life on the threshold of death.
from a wrist to the floor. . . . The music played on. . . . The singers sang



THE family of Petronius was arrested and incarcerated in Rome

On his arrival at Cumæ, Petronius—still ignorant of his family's fate—found a centurion with an order from the Emperor.

That was not the usual way of getting messages from his Imperial master. One glance at the pale, hesitant messenger told him that Tigellinus had won. He took the letter, read it, told the centurion to wait for a reply.

In the meantime, he ordered his servants to offer all the Petronian hospitality towards the messenger.

He read the "friendly" suggestion that he should cut his veins for the pleasure of the Divos Nero with an impassivity deriving rather from Zeno the Stoic than Epicurus: rather from restrained Britain than volatile Latium.

He gave the centurion a parcel to be given to Nero with the compliments of Petronius. He struck the parcel with his seal, then crushed the ring beneath his foot that the centurion might testify that the seal of Petronius was destroyed.

This was a preventive measure against any possible trick or falsification that Tigellinus might think of to harm members of the Petronian circle. Caius Titus Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiarum, staged the last act of his life in that sublime style that mirrored his personality.

He assembled all his slaves and servants, and paid them their dues of gratitude or penalty—donations to the good; a few strokes to the bad. He passed through the streets of Cumæ, the calm, smiling, exquisite—the Petronius that everyone knew.

He went back to his sumptuous villa. He sent out invitations for the evening to his closest friends.

Then he slept—slept peacefully—during the sunny hour of siesta.

Bathed and perfumed and gorgeously dressed, he called the doctor to have his veins pricked and tied up again, so that he could untie them at his own will.

His favourite sweetheart offered her own white wrists spontaneously to the same doctor for the same purpose.

The news spread with that blinding rapidity that characterises the majority of Roman episodes.

The friends came with tears in their eyes. They were prepared for tragedy. They found—Petronius, gay, witty, fascinating, his brow unruffled, a smile on the chiselled lips. . . .

The women, seeing the superb body, the handsome head, soon, so soon to be turned to clay . . . wept. But he rallied them tenderly, turning their tears to smiles, their smiles again to tears.

The speech he made was light, humorous, brilliant. He excluded gravity either of argument or form.

To Hades with the immortality of the soul, the verbal obligato of the mortality of the body.

For the pains of death and the rhetoric of the scaffold there would be life, laughter, wine, music, poetry, beauty. . . .

And he laughed . . .

He led the way into the great hall where the "Triclinium" was prepared.

The precious metals of the couches—three to each table; the blent hues of the cushions and the skins; the lavish profusion of flowers that swept in high festoons; the branches in the hands of the statues on the floor; the majesty of the peacocks, white and coloured, strutting about; the strident tints—and notes—of the parrots set free to crowd round the bronze column; the doves uttering their roucoulement from the shoulders of Venuses; the beauty of the slaves attending to the wants of the guests, combined to make a banquet fit for the Rome of which only the immortal description remains.

The harps twanged melodiously to the rhythm of chanted stanzas: strophe, antistrophe, antiphonally intoned. Dancers allured the guests with poses of incredible grace.

Vivid, vigorous, vital life had banished from that high level the very thought of death.

Voices grew animated, amphora tinkled against goblet; Greek mingled with Latin philosophical discussion in grave, bell-like tones, with the argent soprano of a love song. . . .

At a given moment slaves bore into the middle of the room—a huge bath.

It was filled with hot water, scented with oils of Sicilian Bergamot, festooned with ropes of roses. . . .

Petronius rose with a smile. He waved a hand all round, saluted his friends, bade them go on with the feast, sing, laugh, drink without ceasing.

"Let me die with this scene in my eyes, these sounds in my ears," he said.

As though he were leading a bride to the marriage bed, he led his beloved to the bath.

The expression of his face changed not one whit. Neither did hers. She felt in that deathly love, that lovely death, the thrill of a thousand nights. . . . Her ecstasy was unbearable to behold. Together they swayed, locked in each other's arms, the length of the bath. . . They kissed the kiss of life on the threshold of death. There was a flash of white—and a bandage slipped from a wrist to the floor . . . The music played on . . . The singers sang.

If the notes rang false or voices choked on a sob, no one noticed. Life's harmony was drowned in Death's discord.

Some essayed in vain to smile, others to stifle their sobs in the cushions. The dancers circled in graceful steps round the bath. But flecks of blood at their lips told how they strove to quell their tears. From the ceiling, petals of roses fluttered down—pink petals of perfumed snow. While the steaming water gradually deepened with its living dye to the incarnadined, sanguine glow of the ruby, the two beautiful heads—still touching—were transmuted from a moulded masterpiece to a sculped splendour of ivory, of marble, of translucent alabaster. . . .

WHEN the messenger handed the parcel to Nero the Emperor thought it was Petronius' will. It was usual to leave legacies to the Emperor, especially after an order of execution, in the hope of saving either the lives of or property for the relicts of the family.

But from Petronius?

No adulation, no legacies, no compliments.

The parcel contained a book, written in complete secrecy.

The book described in a cloak of picturesque, graceful, euphuistic language the inner story of those shameful, shameless, famous, infamous orgies of which Nero was the leader.

The names were changed, but the characters were clear. Details of which he was supposed to be ignorant were recorded—an immortal catalogue of a less than mortal Emperor.

Every effort was made to stop the spreading of such a book. Silia, the former sweetheart of the Emperor, was incarcerated for having sold her—and the imperial—secrets for kisses.

The house of Petronius was ransacked. But someone must have succeeded in hiding the first rough draft of the precious "Satyricon"—the satire on a satyr.

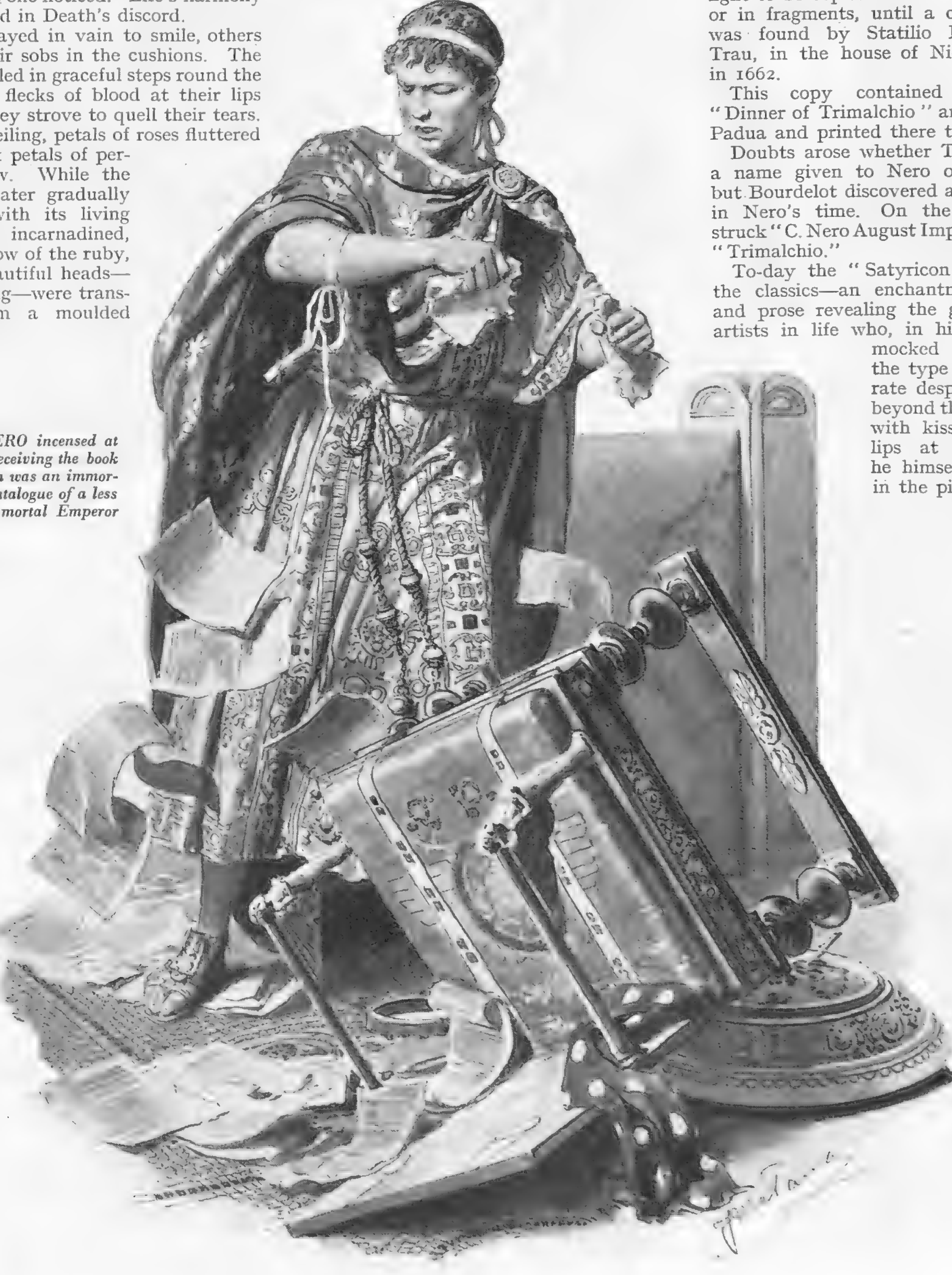
Nothing was known of this work for centuries—but it was preserved. It probably fell into the hands of some obscure collector of old codices who hid away untold treasures of classic literature.

Somehow or other, at last, it came to light to be copied more or less perfectly, or in fragments, until a complete copy was found by Statilio Dalmatino at Trau, in the house of Niccolo Cippico, in 1662.

This copy contained the famous "Dinner of Trimalchio" and was sent to Padua and printed there the same year.

Doubts arose whether Trimalchio was a name given to Nero or to another, but Bourdelot discovered a medal coined in Nero's time. On the obverse was struck "C. Nero August Imp."; the reverse "Trimalchio."

To-day the "Satyricon" ranks with the classics—an enchantment of verse and prose revealing the greatest of all artists in life who, in his very death, mocked the decree of the type of all degenerate despots, and from beyond the grave mocks with kissing, laughing lips at the Emperor he himself had placed in the pillory.



NERO incensed at receiving the book which was an immortal catalogue of a less than mortal Emperor

I'll *Tell* You

By Mary

WRITE TO ME . . . .

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answers to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope. I will reply immediately

NOTHING freshens up a winter jaded room so much as new curtains

A Present For Your Room

NOW I should like to tell you about something for your home. The year, I know, has only just begun, but it is really not too early to look ahead to spring cleaning days and to begin to lay plans for giving your home a brighter and gayer appearance.

Nothing freshens up a winter jaded room so much as a little present of new curtains or covers, and I have just seen the most enchanting new range of cretonnes and heavy modern self-coloured fancy weaves which have been produced by a famous British firm.

The cretonnes come in two widths: 48 in. for ordinary windows and loose covers, and 36 in. for the smaller room. In both ranges there are delicious floral and period designs, as well as beautiful modern ones which are yet not too extreme to live happily alongside period furniture as well as furniture of a more advanced type.

The designs in the narrower width cretonnes are all small or medium in size, so that the smallest room will not be dwarfed or thrown out of scale by them. The colourings are the gayest and freshest imaginable.

In this range there is a delightful reproduction of an old sampler design which conveys all the naïve charm of old needlework.

In the wider width I particularly fell for a wonderful lily pattern which has been designed by a well-known British artist. This wider width can be obtained either in the ordinary cretonne finish or in a glazed chintz finish.

When I add that the 48 in. material can be bought for about 1s. 11d. a yard and the 36 in. for about a shilling a yard, and that all the colours are guaranteed absolutely fast, it hardly seems worth while to wait for the Spring before seeing about new curtains and covers.

Making Life Simpler

TO perform a kindly action brings a pleasant glow of satisfaction, but when at the same time you benefit yourself, can you hesitate?

I have just given myself a present which is going to make my life a great deal more comfortable. At the same time I have the pleasure of knowing that I have helped a hard-working and deserving man. He only has one arm, but is a very clever carpenter. And he has made a most ingenious little table with a single folding leg. It can be adapted to all sorts of uses; if you want to play patience or write letters in comfort in an armchair before the fire, all you have to do is to place it so that it rests on both arms of your chair. The single telescopic leg will give all the further support which the table needs.

For patience, the table can be adjusted to a flat position; for writing, the leg is lengthened to provide a convenient sloping angle. It is light in weight and is also ideal as a book-rest for reading or writing in bed.

If you are an invalid or one of those people to whom a meal in bed is the well-earned luxury of a busy life, there is another model with special folding bed legs which is exactly right for this purpose.

All the tables are light and portable and the folding legs make it possible to stow them conveniently away when not in use.

These tables, which you can get from most of the big stores, can be had in plain wood for as little as 15s.

A New Surgical Stocking

WHILE I am on the subject of health I should like to tell you about a real boon for sufferers from that distressing ailment, varicose veins.

This is a practically invisible stocking, entirely free from rubber and made with a special patent heel which allows of an increased upward pull to give the necessary circular pressure.

Its strong anatomical support brings instant relief and its beneficial massaging action helps existing varicose veins and prevents the formation of new ones.

Other very strong points in its favour are its absolute comfort and the fact that you can wear it confidently underneath a silk stocking.

The patent heel never curls, always keeps in position, so it cannot damage the most delicate silk stocking worn over it.

Also it is cool to wear and far more comfortable than the old-fashioned type of surgical stocking. The wearer will experience the most welcome feeling of strength and support.

As it is washable it is absolutely hygienic and also more economical in use than elastic stockings which need constant renewal.

But apart from its usefulness in cases of varicose veins it will be found invaluable for sports wear in cases of weak ankles or legs.

Then, too, women who find that their ankles and feet swell in hot weather or through long standing, will find it excellent as a reducing stocking to produce a slim and shapely leg.

Growing Young Again

IT is all very well pretending grandly to your friends that you don't mind growing older.

You say "Really I don't mind it at all. I wouldn't be twenty-one again for the whole world. I wasn't really happy till I came out of girlhood and learnt how to adjust myself to living . . ." And things like that.

But you know inside you that you are putting up something of a bluff. Your friends know your age, and expect you to be it. Not a bit of use trying to hoodwink them, so you may as well be frank about it.

There is not a woman alive who, to some extent, does not regret the passing years, whatever compensations they may bring, whatever lessons they have taught,

AGE Into Youth . . . It Can Be Done

All I Know

Young

whatever richness and experience have been garnered, whatever memories are hers, however blithely she may say "I wouldn't do anything to my face for the

world, I don't mind lines on the face, they *mean* something you know"; so own up, that you loathe lines on the face, hate a double chin like poison, resent the progressive sagging of muscles.

A famous German dermatologist, knowing all this, made the science of rejuvenation his life job.

He knew, from his thirty years' experience as a cosmetic surgeon, that superficial wrinkles, sagging, inertia and coarsing were caused by the gradual decay of the underlying cells, and that these, so to speak, can be brought to young life again.

He experimented. He succeeded.

His discovery was extensively and practically tested all over the world.

It has now been made up into tablets, which work what appears to be a miracle, in six weeks. They rebuild from within, restore the blood supply to the cutaneous tissues, rejuvenate the face and body. The whole system benefits.

So your friends can say, "She must be nearer fifty than forty, but she only looks thirty. How does she do it?"

I have told you the way.

Have You Got a Cold?

WE may fondly and romantically think of February as the month which brings us the first snowdrops, but I am afraid that what this month brings in much greater plenty is a fine assortment of colds, catarrh and bronchitis.

So, as I know of a really infallible remedy for these devastating afflictions, you must forgive me if I concentrate on this aspect of February's gifts to us, rather than on his floral offerings.

FEBRUARY brings the first snowdrops. . . . But it also brings a fine assortment of colds, catarrh and bronchitis

This remedy consists of a curative vapour which is released when a certain medicament is heated in a special apparatus. This vapour is antiseptic, soothing and healing, and it allays irritation and reduces congestion in the throat, nose and bronchial tubes.

Not only is this vapour curative, it is also preventive. Where it is used, the risk of the infection spreading to members of the household who may have to enter the sick room is very greatly reduced.

While the curative effects of this remedy are remarkable, I want to lay particular stress upon the importance of their preventive action.

As the vapour is diffused in the air it is obvious that its preventive effects are much greater than where a remedy is swallowed or inhaled.

In the latter cases the usefulness of the remedy is restricted to the *individual*. The vapour gives a *general* protection.

Its use does not in any way interfere with any internal medicines which may have been prescribed, but the wonderful relief which it brings will materially hasten any benefit derived from them. In severe cases, where the suffering is so bad as to produce insomnia, this soothing vapour diffused in the room at night will bring relief and welcome sleep.

Its use is not confined to bronchitis or colds. It will be found equally valuable in cases of asthma, whooping cough, croup, and other diseases of this kind. Moreover, it can be inhaled all day *and* all night if necessary.

Magic Sponge

IF you were brought up as I was in a family of boys, then I am afraid that you have suffered as I have from an unbearable inferiority complex as they marched down to breakfast glowing from vigorous scrubbings applied with the roughest of towels or loofahs.

It always seemed so unfair to me that my skin would not tolerate the same treatment.

However, I have just made a discovery which allows me to swagger down to breakfast with just as virtuously glowing a body and as fresh a complexion as any man jack in my family.

My find is the most perfect little friction sponge imaginable, dressed in a gay, perforated jacket which seems positively magical in its effects upon the skin. Though it is so gentle that it seems to caress the skin, it leaves you simply tingling with freshness and life.

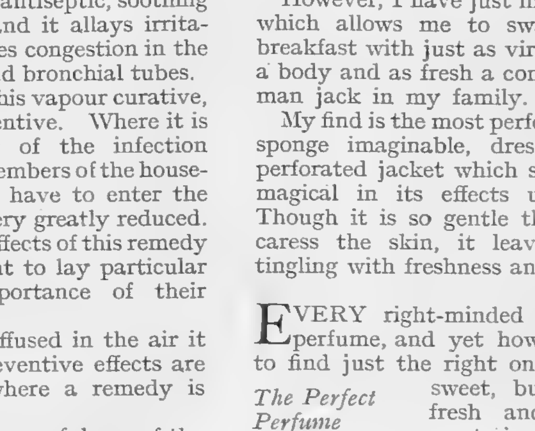
The Perfect Perfume

EVERY right-minded woman adores perfume, and yet how difficult it is to find just the right one! It must be sweet, but not cloying, fresh and yet slightly mysterious, lasting without any suggestion of staleness.

When all these qualities are combined the perfect scent is born. And I have just found it in the most delicious new French scent which is all the rage in Paris and on the Riviera.

It has just been introduced into London and will, I am sure, make an instant appeal to English women, for it is as subtly clinging and caressing as a fine piece of silk.

It is beautifully put up in attractive bottles in a variety of sizes, which are all most modestly priced when you consider what a really exclusive and distinguished scent it is.

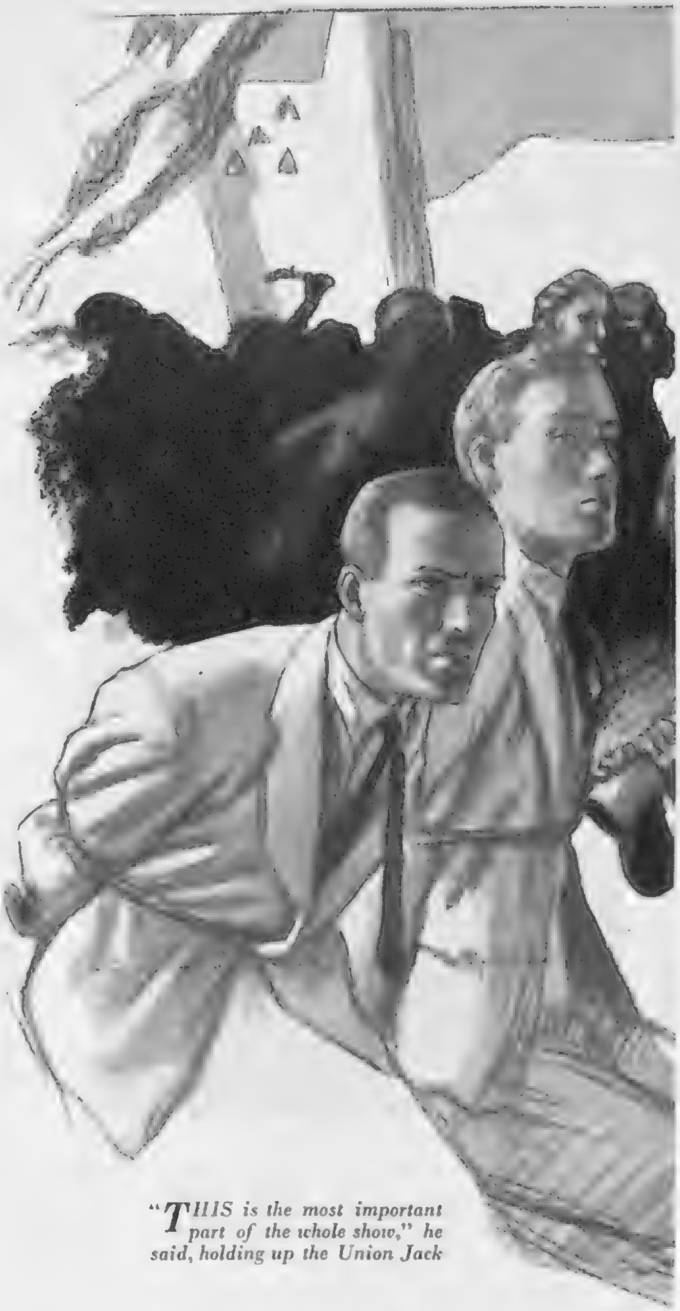


HOW difficult it is to find the right perfume!

Just Africa!

The kind of place where you can't spoil a cannibal's appetite by showing him the Union Jack

By Arthur Mills



"THIS is the most important part of the whole show," he said, holding up the Union Jack

THE trouble was all started by a gold-mining magnate who dined with a Cabinet minister and told him some things he had heard when he was in Accra. The things the gold-mining magnate told the Cabinet minister had been known to the white residents of West Africa ever since Lord Wolseley marched to Kumasi. As there were the makings of a first-class administrative scandal in the state of affairs as reported by the mining magnate, the responsibility was duly passed.

The Provincial Commissioner of Kumasi sent for District Commissioner P. G. Money, who had just returned from leave.

"This has got to be stopped," the Provincial Commissioner said to District Commissioner Money. "I am going to send you out to take over the station at Olachi; we closed it down a few years ago; you'll have to open it up. There is quite a good bungalow, I believe, and a rest house, and a store of sorts; but I shouldn't rely on the store too much; the fellow that runs it hasn't seen a white man for years; you had better take everything you think you'll need with you."

"Very good, sir," said District Commissioner Money, and then mentioned the matter of myself.

"You can take the fellow out with you if you like; it will be an experience for him," said the Provincial Commissioner.

We set out for Olachi next day. Money, myself and Money's native orderly went ahead in Money's own car. The boys followed in a lorry with our kit.

The car in which we travelled was decorated with a small Union Jack on the bonnet. The native orderly sat in the back, in charge of another Union Jack, a thick silver-headed stick about five foot long, Money's shot-gun and my rifle. I asked Money about the silver-headed stick. He said it was a message-stick; he told me that once a native had taken the stick in his hand he considered himself bound to do the bidding of the person who had given it to him. The orderly was a gigantic negro from the Fura-Fura country, who Money said was fearless and reliable, and probably the only person we should be able to trust when we got to Olachi.

OUR arrival at Olachi was a picturesque affair. Money halted the car at the top of the hill; the orderly jumped down, set out two camp stools, planted the Union Jack, and took up his position behind the stools, holding the message-stick. Money and I sat down. Immediately in front, at a distance of some ten paces, the Asase Waru, Paramount Chief of those parts, also sat upon a stool beneath his state umbrella. Minor chiefs made a line on either side of the Asase Waru, each sitting under his own state umbrella; these umbrellas were smaller than the Paramount Chief's. Behind the line of chiefs an orchestra composed of tom-toms and elephant horns were resting; they had been playing since dawn, and would give further selections from their repertoire throughout the night. On the extreme right a gaunt, rather savage-looking native kept his eyes fixedly on P. G. Money and repeated a couple of phrases as loudly as his lungs would let him at set intervals. The man seemed to be so worked up that I asked Money if anything was the matter with him. Money told me that he was only repeating the greetings that are customary, "Hail, oh Lion!" being the most esteemed, though to be asked to "Tread softly, Mighty Elephant!" was no mean compliment.

Money spent a few moments carefully filling his pipe, then looked up, ran his eye slowly along the line of chiefs, and held up his hand. The stage was set for palaver.

It was at this moment that Mr. Goreynd made his appearance. He came up from behind. The first warning we had of his arrival was a raucous voice saying: "Get out of my light, you black ape."

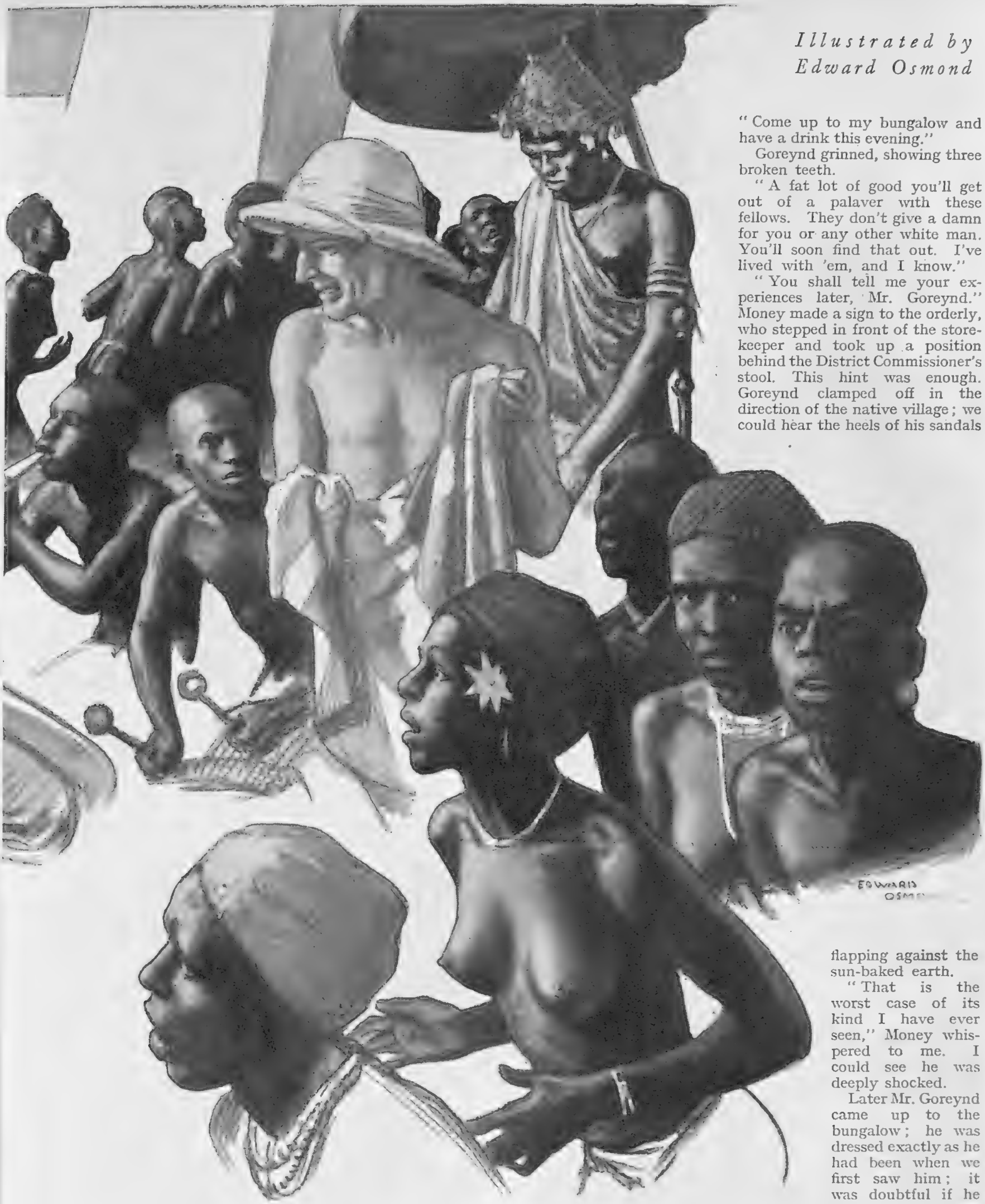
Startled by the sound of our own language, Money and I turned sharply. We saw the Fura-Fura orderly interposing his enormous person between ourselves and a thin man wearing a pair of tattered white flannels, a pith helmet, and leather sandals of the kind that are only worn by native chiefs.

"Hullo, fellows!" said the thin man. "When did you arrive?"

Money knew who Goreynd was. I shall never forget the look he gave the ex-missionary store-keeper. His eyes travelled slowly from the native sandals to the tattered flannels, thence to the naked hairy chest, finally to the old grey pith helmet.

Mr. Goreynd's eyes, red-lidded and deep-sunken, met the District Com-

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



missioner's unblinkingly. "You are Goreynd?" Money asked.

"That's who I am; if you don't believe me, ask these black apes," the storekeeper waved a hand towards the line of chiefs, "they all know me; so they ought to after twenty years."

"You have been out here all that time!" Money said, his voice softening a little.

"Yes; and I haven't been home either like you fellows. The country kills you if you don't go home every eighteen months, eh? Well, it hasn't killed me after twenty years of it."

I knew enough about the climate of West Africa to appreciate the full significance of what the storekeeper said.

"I am having a palaver," Money said. "Come up to my bungalow and have a drink this evening."

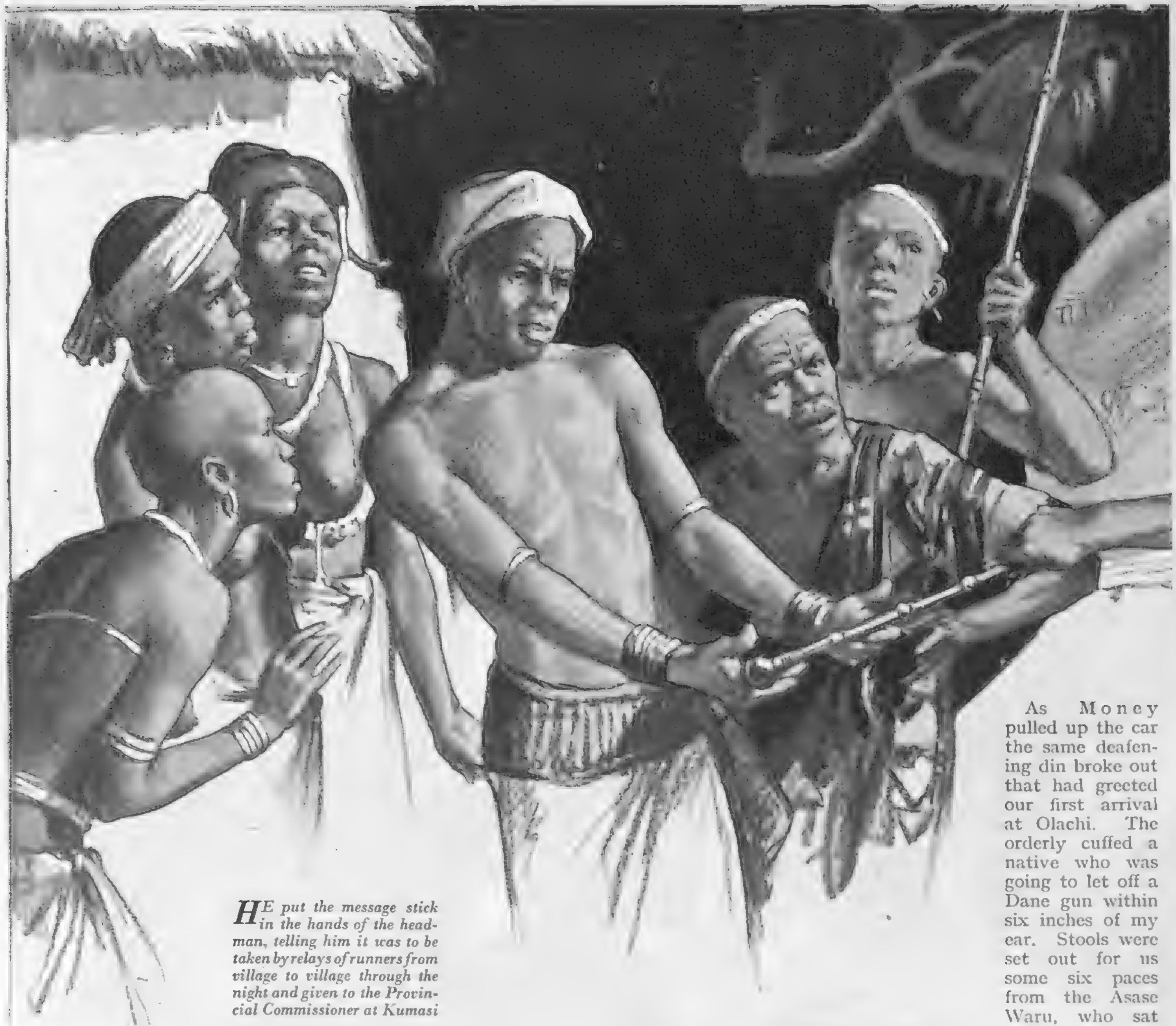
Goreynd grinned, showing three broken teeth.

"A fat lot of good you'll get out of a palaver with these fellows. They don't give a damn for you or any other white man. You'll soon find that out. I've lived with 'em, and I know."

"You shall tell me your experiences later, Mr. Goreynd." Money made a sign to the orderly, who stepped in front of the storekeeper and took up a position behind the District Commissioner's stool. This hint was enough. Goreynd clamped off in the direction of the native village; we could hear the heels of his sandals flapping against the sun-baked earth.

"That is the worst case of its kind I have ever seen," Money whispered to me. I could see he was deeply shocked.

Later Mr. Goreynd came up to the bungalow; he was dressed exactly as he had been when we first saw him; it was doubtful if he possessed any clothes except those he wore. The loneliness of his life for the past years must have been appalling. No newspapers, no mail, no contact of any kind with his fellow white men; very occasionally a Syrian trader passing through; otherwise, so far as the word civilization has any meaning, the storekeeper had been as cut off from the world as if he were dead. The odd thing was that, as we three sat there, I could feel



HE put the message stick in the hands of the headman, telling him it was to be taken by relays of runners from village to village through the night and given to the Provincial Commissioner at Kumasi

no compassion for Goreynd; Money, I was nearly sure, felt definitely antagonistic to him. That Goreynd resented our arrival there was no doubt. His pale blue eyes were sometimes furtive, sometimes blusteringly defiant when he looked at us.

Money gave him a whisky and soda, but did not invite him to stay and share the contents of our chop box for supper. This was because of his appearance, I think. Money could not stand a man who did not wear socks.

After a bit Money mentioned the matter of human sacrifice which he had been sent down to Olachi to investigate. He asked Goreynd if he could tell him anything about this horrible practice.

The trader reached out for his glass and drank the contents down at a gulp. " They're always up to something; don't believe they know themselves half the time why they're doing it. No good interfering with them. Leave a nigger to a nigger is what I say."

OF course, Money was not going to listen to what Goreynd said; he had been sent down to clean up Olachi, and he meant to stay there till the job was done. That evening he sent a summons to the Asase Waru to meet him in palaver next day.

We set off to go to the palaver after breakfast.

" This trouble all started through a report a gold prospector made about something he saw at Obogo, a native village near here," Money said. " They had got the fetish house walled up, a man was groaning inside, and there was blood all over the place. I shall tell the Asase Waru what I think of him. I'm going to put a stop to these games once and for all."

The Asase Waru was waiting for us outside his mud palace. He was surrounded by his Court, as he had been the day before. As Money pulled up the car the same deafening din broke out that had greeted our first arrival at Olachi. The orderly cuffed a native who was going to let off a Dane gun within six inches of my ear. Stools were set out for us some six paces from the Asase Waru, who sat cross-legged on a mattress, in the exact centre of an ordinary English brass bedstead. The Asase Waru was wearing a crimson cloth, which passed over his right shoulder and round his waist; on his exposed arm he wore three massive gold bangles; a hat, shaped like a triangular chocolate box, decorated with bits of leopard skin, lions' teeth and cowrie shells further distinguished him from his followers.

Money said to me: " After the palaver I expect there'll be a dance in our honour; it ought to be worth watching; these fellows are fairly primitive. Now I am going to tell this old chief where he gets off."

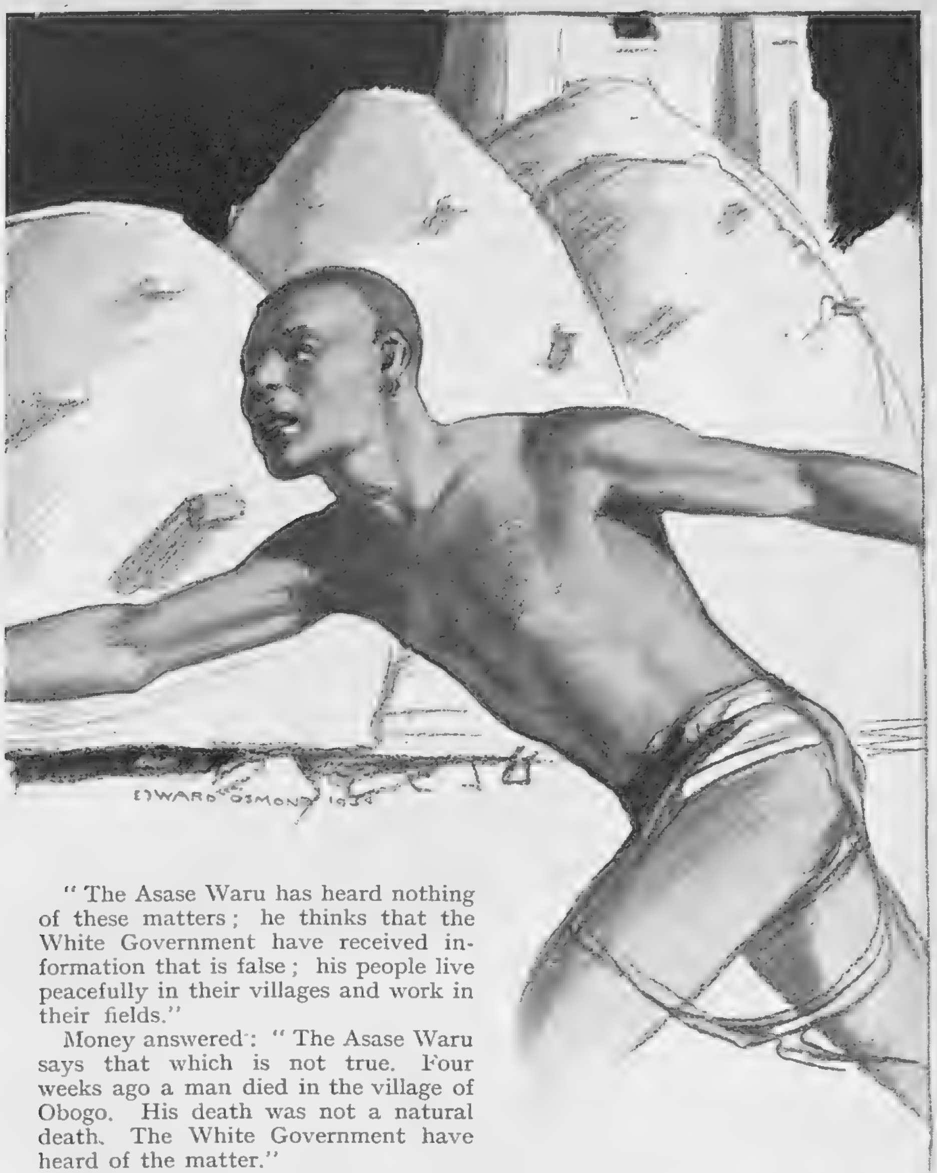
Money leaned forward on his stool, clasped his hands between his knees, looked directly at the Asase Waru and began his speech. He spoke through an interpreter: it would not have been etiquette for him to address a Paramount Chief direct.

" To the Asase Waru and his under-chiefs I give greetings. Word has come to the White Government that things are not well at Olachi. I have been sent to live among you and teach you to change your ways. The White Government does not wish to interfere with the religion of the Ashanti people, but the White Government will not allow robbery, slavery or murder in any land over which it holds control. Is that understood by you all?"

Money stopped. The interpreter, standing behind the Asase Waru, began to translate his words in a sing-song nasal chant. Money listened to make sure his words were correctly rendered. The interpreter finished, neither the Asase Waru nor any of the chiefs moved; they sat motionless and impassive, their eyes fixed upon Money.

" Ask the Asase Waru if he has anything to say to me?" Money said to the interpreter.

The interpreter did as he was told. The Asase Waru got slowly to his feet. He spoke directly to the interpreter; he did not look at Money or myself.



"The Asase Waru has heard nothing of these matters; he thinks that the White Government have received information that is false; his people live peacefully in their villages and work in their fields."

Money answered: "The Asase Waru says that which is not true. Four weeks ago a man died in the village of Obogo. His death was not a natural death. The White Government have heard of the matter."

The interpreter translated. The Asase Waru replied once more, looking slightly aggrieved.

"The Asase Waru says that he has many subjects," said the interpreter: "he has not the power to order the number of days that they shall live."

As this reply was translated to P. G. Money his face hardened. He said to me: "The old blighter is getting impertinent."

"Tell the Asase Waru that the White Government hold him responsible for the lives of the people over whom he rules. If any die in a manner that is not natural, he will be accountable according to white man's law. This is the law of white men. If one man kill another, or allow others to do so on his behalf, his own life is forfeit to the State. I have spoken."

The Asase Waru sat on his brass bedstead listening to the warning without twitching an eyelid.

After waiting for a few moments to see if the Asase Waru would reply, Money signified through the interpreter that the dancing could begin.

THE Asase Waru said something to a native who was standing behind him in charge of an enormous tribal drum. The latter raised his stick and gave the drum one tap; there was dead silence instantly, then from somewhere behind in the forest another drum answered, and another on the left, and another on the right; then silence once more.

The effect produced by the one beat on the great tribal drum, answered by three other drum-beats from different parts of the forest, was most weird.

"Is this the way they always begin?" I asked Money.

"No."

Looking at Money's face, I saw that he was a little puzzled.

Again the Asase Waru signed to the tribal drummer, and the latter once more struck the great drum. This time no answer came from the forest. For a full minute, which seemed much longer, we sat in absolute silence.

Suddenly the Fura-Fura orderly gave a deep guttural exclamation. Money and I turned round simultaneously. We saw a half-circle of natives ringing the edge of the forest. All were stark naked, and all carried in their right hands the short axe that is the fighting weapon at close quarters in those parts.

The tribal drummer lifted his stick and began to beat the great drum with rhythmic taps. Holding their battle-axes above their heads, the native dancers formed a circle round the orderly, Money and myself, and began a slow dance, pausing at set intervals and bringing their axes down with a crash into the ground.

"Is this a war-dance?" I asked Money. Money turned to the orderly and said something in the man's own language. The latter answered excitedly.

"He says this is not a war-dance," Money said.

I looked at the orderly; to my astonishment, I saw that the fellow's great blubber lips were literally gibbering with fright.

"What the blazes is the matter with you?" Money said sharply.

The orderly answered in his own tongue. Money's expression at once altered; his jaw set queerly.

"My orderly says these fellows are out for trouble," Money said to me. "Maybe he is right; I did not quite like the look of the way they were dancing from the start. The best thing to do is to walk quietly over to the car, get into it, and go back to the bungalow. I'll send for Goreynd and tell him to go down to the village and get them quieted down. The natives know him. I dare say some of them have never seen any other white man; it's such ages since the station was closed down."

"There is Goreynd," I said.

I had just seen the trader. Wearing his sandals, dirty flannel trousers and dented sun-helmet, he was walking across the clearing towards the Asase Waru.

"Hey! Goreynd!" Money called.

The trader looked towards us, raised his sun-helmet with exaggerated civility, and replaced it on his head.

"Tell these fellows to ease down," Money called; "one of them nearly cut a bit off my nose just now."

We were in the exact centre of the group of dancers, every man of whom was swinging his sharp axe like a frenzied dervish. It would be taking a risk to try to push our way through while they were still dancing.

Goreynd ignored Money's request. He walked up to the Asase Waru and sat down by him on the brass bed.

"That settles it," Money said. "I shall send that fellow down to the coast to-morrow morning. Impertinent swine!"

We were really in a most undignified position. Encircled by a ring of savages brandishing their axes within a few inches of our noses, we were virtually imprisoned until either Goreynd or the Asase Waru chose to stop the dance. I wondered that the Asase Waru did nothing. It must be clear to him that a prolongation of the proceedings would displease the District Commissioner.

"We'll have to stop it ourselves," Money said. "Give the fellow nearest you a shove in the guts; mind he doesn't get you with his axe; I'll do the same."

Money took a step forward, put his hand on the shoulder of a native immediately in front of him and spun the fellow round:

"That'll do," he said good-naturedly.

I was just going to follow his example when a perfect forest of black arms and legs entwined themselves round me. As I fell I caught a glimpse of Money fighting like a demon with at least a dozen natives on top of him; then I was flung upon the ground and felt cords being fastened round my wrists and ankles. After tying us both up the natives dragged us across the open space and dumped us down in front of the Asase Waru.

Goreynd, wretched man, did not lift a hand to save us. Looking up, I saw him still sitting by the Asase Waru's side on the brass bedstead. During the struggle we neither of us had time to notice what happened to Money's native orderly; he was nowhere to be seen when we were taken to the Asase Waru, and from that moment disappeared entirely from our sight.

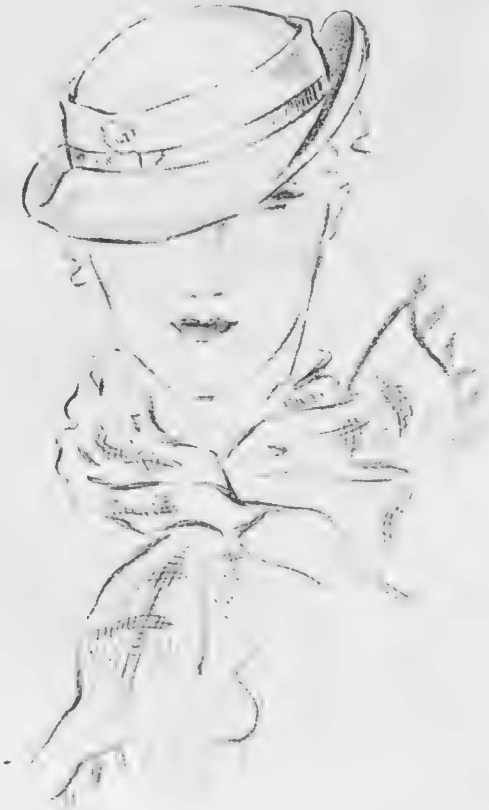
Money lay upon the ground, his white drill suit crumpled and torn, his face flushed, his tie twisted round his neck. It was hard to believe that he was the same man who a quarter of an hour previously had been delivering a homily to the Asase Waru and his chiefs.

(*Continued on page* 102)

Fashions . . .

By Jean Burnup,

Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve"



W*hat about* a New Hat ?

MILD Winter into Spring. . . .

Yes, you can feel it in your bones, even if you are rheumatic—especially if you are rheumatic.

Gently, with a sort of controlled excitement, it is happening, despite the "I-told-you-so's" who go around saying "We shall pay for this mild weather" and forecast weeks ahead of fog, rain and raw cold.

Men look at the calendar, decide spring comes on March the twenty-first, and button up their overcoats.

Women of all ages start to think feverishly about clothes. Plan new outfits, change their minds a dozen times, decide that it is a little early to be definite. Better wait a month or so and see how the fashion barometer goes. But something new must be had. *Must.* So what about a new hat ?

There is no need for me to state, at this stage, what a new hat means to a woman. How you buy a new hat, unhappily, because things have gone wrong. Or how you buy a new hat, joyfully, because things have gone right. If you don't understand, you are a stick, not a woman.

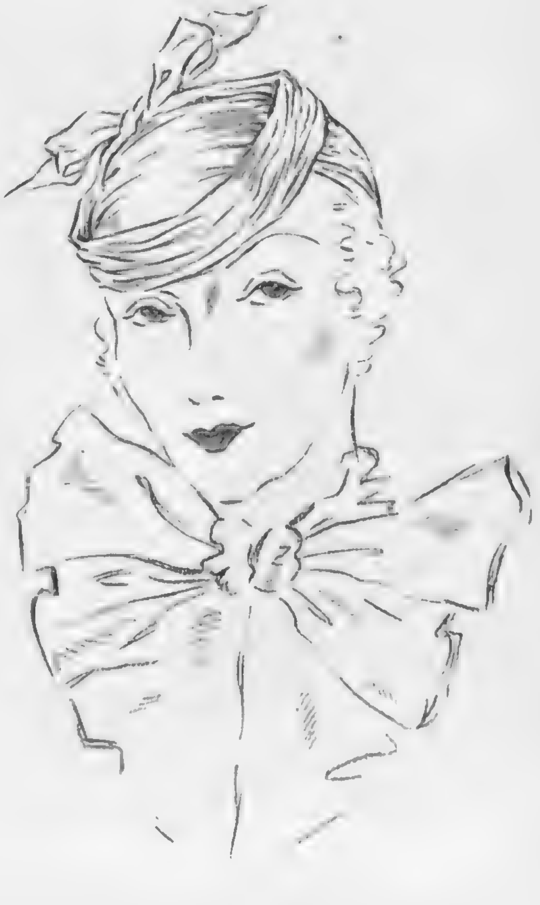
Here are four new hats, all good looking, all carefully smart.

The girl in the photograph wears Suzy's flat black felt with the very forward movement that is back, we hope and believe, for a long time. Trimmed with pheasant's feathers. Flowing feathers now, please; say good-bye to the stiff quills of mid-winter.

Below it is a soft black straw hat with a dipping brim that twists into flat ears at the back. The crown compromises, being low in front, high at the back, an excellent and becoming line. *Harvey Nichols.*

The country hat up at the top is just right for now and ever, if you like. Beige felt with a square folded crown, and a brim that you roll about to suit your face. *Woodrow.*

The little turban is a particular pet. It is feather light, made of shaded blue taffeta, gently draped to give it shape and form. Exceedingly French. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*



STERN Victorians, so they say, insisted, in the name of decency, on covering up the legs of the grand piano. Even if you don't believe it, it's a good story. But you can believe, for it's true that in those days women had no legs. An inch of stocking showing coyly labelled its owner as a brazen hussy, forward minx, little devil. This was partly due to the morals of the time; partly that the stockings themselves could not bear much inspection, doing no more for the legs than covering them. Use, not beauty, was their purpose.

Legs have changed as much to-day as the stockings they wore under those black gathered cashmere skirts. It is like the chicken and the egg: which came first? Did legs become longer, slimmer, more elegant, so that they had to devise stockings to flatter and pamper them? Or did stockings, as we know them to-day, help to make them that way?

Six of one and seven of the other, I imagine.

Practically no leg in the world can help looking better than it is when wearing some of the stockings they are making to-day.

But women ask more. They want looks; careful, praising colours; a tailored fit; durability; and the whole to cost as little as possible.

The stockings photographed on this page give all this, plus something we have learnt to call quality. . . .

Unless you look at them in profile and see the fine back-seams and the darker, thicker patch of heel, you wouldn't know there are any stockings at all on the legs up at the top. Think of words like gossamer, thistledown, cobweb. . . . They describe these sheer, delicate twins: pure grenadine silk up to their picot tops. (*Whisp; 6/11.*)

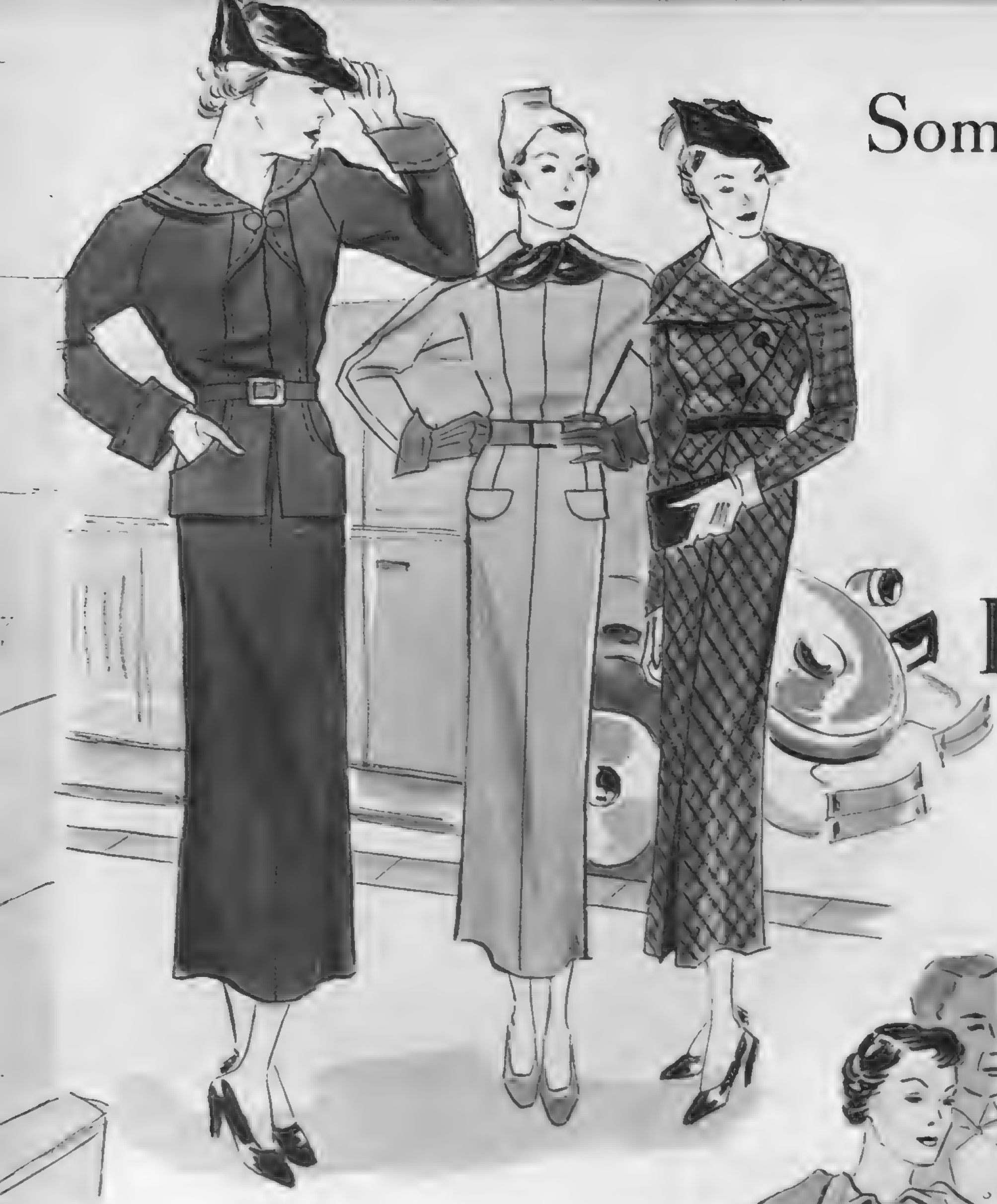
First of the trio. . . . Pure silk. . . . Reinforced foot-selvedge and toe splicing. . . . Fully fashioned. . . . Extra fine gauge. . . . Dancing weight. . . . Stocking technicalities that every woman understands to mean finely made thin-looking stockings. (*Dora Sheer; 4/11.*)

Each word applies to its neighbour—and more. For these are of still finer texture; more luxurious . . . flat, with a dull crêpe finish . . . silk from top to cradle foot. (*Delight; 8/11.*)

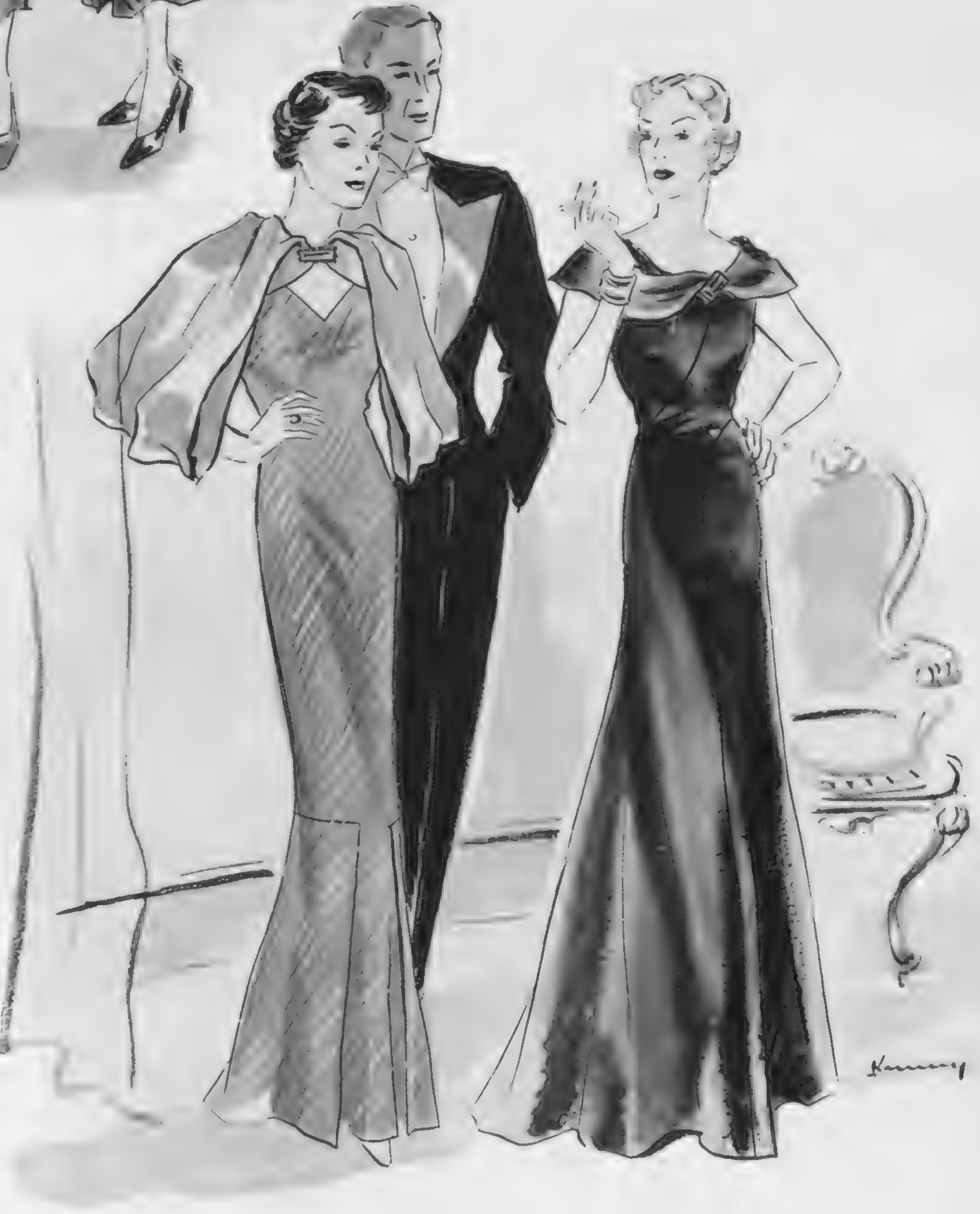
The third stocking is the one that fights its natural enemy—ladder—and wins. Can't help winning. Those narrow bands above the knee are strands of lastex yarn, woven cunningly into the silk. They give to suspender-pull, yield to every movement, prevent strain. A stocking for service, service, service. (*Deylong, 4/11; younger sister to Prelude, the anti-ladder 6/11 silk stocking successfully launched last year.*)

(*All stockings from Wolsey.*)

LEGS are DIFFERENT TO-DAY So are STOCKINGS



Some Original Designs *from* Paris, *anticipating* SPRING FASHIONS



BLUE-green woollen jacket-suit, raglan sleeved. The round, attractive collar buttons at the throat, runs down either side of the front and round the sides, stopping for pockets. The hat is black satin, untrimmed.

A straight coat dress in light brown woollen, with shoulder and sleeve cleverly seamed into one. A little under-collar of flat brown fur which takes on and off.

Short basqued coat and skirt in grey and red plaid tweed. No collar to the coat; wide pointed revers, and cross-over, cut-away front. The tight skirt has an inverted-pleat front and back.

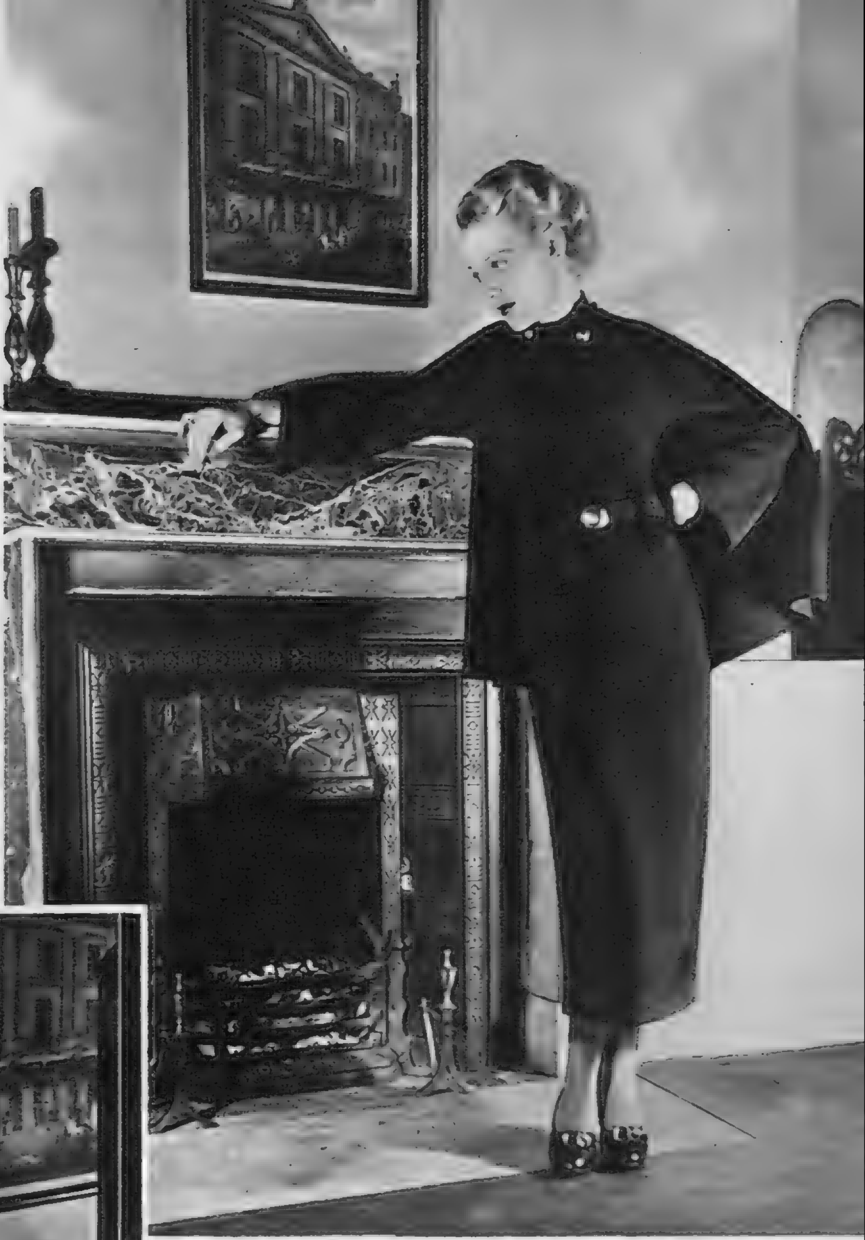
Hyacinth-blue crêpe with a silver-lamé diagonal stripe makes this classically simple evening-gown. The cape is two full stiff loops of silver-grey taffeta; held at the front and back of the neck with jewelled clasps.

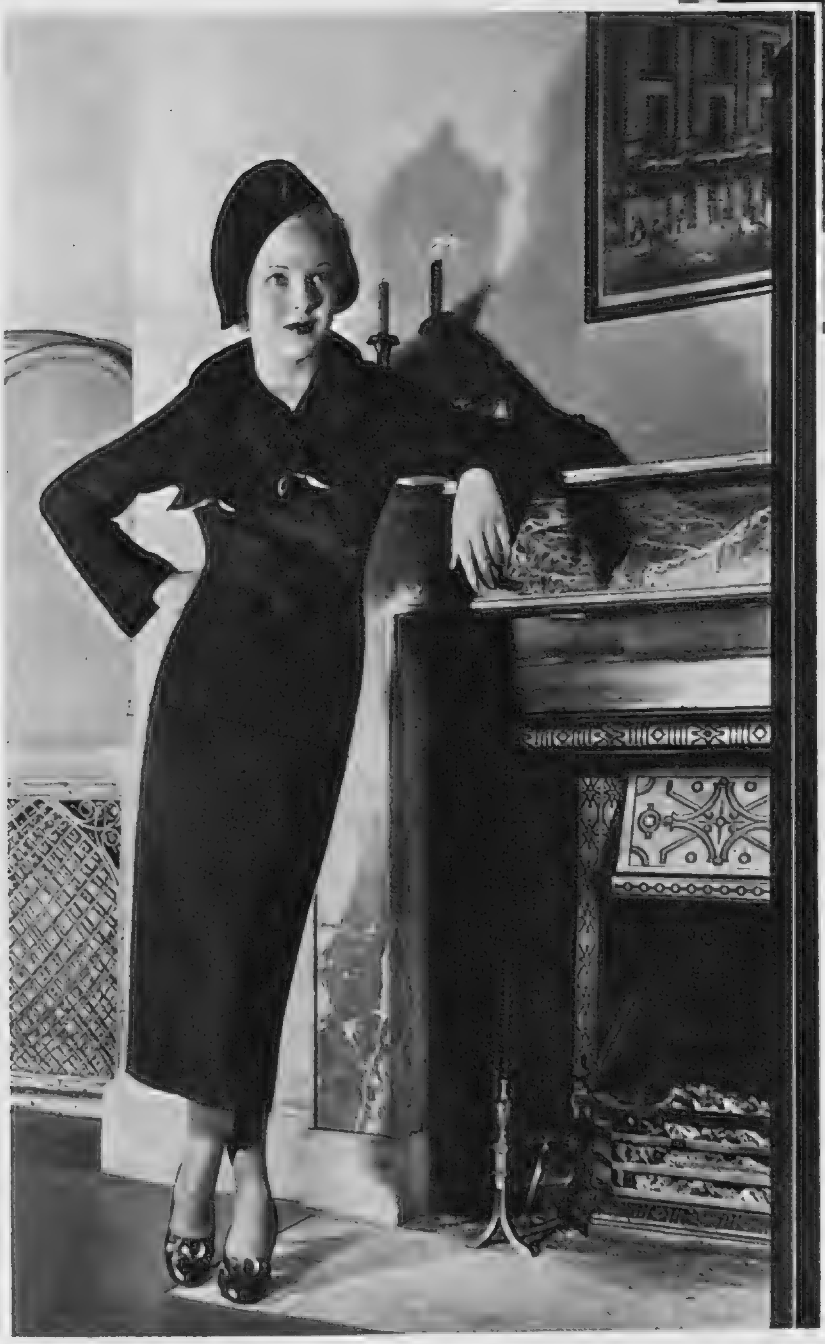
The stiff stand-on-its-own satin which made many Little Women dresses last Autumn, is used for the rather stand-offish evening-gown, perfect for the woman-with-an-air. Adroit cut gives gradual fullness to the skirt. The décolletage band goes down either side of the back into a deep V at the waist.

Two Stars for Early Spring

★*The Dress and Cape*

★*The Dressy Coat and Skirt*



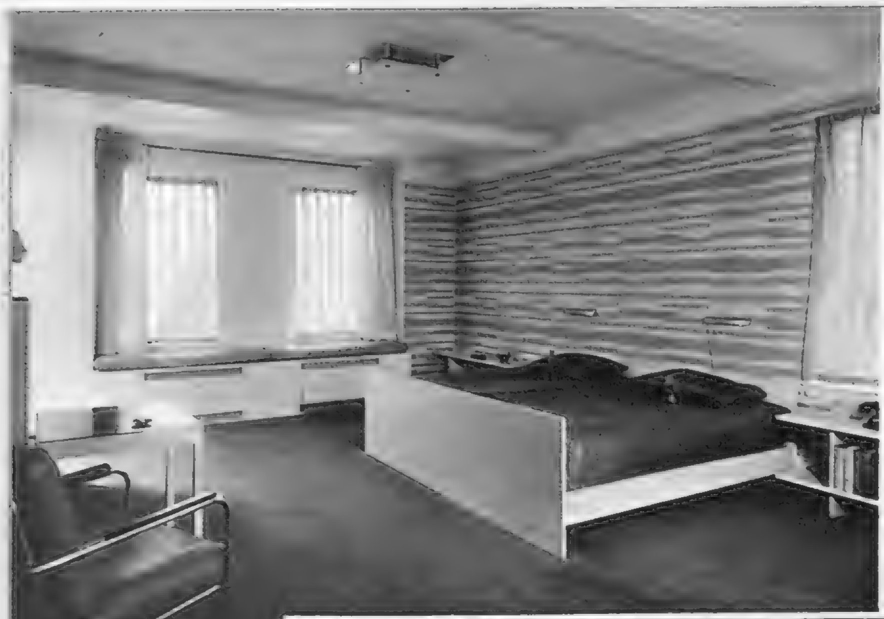


THERE is nothing quite so good-looking as the cape and straight dress silhouette, on the right person. Nothing quite so bad-looking on the wrong person. If you are little and fat, this means you. Some little women can act tall, so they'll pass. But do be careful.

This dress and cape in a novelty bright-green jersey has all you are looking for, and a little over. The high-necked dress fastens at the back with silvery buttons, and hangs straight as a plumb-line to the hem. The cape, which buttons up in front, hangs from full gathers at the back. The belt has a silvery clasp. Magyar sleeves end just short of the wrist. (*Worth.*)

The brown woollen coat and skirt gets ten out of ten for line grace, originality and *chic.* A tight skirt, with small slits at the hem. A coat wrapping right over and fitting glove-like on the hips. Three buttons show at the waist, horizontally, for a change. The scarf, lined with pink, crosses into slots, and makes a good draped neck-line. (*Matita.*)

Posed by Anna Lee, Gaumont-British Star.
Photographed by Helen Macgregor.



SEVERELY plain, but with every attention to comfort and convenience; a bedroom designed by William Muschenheim in a New York apartment. Concealed radiators beneath the windows have been utilised as window seats, useful built-in fitments are placed on either side of the twin divan beds, and lights conveniently shed their rays from above each bed-head

Your Bedroom To-day . . .

By Dexter Morand

The chief characteristics of modern bedroom-design, austerity and utility, are shown in each of these pictures, taken in England, France, Czechoslovakia and America

SUPPOSE you live to the ripe age of seventy-five years. Assuming that you will spend about a third of every twenty-four hours in your bedroom—dressing, relaxing, reading, resting, sleeping—this means that twenty-five of your seventy-five years—a quarter of a century—will actually be passed in your bedroom.

So your bedroom is worth making a little song about. Quite as much of a song, in fact, as the sitting- or dining-room.

WHAT is it that you yourself want in a bedroom?

As a man, you want a comfortable bed. You want conveniences, such as being able to switch off the light and fire without rising from your bed; suitable lighting for reading and general service; convenient fitments by your bedside for books, glasses, or whatever you require.

You want the room to be warm in winter and cool in summer. You want to be able to move freely about; have complete facilities for clothes, linen, and shoes; and any little idiosyncrasy of your own taken care of.

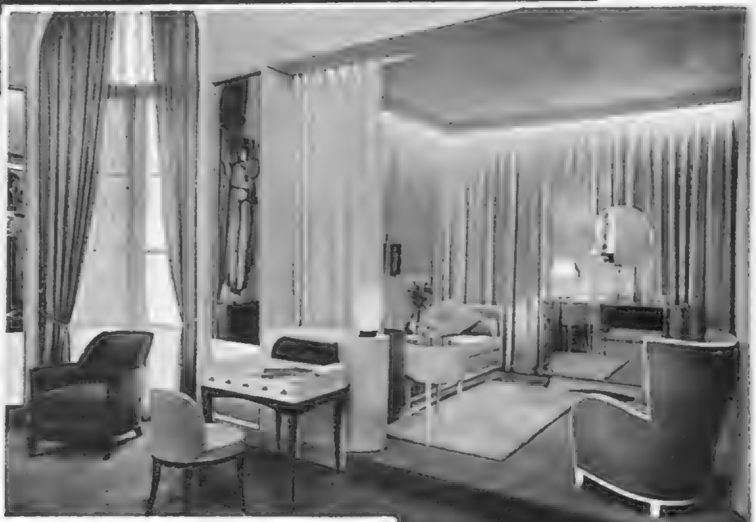
You want the walls and ceiling to look cheerful, or, at least, they must have a freshening effect. The floor must be warm to your feet.

As a woman, you want all this, plus the very important point that the bedroom is very often the dressing-room. And as such, you want every provision for make-up and dressing.

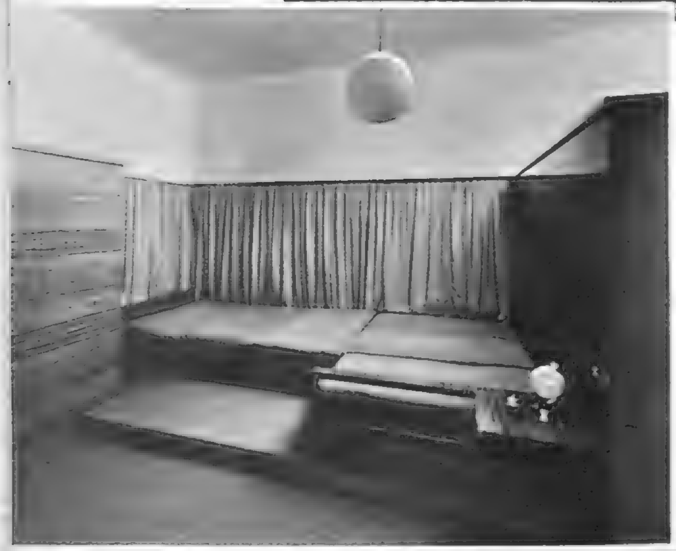
AS for the trend in design, generally speaking, the bed is built lower and wider, with the head usually situated against a wall and the foot eliminated.

The bed in itself tends to become a large divan, with utility fitments placed on either side at its head.

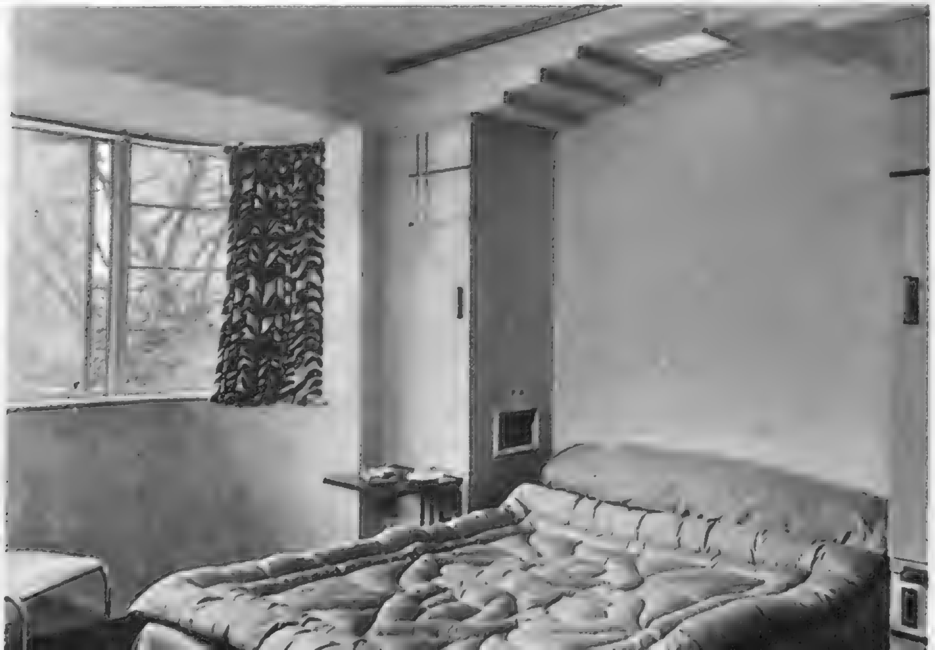
Light colours (white mainly) for walls and ceilings is the rule. The housing of clothes has become of vital importance; it is now systematically arranged. In fact, a modernly planned house or flat often takes care of this and makes it an integral part (*Continued on page* 90)



FROM Paris we have an effective treatment of a small raised alcove, which has been cleverly converted into a boudoir-bedroom



CZECHOSLOVAKIA sends us an example of ultra-modern treatment, where the main feature is a minimum of movable furniture. Built-in wardrobe accommodation, a divan couch so arranged that linen and blankets can be stored beneath it, and curtains that completely obscure the windows

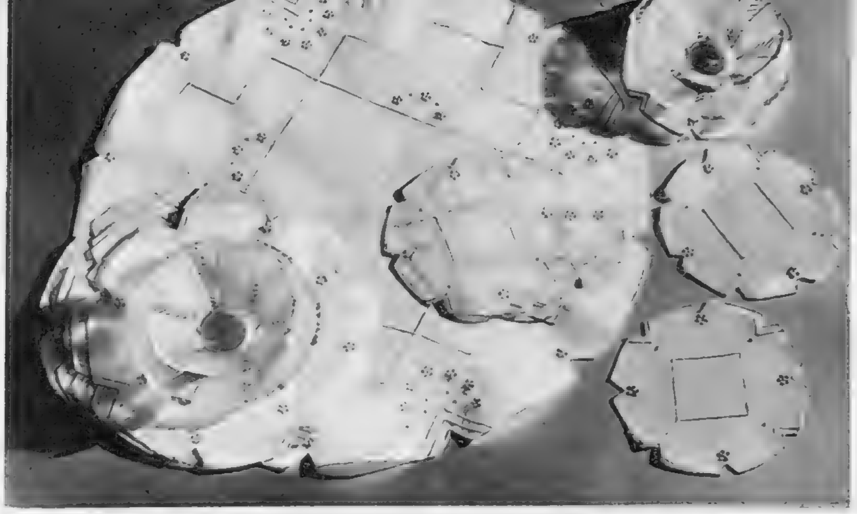


BUILT-IN cupboards and sliding tables are placed on either side of the bed in this English bedroom. Light and heat are both controlled by switches conveniently installed at the bedside

Dress your Table Well—

Tailored or Gracious, according to the Meal or the Mood

DURABILITY . . .
Hand-woven linen with edging of real lace, 37/6



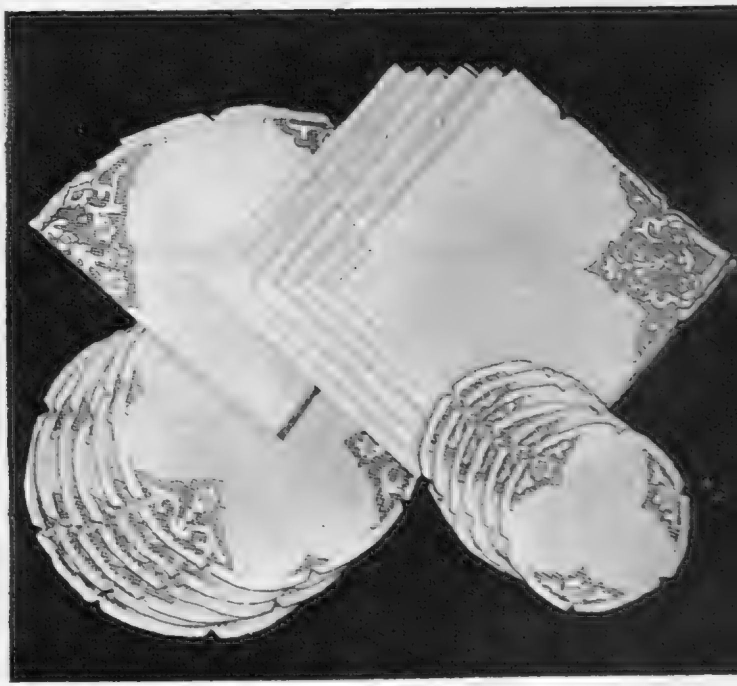
CHARM . . .
Crisp freshness of organdie, embroidered in green, gold or blue, 21/6

BEAUTY . . .
Real Milan Lace. Three guineas

THE names and addresses of the shops from which these linens may be purchased will be sent on request. Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped post-card for a reply.

Left:
ORIGINALITY . . .
White linen, with velvet appliques (blue, green or gold), 37/6

Below:
SIMPLICITY . . .
A check breakfast-cloth with matching napkins. Blue, green or gold linen. The cloth, 4/11
Twelve napkins - - 8/9

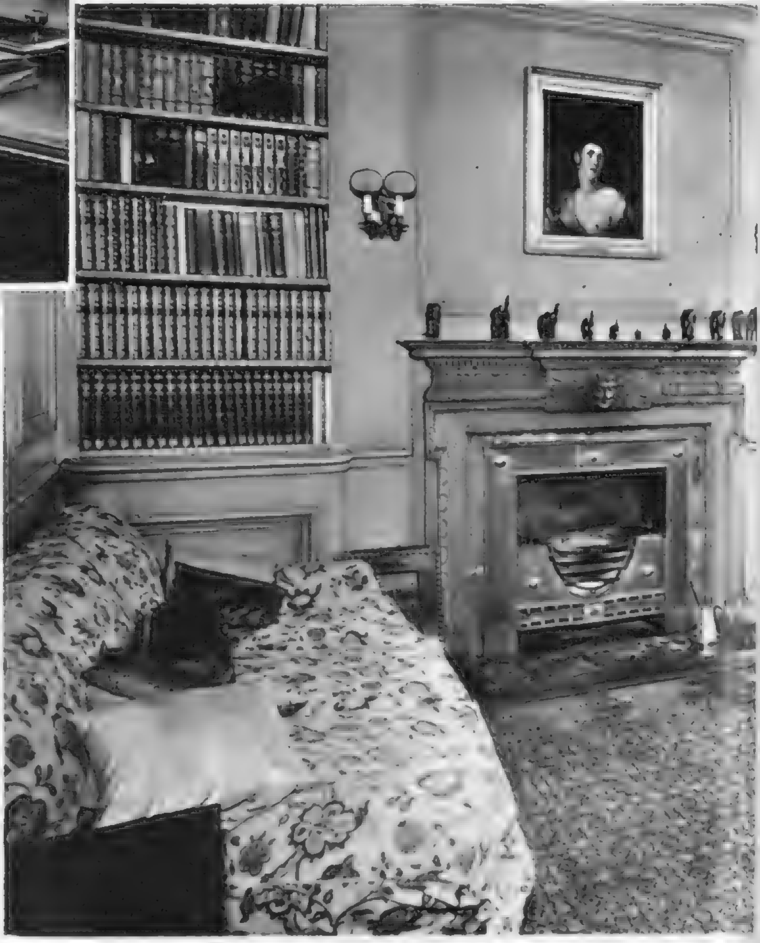


SERVICE . . . (and Size)
Natural coloured linen, embroidered, very good-looking. Nineteen pieces. Two guineas

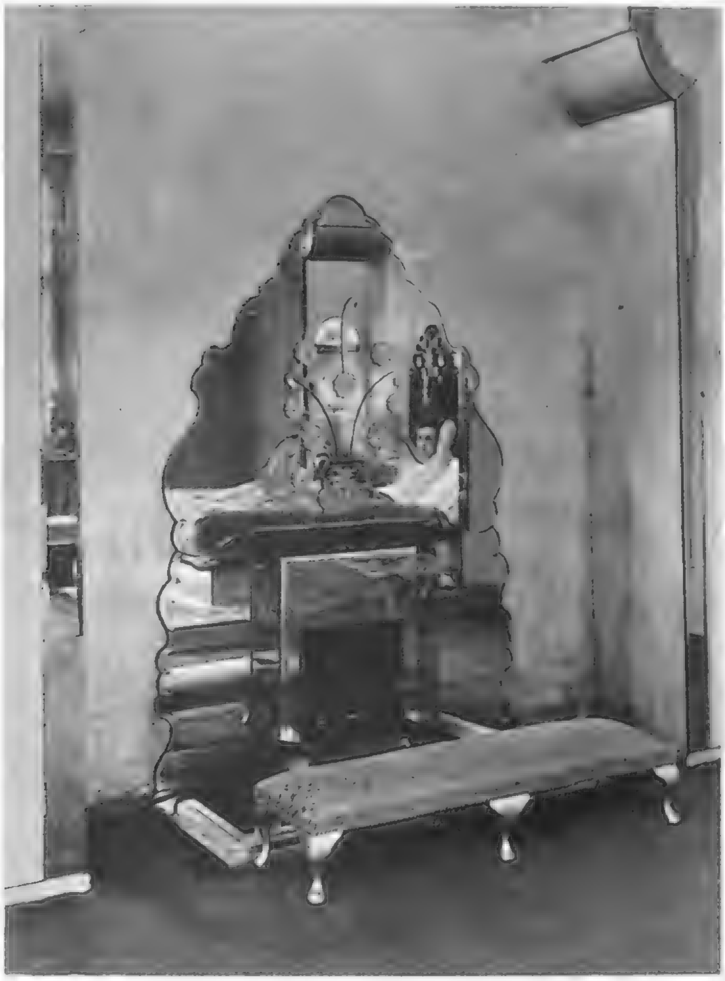
Other People's Houses:

No. 3, Mansfield Street, the London home of Mrs. Philip Astley, better known to her countless "fans" as Madeleine Carroll

MADELEINE CARROLL, the beautiful stage and screen star, who is, in private life, the wife of Captain Philip Astley, is here seen in the study of her London home. She has recently been working in the Toeplitz production of "The Dictator," in which she stars with Clive Brook. This film has its première at the Tivoli on February 7th. (Right centre): The beautiful wrought-iron balustrade is an attractive feature of the staircase, which leads from the spacious hall in the Astleys' home. The stone floor and parchment-coloured walls are in keeping with the tasteful severity and dignity of this entrance. (Bottom right): Another view of the drawing-room. Over the mantelpiece hangs a delightful portrait of Madeleine Carroll, painted by Philip Gunn. The portrait in the right-hand corner was painted by Captain Astley's great-grandfather

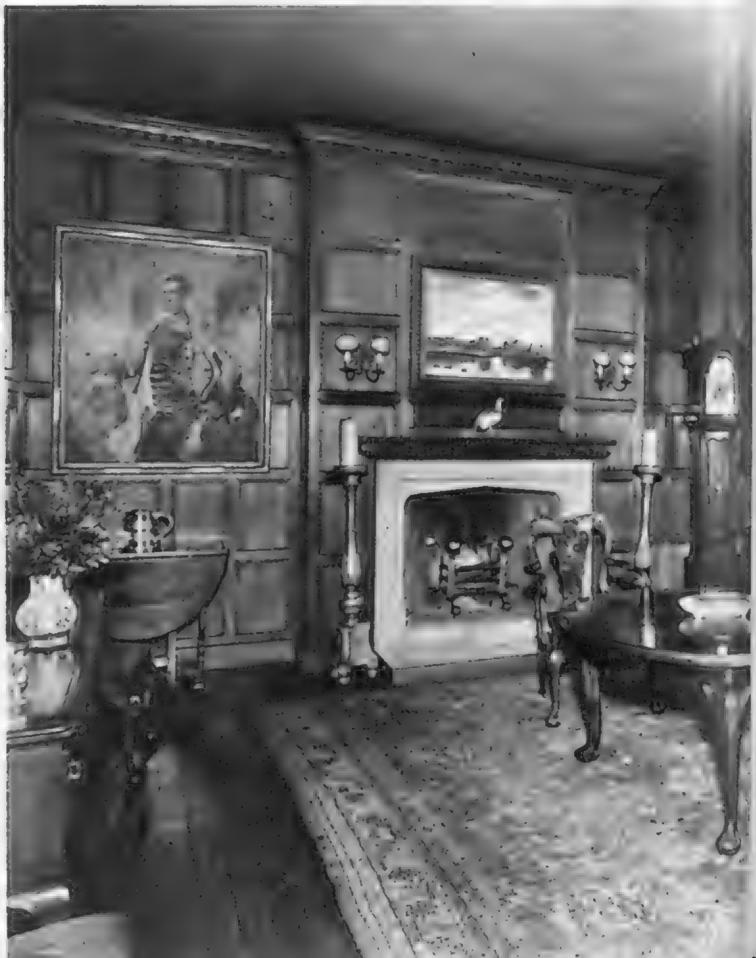


THE STUDY

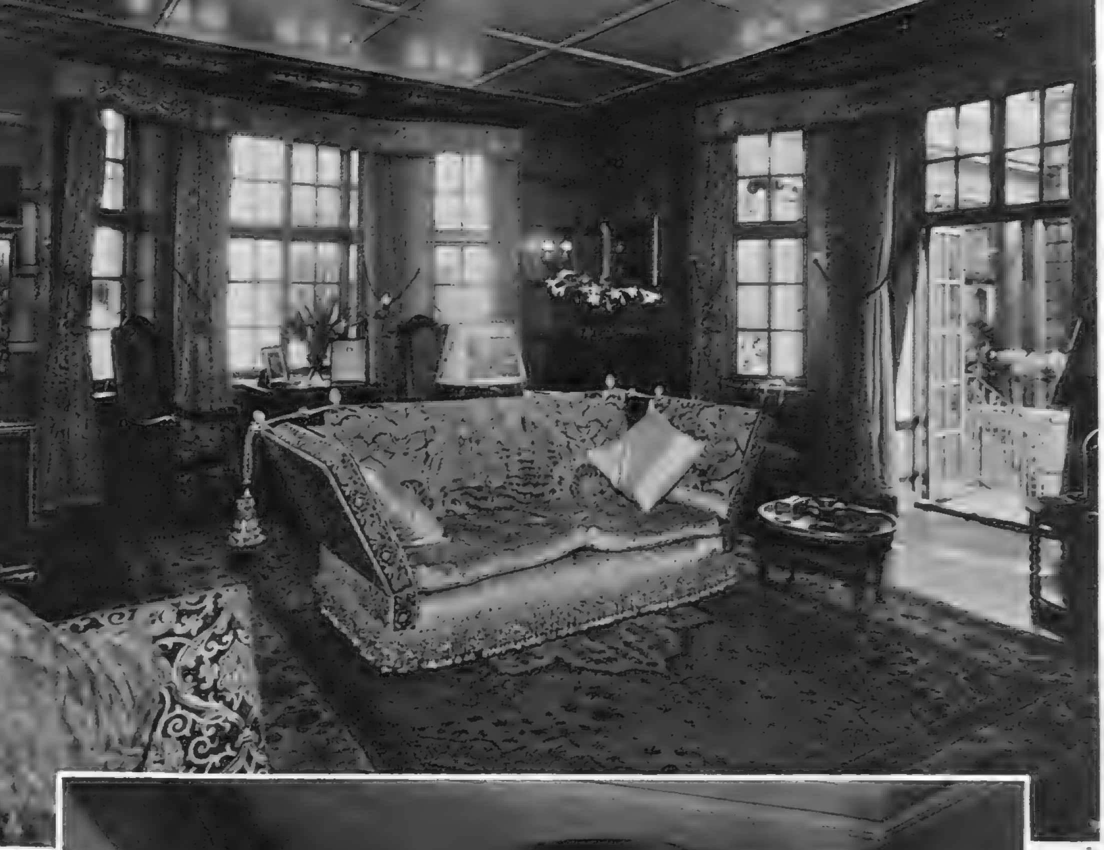


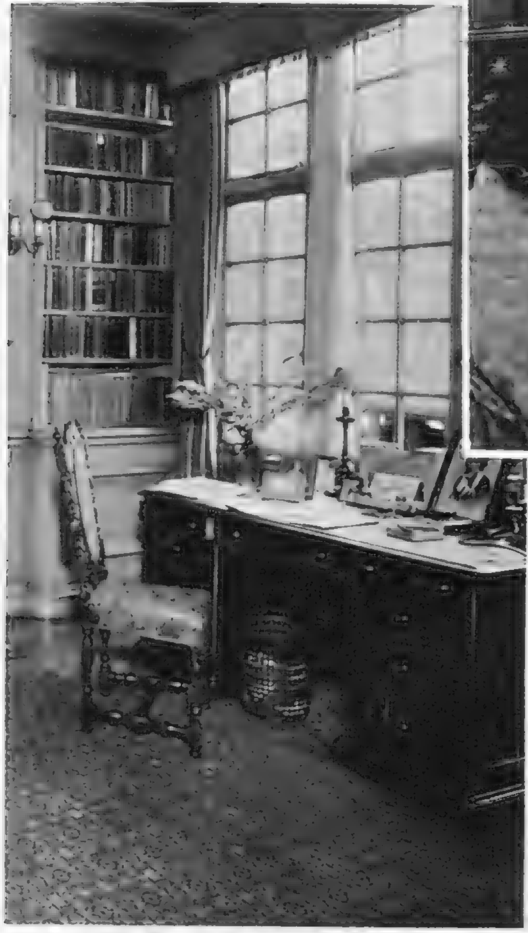
(Above)

A GLIMPSE of Madeleine Carroll reflected in the mirror surrounding the bright steel fireplace in her bedroom. The recess has silvered walls, and the flowers on the mirror are of appliquéd glass—a novel and effective treatment. A soft beige carpet covers the floor. (Right): The walls of the oak-panelled dining-room are hung with reproductions of Old Masters. The carpet is patterned in pleasant tones of blue and pink; while the old-gold curtains and simple, uncrowded furnishing create an atmosphere conducive to intelligent conversation, good appetite and untroubled digestive reaction

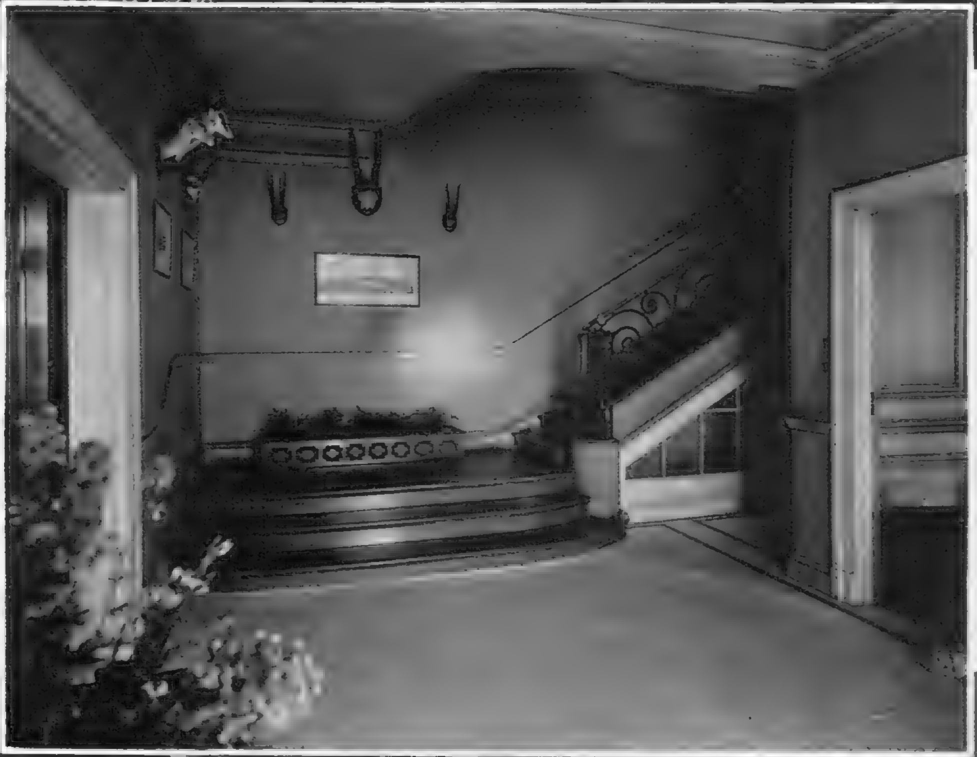


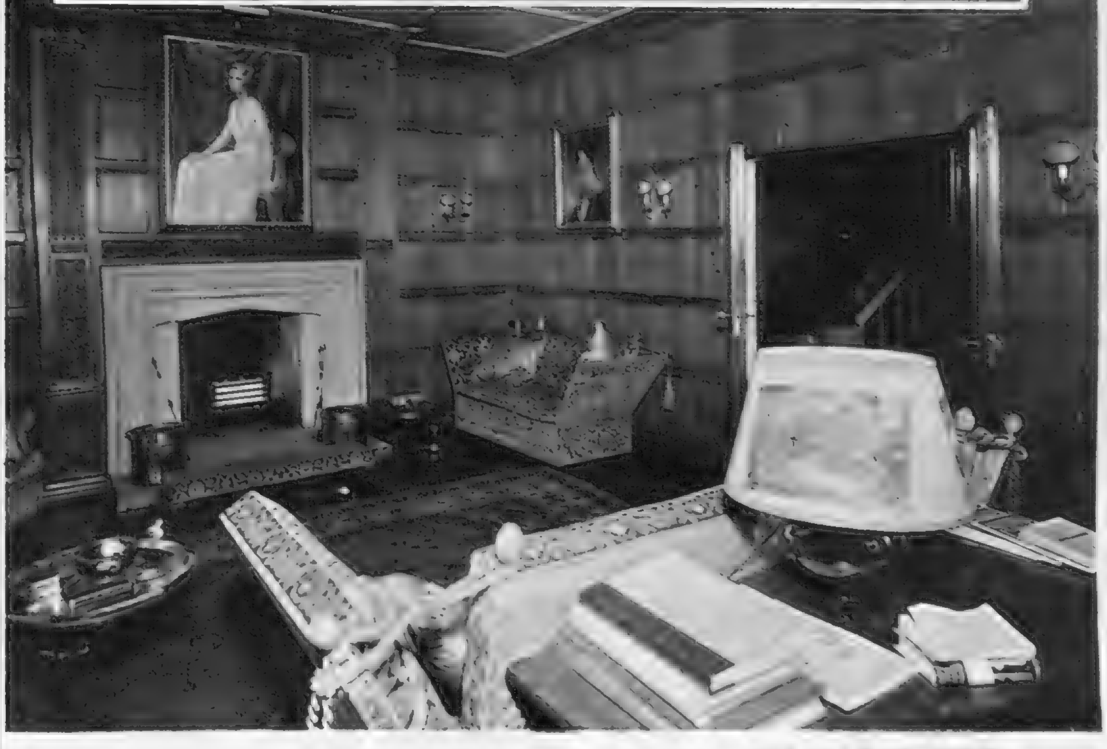
(Right)
THE drawing-room, oak-panelled and with ceiling of light cream, is upholstered in light gold crushed velvet, patterned in blue and pink, with carpet and heavy brocade curtains to tone. (Below): The study has parchment walls, and is well furnished with books, as a study should be. The sixteenth-century picture over the mantelpiece is by Costanza Cattanio, and the collection of hand-carved elephants, made by natives of Mombasa, was brought back from India by Captain Astley





(Right): THE ENTRANCE HALL





THE DRAWING-ROOM

JUST a symposium of bad management

THERE'S more in boiling an egg than just boiling an egg

What Housekeeping *has* taught Me . .

By Winifred Lewis

MY daily comfort in the kitchen is of more importance than the occasional satisfaction of my friends in the drawing-room.

SUCCESS of entertaining is not made by the grandeur of the food

"HOUSEKEEPING" is a commonplace term. It suggests pots and pans, recipes for furniture polish, or a talent for distinguishing between sirloins and sausages. It is one of the complexities of the term that there appears to be nothing more in it than that.

What the average male doesn't realise and a good many women have still to learn, is that housekeeping is an Art in the perfection of which one requires a character, a philosophy, and an abundant sense of humour.

This is the greatest lesson which five years of housekeeping has taught me.

You wouldn't think philosophy had much to do with furniture; or that it needs much strength of character to see that meals are served on time. But then, you wouldn't believe what vital issues depend upon the trivialities of housekeeping, until you've stumbled on them.

I know this: that no other experience has offered me such varied instruction, or left me with such a strange, heterogenous collection of facts.

For instance, I have learnt that it takes three minutes to boil a shop egg, and nearly twice as long for a farm specimen. And while this elementary fact was impressing itself upon me, I also learned that the imperfections of a simple boiled-egg can lead to a domestic squall; and that domestic squalls are frequently the forerunners of domestic tornadoes. The ultimate conclusion being that there is more in boiling an egg than just boiling an egg.

I have passed through many stages to the conviction that, if you can bring calm to the smaller decisions of the daily routine, as well as a sound basis of reasoning, you sustain that even balance of temperament which is indispensable to the settlement of greater issues. In fact, the ability to distinguish between major and minor incidents in the smaller sphere prepares you for the same selectivity on a larger plane.

IN the same school I have learnt that keeping my head when the butcher lets me down on the day of a dinner party, reduced to fractions, is the same thing as keeping my head when my husband disappoints me for other reasons. Self-discipline, I have found, is more effective as a weapon than any form of discipline I can impose upon others—" others " being butchers or husbands, as you like.

By cultivating a sense of values housekeeping becomes almost simple. I said " almost."

Whilst learning this I have discovered the value of unstinting generosity in the provision of freedom and true comfort for my household. I have passed the phase in which one makes sacrifices in private in order to make a bigger splash in public, and emerged wiser in the knowledge that to do so is to forfeit one's self-respect along with the only friends who matter—those who know you as you really are.

Extravagance goes under many disguises. This is one of the more important discoveries I have made. Cheap food is an extravagance without a single virtue.

Once, I thought that to buy the second-best bacon, and to use margarine instead of butter in the pastry, showed a fine mastery of domestic economy. Now I know that the second-best bacon is more than half waste and that rich ingredients in the pastry make it go twice as far.

I am prepared to swear, at this point, that good cooking is largely a matter of good ingredients and fine implements, and that the physical and mental reaction to a well-kept table is an investment which pays a dividend.

It seems pure egoism, but I am convinced that my own daily comfort in the kitchen is of more importance than the occasional satisfaction of my guests in the drawing-room. A new and efficient vacuum cleaner which lightens the domestic task for me on three hundred and sixty-five days of the year is a far better investment than a silver tea service which impresses my friends on a possible fifty.

The same thing applies to utensils. One saucepan at fifteen shillings lasting fifteen years is a better proposition than a saucepan at fifteen pence which you replace every fifteen weeks. Work it out for yourself.

SQUEEZING a new hat out of the housekeeping is all right and quite a legitimate manœuvre if you've got a good head for figures. I've found that out. But putting off paying the milkman to make way for the hat is just bad accountancy, because the milk bill doubles itself the next week and the grocer has to suffer while you catch up—if you ever do.

It is just this sort of experience which has shown me how difficult it is to anticipate the needs of a home with accuracy. Innumerable trifles creep in—things you have made no allowances for. It's not always the big items in housekeeping that turn the balance on the debit side: it's the innumerable details. So I have learnt to allow a generous margin on all my calculations for these.

Bills are just a symptom of bad management. This is a lesson I have taken from housekeeping which is useful in every aspect of my affairs.

Quite apart from morality, unpaid bills are a costly form of indulgence. You let things slide a bit. It becomes difficult to catch up. The simplest way is to have a little more credit. The catching up gets further behind. You go on and on. You need a strong character and a hack-saw to get out, and even if you succeed you find, at the best, your pocket is as much damaged as your self-respect.

Indeed, housekeeping is an enormous subject. It has taught me a number of things. It continues to teach me that I still have a lot to learn.

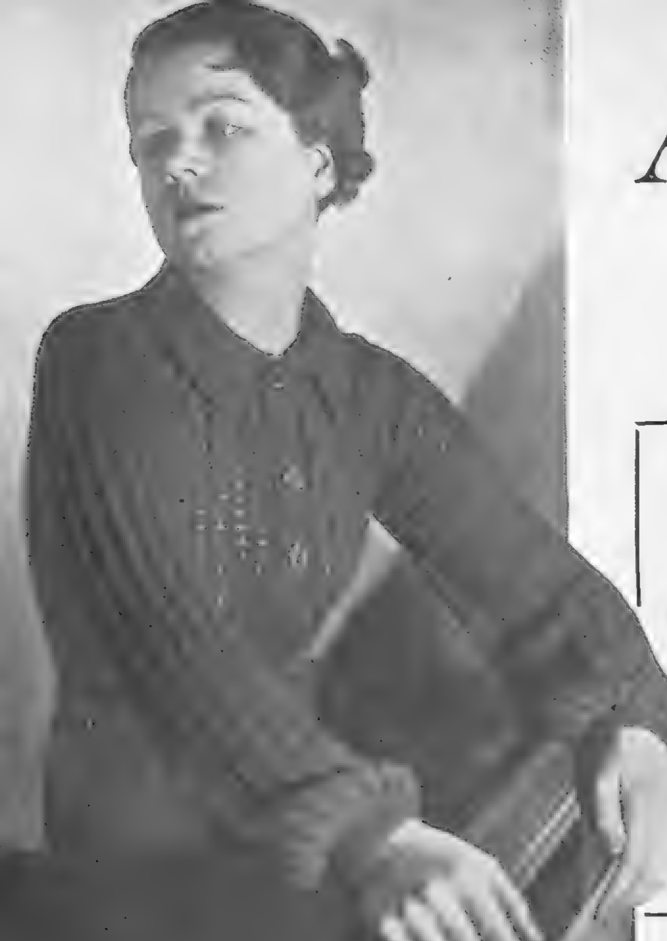
CAST ALUMINIUM

A SAUCEPAN at fifteen shillings lasting fifteen years

SQUEEZING a new hat out of the housekeeping

LIGHTENS the domestic task on 365 days

THAT good cooking is just a matter of good ingredients—and fine implements



A Cardigan Jumper

Four special features distinguish this attractive Cardigan . . . .

1. *A collar that can be worn open or closed.*
2. *An under collar strap buckling up at the throat line.*
3. *An original, very simple open-stitch ribbing.*
4. *Slightly bloused sleeves.*

Material Required :

12 oz. of Viyella Kangaroo 4 ply wool, fourpence halfpenny an oz.
1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins, No. 10
7 Buttons.
2 Small Buckles.

Back

With No. 10 pins, cast on 115 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 4½ in. Knit one row.

Now continue in the following pattern :

1st and every alternate row, * K. 3. P. 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row.—Knit.

4th row.—* K. 3. M. 1. K. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

6th row.—Knit.

8th row.—K. 2. * K. 2 tog. M. 1. K. 3. Repeat from * to the last 3 sts. K. 2 tog. M. 1. K. 1.

Work for 10½ in. (14½ in. from start).

Shaping Armholes

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows (a dec. of 10 sts. each side). Continue in pat. on the 95 sts. left until armhole measures 7 in.

Shaping Shoulders

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows, leaving 31 sts. to cast off for the back of the neck.

Left Front

The "Tensonmeter," a clever device patented by the manufacturers of "Viyella" wool, which keeps your knitting always at the same tension

With No. 10 pins, cast on 69 sts., rib as for back. Continue in pat., keeping 9 sts. at front edge in a rib of K. 1 P 1. (for button catch).

Do 14½ in. from start.

Shaping Armhole

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole edge rows, continue in pat. on the 59 sts. left until armhole measures 5¾ in.

Shaping Neck

Cast off 27 sts. at neck edge, continue on the remaining 32 sts. for 1¼ in.

Shaping Shoulder

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every armhole edge row, until all sts. are cast off.

Right Front

Work as for left front with border, etc., at opposite edges, and make 7 buttonholes in the border on the 9th row and afterwards on every 26th row, following.

Make buttonholes thus :—

1st 2 buttonholes :

Rib 2 sts. Cast off 3 sts. Rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib back, cast on 3 sts. that were cast off in last row, rib 2.

Then next 5 buttonholes thus :—

Rib 2 sts. Cast off 3 sts. Rib 4 sts. Pat. to end of row.

Next row.—Pat. back to ribbing border, rib 4 sts. Cast on 3 sts. Rib 2 sts.

Work 2 rows after last buttonhole before shaping neck.

Sleeves

With No. 10 pins, cast on 47 sts. Rib for 1¼ in. in K. 1—P. 1.

Knit one row, inc. in every st. by K. twice into each st. (94 sts. now).

Continue in pat. for 18 in. inc. one st. at the beg. of first row only (95 sts.).

Shaping Top

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 23 sts. left. Cast off.

Belt

Cast on 12 sts. with No. 10 pins and rib 30 in. Then shape end, dec. one st. each end at the beg. and end of every alternate row until 2 sts. are left. Cast off.

Collar (All ribbing of K. 1—P. 1)

Cast on 110 sts. with No. 10 pins, rib 12 rows K. 1. P. 1.

13th row.—Rib 5, * rib 3 times into next st. Rib 9. Repeat from * end, rib 5 (132 sts.).

Rib 9 rows.

23rd row.—Rib 6, * rib 3 times into next st. Rib 11, repeat from * end, rib 6 (154 sts.).

Rib 9 rows. Cast off loosely.

Neck Strap

Cast on 8 sts., rib 2½ in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every alternate row until 2 sts. are left. Cast off.

Rib another piece in the same way for 2¾ in., point end. Cast off.

To Make Up

Sew up shoulder seams, sew up side seams, sew in sleeves, sew on collar, and sew straps under collar. Work buttonholes. Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Sew buckle on to belt. Sew buckle on to straps under collar. Sew on buttons. Make loops at the side for belt.

Abbreviations

K. knit. P. purl. St. stitch. Sts. stitches.

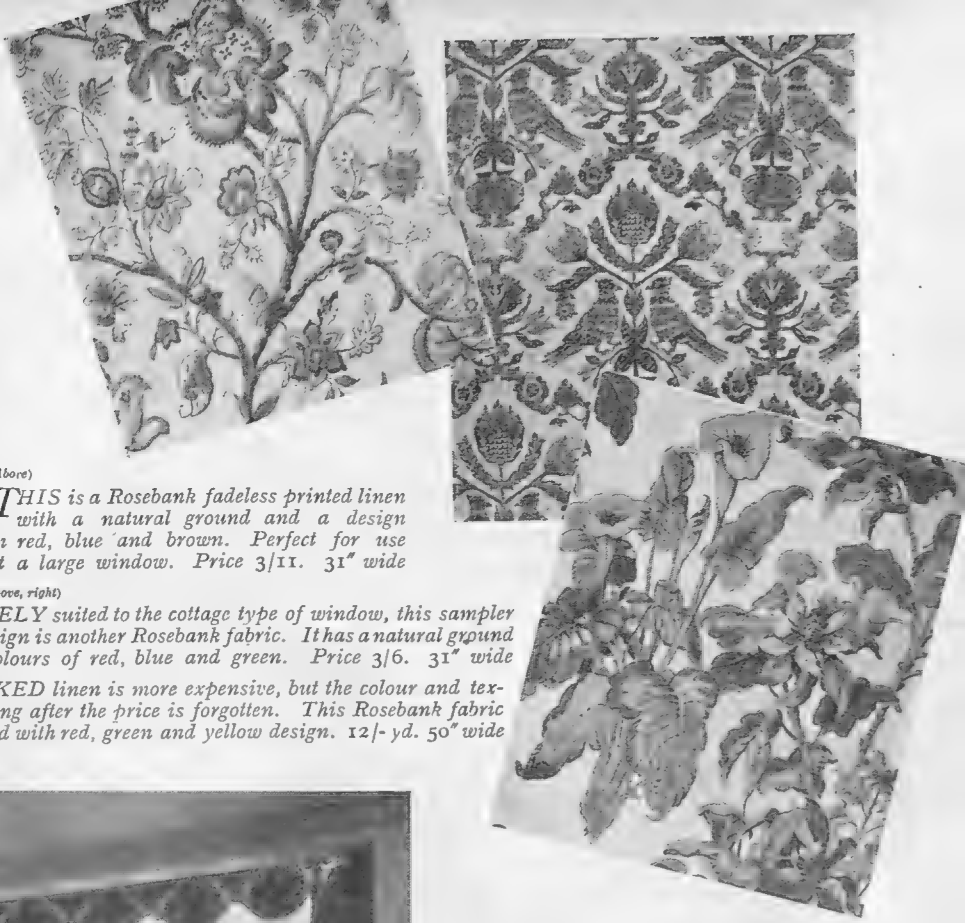
Dec. decrease. Inc. increase. Pat. pattern.

Tog. together. M. make.

Knit into the back of all cast on sts.

Window Dressing

There are lovely and inexpensive modern fabrics to make your windows look their best



(Above)
THIS is a Rosebank fadeless printed linen with a natural ground and a design in red, blue and brown. Perfect for use at a large window. Price 3/11. 31" wide

(Above, right)
NICELY suited to the cottage type of window, this sampler design is another Rosebank fabric. It has a natural ground and colours of red, blue and green. Price 3/6. 31" wide

(Right)
HAND-BLOCKED linen is more expensive, but the colour and texture endure long after the price is forgotten. This Rosebank fabric has a cream ground with red, green and yellow design. 12/- yd. 50" wide

THERE are windows and windows. Some are charming; some are mere apertures.

Windows cannot have too much importance in a furnishing scheme. They are so responsive to treatment and so versatile. They admit the sun and air and provide a barrier for dismal weather.

They frame a charming view with just as much ease as they obscure an outlook that is not so pleasant.

So furnishing them really is a matter of importance.

Curtain fabrics are charming and cheap, and there is not the smallest excuse for neglecting to frame your windows in the way they deserve.

To some extent we have gone back to the fabrics of the past for curtain treatments, but the manner in which we use them is entirely new.

Figured muslin, glazed chintz and printed linen are favourites, as they were a hundred years ago; but, instead of the voluminous folds and the dusty drapes, we use them in the simple way—relying mainly upon the fabrics themselves for effect.

The charming sprig designs of the popular glazed chintz (or percale, to give it its older name) are delightful in smaller rooms and at windows that are not too large.

These smaller patterns lose much of their effect in rooms with high ceilings and spacious windows. Printed linens are more robust and lend themselves more kindly to this type of room.

They can be used at a deep window and the larger designs are at their best used at a window of sufficient height and width to carry it off.

PELMETS give the finishing touch and are a practical means of hiding the works. Curtain runners are not pretty to look at, neither are poles and rings; but the simplest pelmet hides them and can be fitted very cheaply by anyone who can handle a screwdriver.

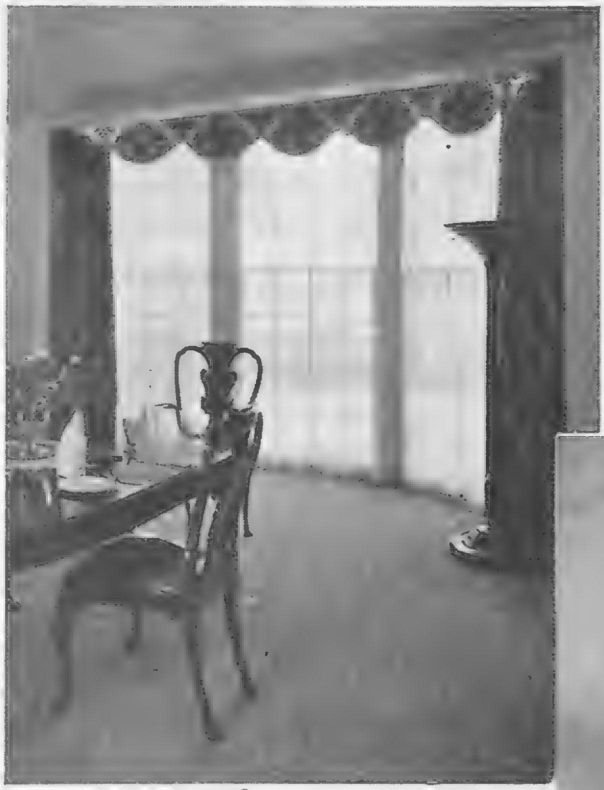
A quarter-inch board from the local builder is the main essential. This should be cut to the exact width of the window frame and rested upon two metal brackets screwed in place on each side.

The simplest pelmet is just a straight piece of fabric backed with tailor's canvas and lined. This is tacked round the edge of the board and the tacks are hidden with braid, which can be repeated at the lower edge.

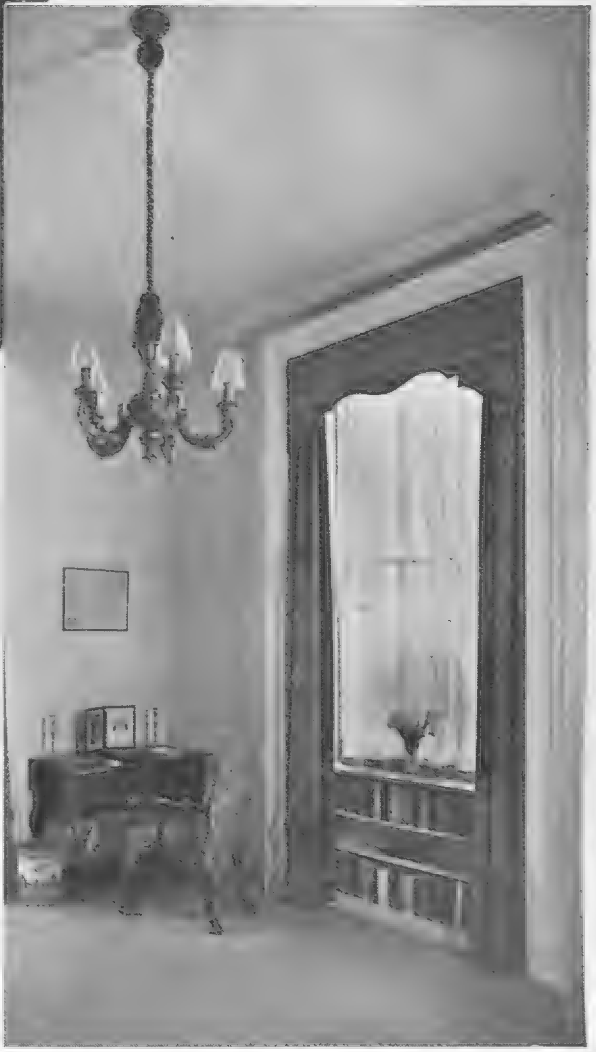
Another way is to shirr the pelmet at both ends and to loop it up in the centre so that it hangs in graceful folds. This is not advisable with a figured material, but acts well with silk or with one of the lighter velvets.

Three charming Rosebank linens are shown on this page. The sampler design, available in many attractive colour combinations, is a suitable choice for the cottage type of window. The other two may be safely chosen for the large window.

Rosebank cretonnes and glazed chintzes are famous for their delicacy of design and colour. There is a great variety of them and they are quite inexpensive.



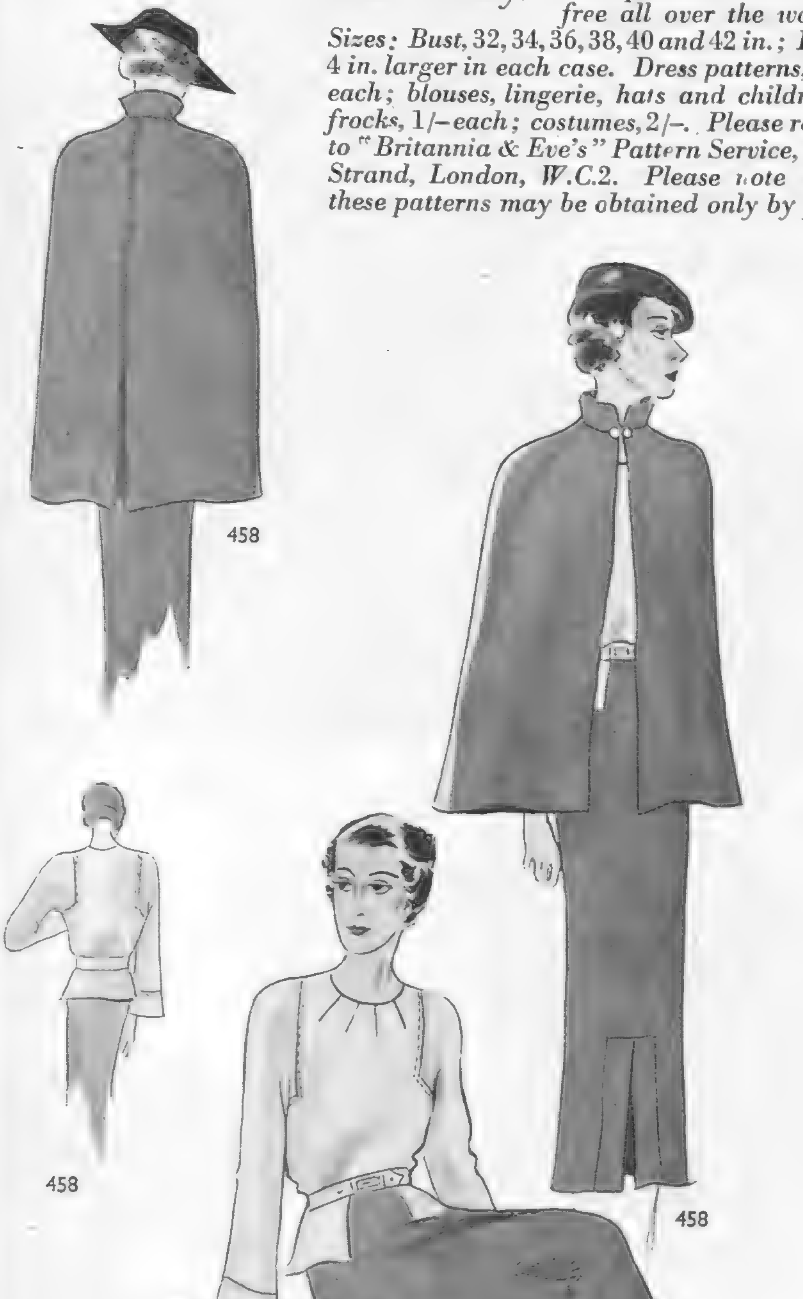
A DAMASK of rich ruby-red colouring upon a fawn ground was used for this spacious window. Lighting is arranged above the pelmet to throw its rays upon the rich folds of colour when the curtains are drawn across

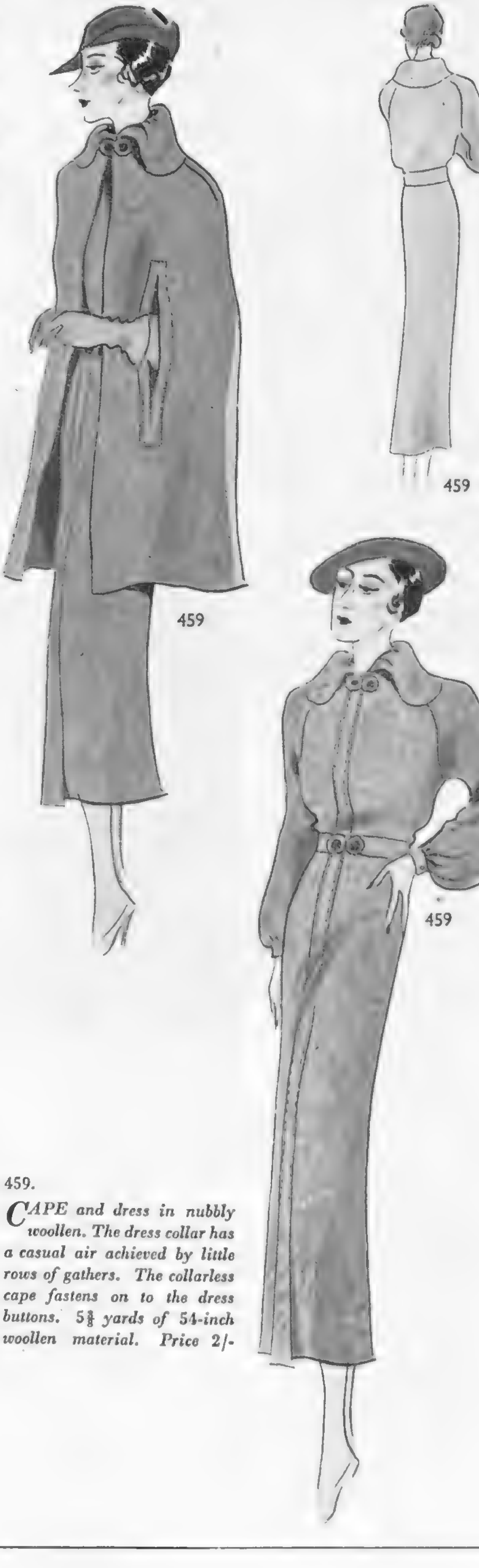


TO give more balance to the proportions of the room, which has a very high ceiling, these curtains, patterned in a zigzag design of fawn and brown, have been hung inside the window architrave

DESIGNS which PAVE the WAY

How to Buy. The patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post





458.

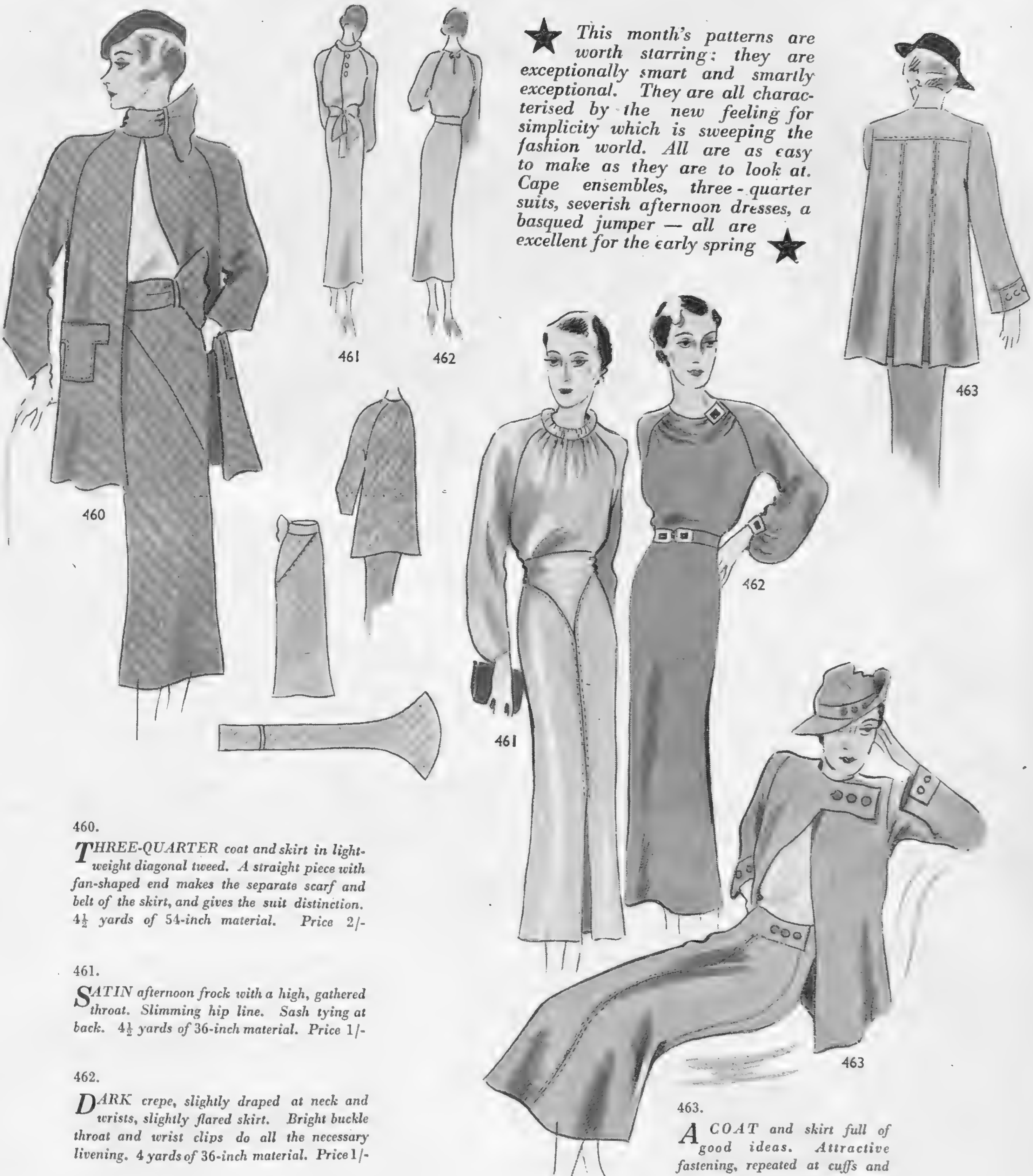
THREE-PIECED cape suit in woollen and satin. The skirt has an inverted pleat at the bottom front, the cape an inverted pleat at the centre back. The satin-basqued jumper has unusual sleeve setting, and slight tucking at the throat line. 4½ yards of 54-inch woollen; 2 yards of 36-inch satin. Price 2/-

459.

CAPE and dress in nubbly woollen. The dress collar has a casual air achieved by little rows of gathers. The collarless cape fastens on to the dress buttons. 5⅝ yards of 54-inch woollen material. Price 2/-

to REALLY SMART DRESSING

★ *This month's patterns are worth starring: they are exceptionally smart and smartly exceptional. They are all characterised by the new feeling for simplicity which is sweeping the fashion world. All are as easy to make as they are to look at. Cape ensembles, three-quarter suits, severish afternoon dresses, a basqued jumper — all are excellent for the early spring* ★



460.

THREE-QUARTER coat and skirt in lightweight diagonal tweed. A straight piece with fan-shaped end makes the separate scarf and belt of the skirt, and gives the suit distinction. 4½ yards of 54-inch material. Price 2/-

461.

SATIN afternoon frock with a high, gathered throat. Slimming hip line. Sash tying at back. 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-

462.

DARK crepe, slightly draped at neck and wrists, slightly flared skirt. Bright buckle throat and wrist clips do all the necessary livening. 4 yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-

463.

A COAT and skirt full of good ideas. Attractive fastening, repeated at cuffs and skirt waist. Back yoke, with two box-pleats giving a swing. Price 2/-

M*an's* Favourite

Steak and Kidney Pudding, affectionately called "Kate and Sidney," is high in masculine esteem. Like other puddings it can be stodgy. It all depends on the suet . . .

By A. H. Adair

WHENEVER I have to entertain foreign friends in London I always take them to lunch in a chop house quite near to Piccadilly Circus, and whenever possible, I choose the same meal: it consists of grilled herrings, steak and kidney pudding, stilton and celery.

It is always a great success. They did not know that English cooking could be so good; puddings, they thought, were heavy, stodgy things to be avoided at all costs.

Well, sometimes they are and sometimes they are not. It all depends on who made the pudding, and how, and with what.

In my place, each person is served with a small individual pudding. The crust is soft and really as light as a feather, and when you break it open it reveals that rich, savoury filling of tender steak, soft kidneys, mushrooms and a smooth, well-flavoured gravy, all of it piping hot.

"Kate and Sidney," as steak and kidney pudding is affectionately called by its fans, is the favourite dish of nine men out of ten. And rightly.

Let us face facts, though, and admit that suet puddings *are* often heavy and stodgy, and not at all a national dish to be proud of. Why? Because the suet has been badly prepared.

Old-fashioned cooks had plenty of time to prepare and chop, using only the finest parts, but nowadays everything is done in such a hurry that goodness knows what is sometimes used. So the wise cook never attempts to buy just suet, but always uses "Atora," the already shredded suet which has become a household word.

Whatever you are making, puddings or rolls, sweet or savoury, you cannot go wrong with "Atora," the very name being, so to speak, a password to success.

So let us try again and see what a change can be made with even such an everyday dish as a suet pudding.

Crust for Suet Puddings

THIS recipe can be used for all sorts of savoury puddings such as steak and kidney, oyster and game, game and mushroom, etc. It is exceedingly simple to make, and whatever pudding you have decided on, you can be certain that your crust will be perfect.

Put six ounces of flour into a mixing bowl with four ounces of shredded "Atora" suet. Add a coffee spoonful of baking powder, a good pinch of salt; mix well with your fingers.

Now add, little by little, and stirring well, enough cold water to make a fairly stiff paste.

MOST recipes say that you put the meat into a bowl lined with paste, add water, salt and pepper, cover with paste, and boil or steam.

The Filling

This is all very well, but can be greatly improved upon. First chop and fry one onion, add the meats, mushrooms, etc., cut into small pieces and cook together for a few minutes, and *then* put the mixture into the lined bowl.

Moisten with water, cover with paste, tie the bowl in a cloth, and steam for three to four hours according to size.

Try this recipe, and you will find that your dish is rich and far more flavoured.

Beefsteak and Oyster Pudding

TAKE two pounds of rump-steak well trimmed of fat and cut it into small pieces about three inches in diameter. Put the meat in a pan in which you have fried one chopped onion in butter for a few minutes.

Cook together for five or six minutes, just enough to close the meat, adding salt, pepper, and a sprinkling of flour.

Now put a layer of meat into your bowl lined with suet paste, add a few oysters—their beards removed—another layer of meat, more oysters, and so on until the bowl is nearly full.

Pour in all the sea-water from the oyster shells and enough good beef stock to come almost level with the meat.

Cover with paste and cook as for steak and kidney pudding.

The proportion of oysters and beef is a matter of taste, but do not be too economical. I would suggest a dozen oysters to a pound of meat; they need not be the finest natives; small and cheaper oysters would do just as well.

When in season, you can use game as well as beefsteak: woodcock, partridge, grouse or pheasant.

Plain Sweet Suet Pudding

MAKE a paste as described in the first recipe, but adding four ounces of castor sugar. Take a clean linen cloth, dust it well with flour and put on it the paste shaped into a roll. Tie the cloth and put it into boiling water to cook for two hours. Untie the cloth and serve the suet roll with a hot treacle, marmalade, or some other sweet sauce.

You can easily make various roly-poly puddings by rolling out your paste and spreading it with marmalade, jam, currants, or preserves, before tying it up in the cloth.

Treacle Pudding

PUT ten ounces of flour into the mixing bowl with five ounces of shredded "Atora" suet, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well and form into a stiff paste with cold water.

Roll the paste out on a floured board and cut out enough to line the bowl in which you are going to cook the pudding. Put in a layer of treacle, sprinkle with crumbs of stale Madeira cake, and cover with a very thin layer of suet paste.

Fill the bowl, in this manner covering with a layer of paste of the same thickness as that used for lining the bowl.

Tie the bowl in a cloth and steam for three hours.

Pineapple Dumplings

PREPARE a paste as for plain sweet suet pudding, roll it out and cut into rounds about four inches across. Put a few pineapple cubes on each round, sprinkle with castor sugar and a tiny pinch of cinnamon, damp the edges of the paste and fold over, pressing lightly to seal the little balls.

Tie the dumplings in little pieces of cloth well floured, and put in boiling water to cook for about thirty-five minutes.

The Best Dishes of Other Countries

Cucina Italiana

Alias Italian Cookery which is both diverse and delicious

THERE are other things in Italy besides pictures, monuments and Grand Opera, and even if you do not travel much, the cinema, Covent Garden and the Medici Galleries can teach us all we want to know about Italian Art.

On the other hand, to appreciate fine Italian cookery I am afraid you must travel, or at any rate glean the secrets of those who have, for I venture to state, at the risk of making myself very unpopular, that we do not get the chance in London of sampling at their best the many excellent dishes of "Cucina Italiana."

To most English people Italian cooking means cheap restaurants, oil, garlic, tomato sauce, and two national dishes, macaroni and risotto. Nothing could be further from the truth, which is that the cooking in Italy varies according to province; that oil is only used when the dish requires it—we are talking of course about good cooking in a well-run house—and that the meals are composed of very varied dishes.

I will admit that grated cheese appears perhaps too frequently at the table, but you must realise that it is merely there as a matter of course, like the old-fashioned cruet stand on forgotten English tables, and that you are not obliged to "season" food with cheese if you do not wish to do so.

I can only add that I can remember a ten-days visit to a friend at Portofino where the cooking was not only of a very high standard, but where we enjoyed an endless variety of fish, flesh and fowl at every meal.

Nevertheless, among the typical Italian recipes which follow, I have included one for risotto which is very rarely well made in England.

Escalopino alla Genovese

FOR each person take one thin escallop of veal—a thin slice of veal cut from the fillet, well flattened by beating—sprinkle on both sides with salt and pepper, dip the escallops in beaten egg and then in grated Parmesan cheese.

Melt a piece of butter in a large frying pan and put in the escallops. Cook on both sides for five minutes, by which time they should be nicely browned. Keep hot in the serving dish.

Make a little sauce by throwing away the butter from the pan and putting in half a tumbler of white wine. Let it boil until half the liquid has evaporated and pour over the veal. Serve with spinach.

Frittata

THE Italian version of the omelette is quite unlike the French one, more resembling the Spanish "tortilla." It must be fairly thick, not folded, but served flat like a thick pancake or a potato cake.

First fry in a mixture of oil and butter one onion finely chopped. Meanwhile cook in boiling salted water a handful of spinach, also some young globe artichokes—when not in season you could use broccoli—chop these finely and add to the onion.

Season with salt, pepper, a little grated cheese and herbs, the correct one being marjoram, when obtainable.

Beat the eggs—three for two people—add the vegetables, mix well and pour the mixture into a frying pan well greased with oil or melted butter. Cook on a moderate fire until well set and turn out into a hot serving dish.

Risotto Milanese

TWO large onions chopped very finely are cooked gently in butter—*not* oil—until golden brown. Add a small handful of rice for each person; if possible use Italian rice, if not Carolina. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until the rice shows signs of becoming very slightly browned.

Add a tablespoonful of white wine and one tomato *purée*, stirring well, and cook until the rice is done—that is to say, soft without being sodden, each grain separate. Half-way through the process add a tablespoonful of marrow from a bone, finely chopped, and a teaspoonful of powdered saffron for each person.

If the dish seems to be getting too dry while cooking moisten it with a little stock, but only just enough to prevent the rice from catching to the bottom of the pan. When finished, the rice must be quite dry.

Red Mullet with Fennel

IT is not very easy to find fennel in England, but it can be found when in season, and it is well worth looking for. You can make this dish with celery instead (but it will not be the same, so bother your greengrocer until you get what you want).

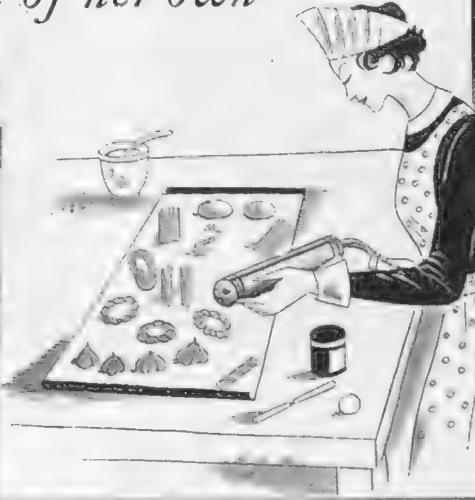
Take one small red mullet for each person, dry them well, but do not clean them, red mullet being perhaps the only fish which should not be opened.

Put the fish in a fire-proof dish, in which you have melted a little oil and butter, over a (*Continued on page* 100)

For House *Wives* Only

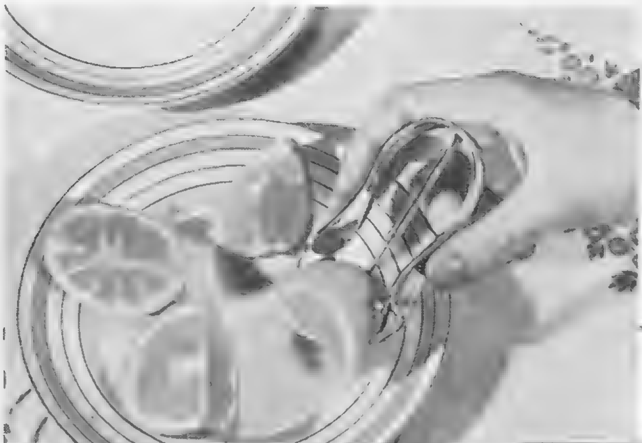
A feature of particular interest to every woman who has a kitchen of her own

THIS "Eesi Cut Slicer" will cut up vegetables and fruit, and may also be used for making soap-flakes or for grating cheese



(Left)

CHILDREN will love the delicious cookies made by this ingenious "Cooky Press"



LEMONS need not be handled by the fingers when these novel tongs are available

YOUR bacon and eggs can be cooked on the breakfast table and eaten piping hot by means of this useful electric griller

THERE is no end to the uses to which gas can be put. But we don't know enough of them. We think vaguely of gas cookers and geysers and fires, and leave it at that. Actually there are as many clever gas gadgets as there are electrical devices.

Just because your house is not supplied with electricity it does not mean that you must use an ordinary flat iron for your home laundry. There are gas irons which operate in a simple and economical manner at a very small cost.

Dustbins are a definite menace to health. It is always better to burn your refuse instead of leaving it to become a breeding ground for flies and germs. There is a little gas-heated incinerator which will do this job efficiently, and at a very small cost, in the homes of those who have not a coke boiler.

Then, when you want to air your laundry, your linen cupboard can be fitted with a gas heating appliance. The cheapest of these costs under £1, and one therm of gas will air household linen for 50 hours.

Fire-lighting becomes child's play with the aid of a gas poker burner. Just plug in the flexible connection to a gas point, light the poker and place it beneath the fuel. This quickly kindles your fire without any messy burnt paper. You can leave the room, knowing that the fire will be alight when you return.

The Answer's a Lemon

LEMONS come in for their fair share of attention in the world of gadgets, and inventors, when trying to think out some new device, must frequently come to the conclusion that the answer is a lemon.

There is a new pair of chromium-plated lemon tongs most useful for table use when fish, caviare or pancakes are on the menu. The tongs have a spike down the middle which is pushed through a quarter of a lemon; they are then pressed together and the juice is squeezed out without touching the lemon with the fingers. Only 2s. 6d.

To Please the Children

TEMPTING cookies can easily be made in the aluminium "Cooky Press" illustrated above. The press, with four separate discs, which enable you to get a variety of shapes, costs only 5s. 6d., and full instructions and some delectable recipes are given on the back of the box.

You Have Been Waiting for This

I HAVE found a new and simple device for cutting vegetables and fruit. One of its great advantages is that the cutter is not a fixed part of the slicer, so there is no question of its ever becoming blunt.

It is called the "Eesi Cut Slicer" and you can use any knife in the cutter, simply inserting it in the slots provided for this purpose.

Its uses are not confined to slicing vegetables and fruit, for it can also be used with equal success to slice cheese for Welsh Rarebit, or dishes *au gratin*. It will also shave soap for soap flakes (take care not to produce dishes *au savon* in error).

And the Kitchen Stove

THERE'S no more excuse for half-cold, greasy and unappetising breakfasts if you invest in the electric table cooker pictured here.

Put your eggs and bacon, fish or any other breakfast dish on your plate and place the cooker over it. In the twinkling of an eye, a delicious breakfast is before you.

Almost any dish can be cooked in this manner. Six chops can be cooked on one plate and the six plates heated at the same time.

For an extra cost of 7s., you can buy an aluminium casserole in which fowls or small joints may be roasted without any basting. A cookery book of simple recipes and instructions is given away with each cooker.

An aluminium lid (3s. 6d. extra) will convert it into a warming pan. Place it on its side and it is an efficient radiator; stand it filament upwards, and boil a kettle on it. Hold it in your hand and use it as a hair dryer. For 27s. 6d. you get everything—*and* the kitchen stove.

Now Try This Uncommon Recipe

PULL and wash some thick and well-shaped celery roots. Cut them all the same length and blanch them in boiling water for a quarter of an hour, then throw them into cold water. When quite cold, drain them and tie them lightly together in bundles of four. Put a small bunch of parsley, some bits of bacon, salt and good white stock into a stewpan, lay in the celery and stew until quite tender. Take it out carefully, drain and put into batter and fry a delicate golden brown—on no account too dark. Serve quickly on a very hot plate and with a sprinkling of finely grated cheese on the top of each fritter.

M. F.

A Modern Miracle

Making the most of your Radio

By

Winifred Lewis

CONSIDER the advantages of learning that wireless gives. Then add to that the possibility of seeing what we now only hear. This happy little group are listening in to their Ferranti set

THERE was a man who said that wireless had only three uses—(1) in times of National emergency; (2) to drown the voices of bores; and (3) for men in lighthouses.

Well, that's an extravagance, and may be treated as such, though even this criticism shows respect for the serious influence of wireless.

There may be many degrees of enthusiasm, but nobody in earnest can dislike wireless in the abstract. They may loathe the wireless next door, they may even dislike the wireless in their own home if it is indiscreetly handled, but they cannot deny its tremendous influence as a factor of modern living.

Its educational value is inestimable; its immense power in putting the average man—the man in his easy chair with his feet on the fender—in touch with his fellow creatures, in intimate contact with their problems and their pursuits, is something we cannot measure.

This miracle of wireless is something of such import that we almost fail to grasp its significance.

Whoever thought when the first cat's whisker made its modest appearance in suburban homes that in a little while it would put those listeners in touch with things and places undreamt of? Who, even now, can measure the effect of the development, or its promise?

Compare the lot of the children of the last generation with those of to-day.

Think of the advantages of learning that wireless gives them. Then add to that the possibility of their seeing what they now only hear.

Television is at the front door.

Before these little ones are grown up we shall have accepted it with the same complacency as we accept wireless communication in its present form.

It is only by daily contact with the Arts that we draw near to an understanding of them, to even the most elementary appreciation of their magic.

If, for instance, we find no solace in good music, it is because it speaks to us in another language—a new language. French is meaningless if you have never learned French, and with music and literature the position is just the same.

Contact with these Arts is something that, in the past, we were obliged to go out and seek. Now they come to us through the medium of wireless, the modern miracle.

WE have lessons in foreign languages over the air. Talks and discussion by experts on subjects with which we might otherwise be totally unfamiliar. Radio offers the easiest, the most understandable, and the most effortless form of self-improvement in the world.

As a miracle I doubt if we take it seriously enough. We accept this entertainment on tap with mild enthusiasm. Yet it goes right down to the roots of our civilisation. It is culture handed to you on a plate.

That is why we owe it to ourselves and to the children of the household to make the very best use of what is offered. If you want good music you buy a good piano. If the finest oratory in the world is hurled at you through fifty amplifiers its virtues are lost.

A great deal will have been done for wireless and for its educational value when all people choose their sets with the same care that a musician selects his favourite instrument.

For the moment, so many of us are intoxicated with the novelty of getting Shanghai by merely turning a knob that we choose them for range and volume, and it is only after the first novelty has worn off that the question of quality arises.

THE finest wireless sets to-day reproduce broadcast music with such perfection that the performance might be in the same room.

The softness, the purity of tone are there. All the subtle, magical gradations of tone and quality are delivered in the perfection of the original.

This is the only standard to aim at when choosing a set. It is the only standard that will be acceptable, anywhere, in a short time. Moreover, it is a standard that most people can afford to attain now.

One of the finest receiving sets made, the Ferranti Lancastria, costs only twelve guineas. It has perfection of tone, powerful output, and compactness, together with every device that can be expected of the most modern wireless production. It is good to look at, too.

Women are too wise now to choose a piece of mechanism for appearance alone, but they appreciate the thing which is adequate in all technical respects and also satisfactory in its part as a piece of furniture.

Apart from its æsthetic qualities, a fine piece of mechanism is an economy. Breakdowns are eliminated and repair bills are unknown.

You do yourself a good turn by buying a first-class wireless set—and think of the service you do to the people next door.

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

The car illustrated is the new Sixteen York Saloon, price £328

what AUSTIN OWNERS *say about* INVESTING

"THE CAR IS AN EXAMPLE OF YOUR SLOGAN THAT AN AUSTIN IS AN INVESTMENT"

"My Austin (purchased in 1929) has just completed 55,500 miles. But further credit is due to you inasmuch as I have not suffered involuntary stops through engine irregularities during the whole of that time . . . The engine is still in a remarkably fine state and is giving as dependable service as ever. The car is a manifest example of your slogan that an Austin is an investment."

Investment—whether they use the word or not—is the gist of ninety-nine in every hundred letters which descend on us out of the blue from Austin owners. Details vary from the hill-climbing of a nine-year-old Austin to m.p.g. in the Black Forest. But the subject is always *value for money in the long run—investment.* We argue that if intending motorists are going to take anybody's word, they will take the word of other motorists. So, while we realise that the new Austin bodywork is important enough in all conscience—more important still, we think, is the conviction of actual owners that

You buy a car—but you INVEST *in an*

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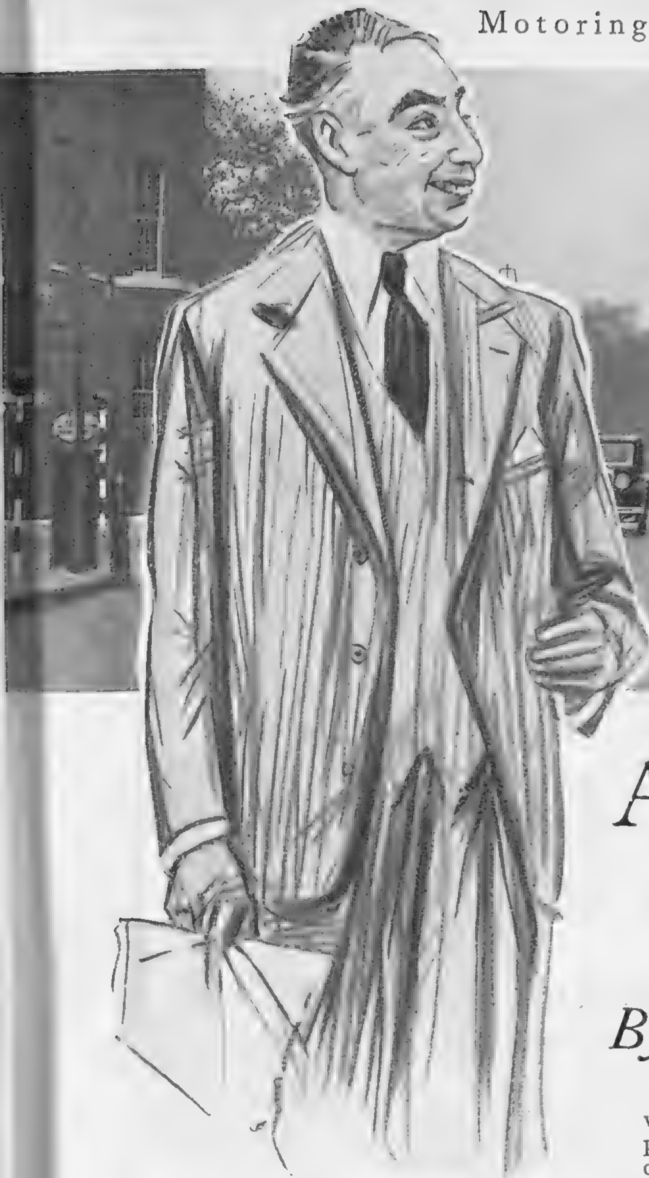
Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month



Are Driving Tests Worth While?

By The Earl of Cardigan

MR. HORE-BELISHA, M.P., Minister of Transport. (Reproduced by permission of "The Bystander" from a sketch by Sirra.)

I IMAGINE that no previous Minister of Transport has caused anything like so much discussion among motorists as the present holder of that office, Mr. Hore-Belisha. The Press, generally speaking, tends to decry and make fun of his efforts; but there are none the less many Belisha "fans" among ordinary, practical people who believe that, by hook or by crook, our roads have got to be made safer than they at present are.

Personally, I count myself one of Mr. Belisha's adherents, even though his measures often seem to me to be ineffectual. He has absolutely the right idea, which is to "show up" the dangerous driver, and to make the latter's life a misery to him until he mends his evil ways. The trouble is that so many regulations, unless framed and applied with exceptional skill, tend to annoy or confuse the sober, steady-going citizen, while permitting the real road-hog somehow to slip through the meshes of the Ministerial net.

I wonder how the new driving tests are going to turn out in this respect? Once again, of course, the idea is a good one. It is perfectly obvious that novices ought not to be allowed on the road until they have at least some mastery of the art of driving. If properly applied, the tests will establish a minimum degree of competence which all future motorists will be obliged to attain.

There may, however, be disappointments in store for those who look to such tests for a reduction in the number of motoring accidents. The hopelessly incompetent driver will be eliminated, sure enough; but is this type of individual really such a menace as he is popularly supposed to be?

I have no figures to quote from; but I shrewdly suspect that the number of accidents caused by mere bungling and incompetence covers only about one per cent. of the total casualty list. I have seen a good many incompetent motorists in my time, and their general tendency is to drive very slowly, with elaborate caution. They cause immense annoyance and irritation to other road users, but comparatively little danger. They are mostly aware of their own shortcomings, and they potter along accordingly.

WHERE danger is caused by incompetence, it is most often caused indirectly. A normally well-behaved motorist goes out on a Bank Holiday, for instance, and gets "stuck" in a traffic stream behind some venerable old gentleman who steers a baby car at a hesitant and jerky 20 m.p.h. For a mile or two the motorist, although unable to overtake safely, remains well behaved and patient. Then he gets "fed up."

He knows quite well that he ought to bide his time; but he just cannot stand any longer the fiddling, fumbling methods of the old gentleman in front. At all costs, he feels that he must squeeze past and overtake, and one more accident is the very probable result.

In such a case, has the accident been caused by the incompetence of the one driver or by the recklessness of the other? Most people will feel that the slow, doddering driver, if responsible at all, deserves only a very small and indirect share of the blame.

The real road-hog, unfortunately, while very far from being a "good" driver in the best sense of the word, is none the less quite highly skilled in the majority of cases. Very often, indeed, his technical driving skill would command admiration but for the fact that it is flavoured with a spirit either of boorishness or rashness.

Such a person, when asked to reverse into a narrow space, will do it with certainty and precision. When asked to thread his way through traffic he will do it with smoothness and ease. In the presence of the official examiner, he will naturally also infuse into his driving a degree of prudence and good manners quite foreign to his everyday practice.

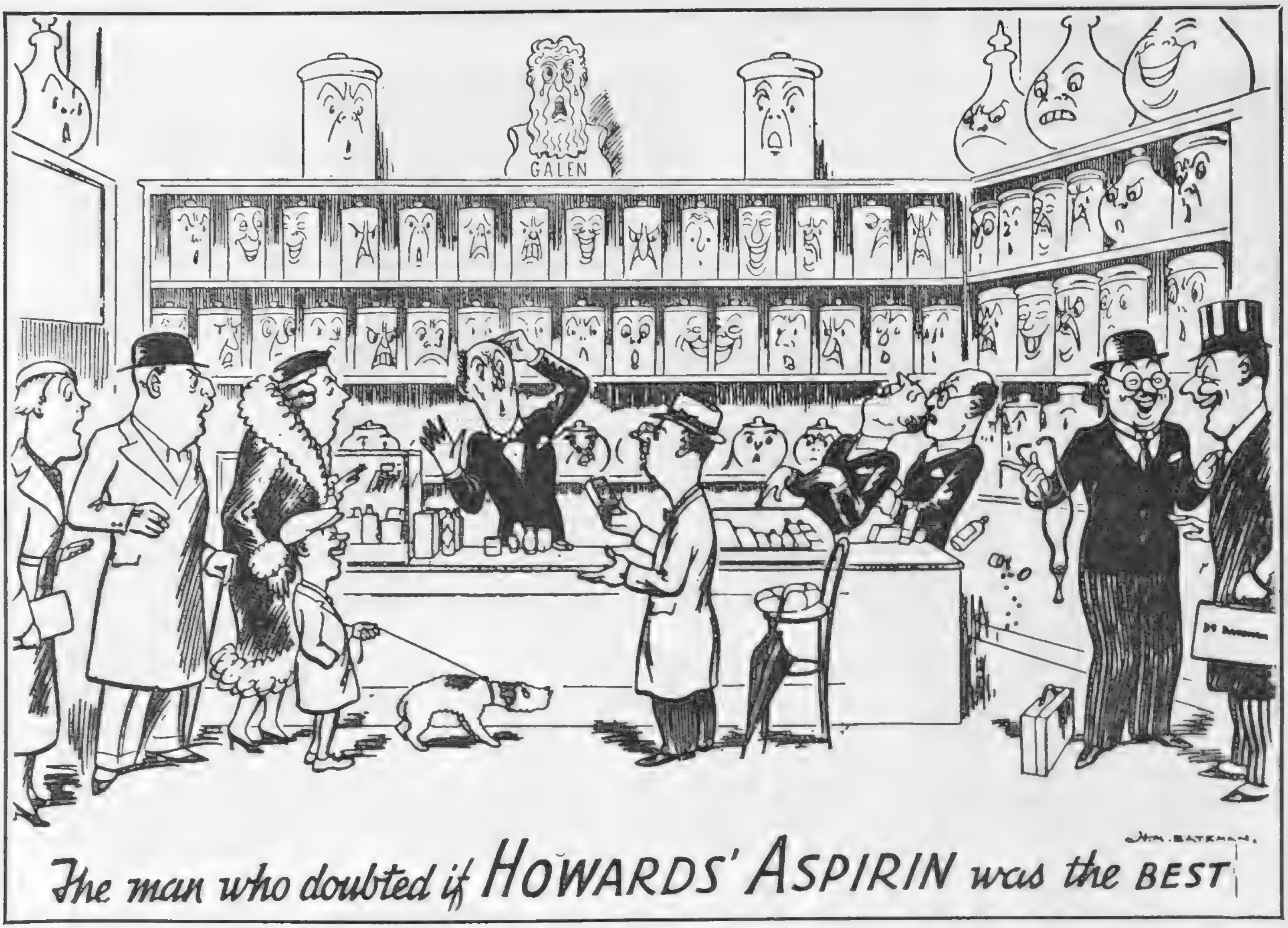
IN a word, the effect of driving tests in reducing the number of wilfully dangerous drivers is likely to be nil. Having admitted this, however, we need by no means condemn such tests as being totally useless or misguided. We must merely regard them in a somewhat less rosy light.

There remains the one per cent.—which is my guess at the proportion of serious accidents caused by incompetence alone. If even this small percentage of danger could be wiped out, the gain to the community would, from the humanitarian point of view, be very considerable. In the course of a year a good many lives would be saved which are now being lost.

It is from the humanitarian point of view, I think, that most of Mr. Hore-Belisha's schemes are to be admired, if we admire them at all. It is so in the matter of beacons. Thousands of these erections appear in our streets. Only one pedestrian in a dozen takes serious notice of them. No pedestrian is compelled to take advantage of them unless he so wishes.

To the severely practical mind, little seems to be gained in comparison with the expenditure in beacons, metal studs and painted lines. The humanitarian will point out that, every now and then, a pedestrian is induced to do something sensible where he might have done something stupid—to cross the street at some recognised point instead of plunging blindly into swiftly moving traffic. Once in a long while a life may be saved.

To the humanitarian, this is a complete justification of the beacons. There will, I think, be similar justification for the driving tests.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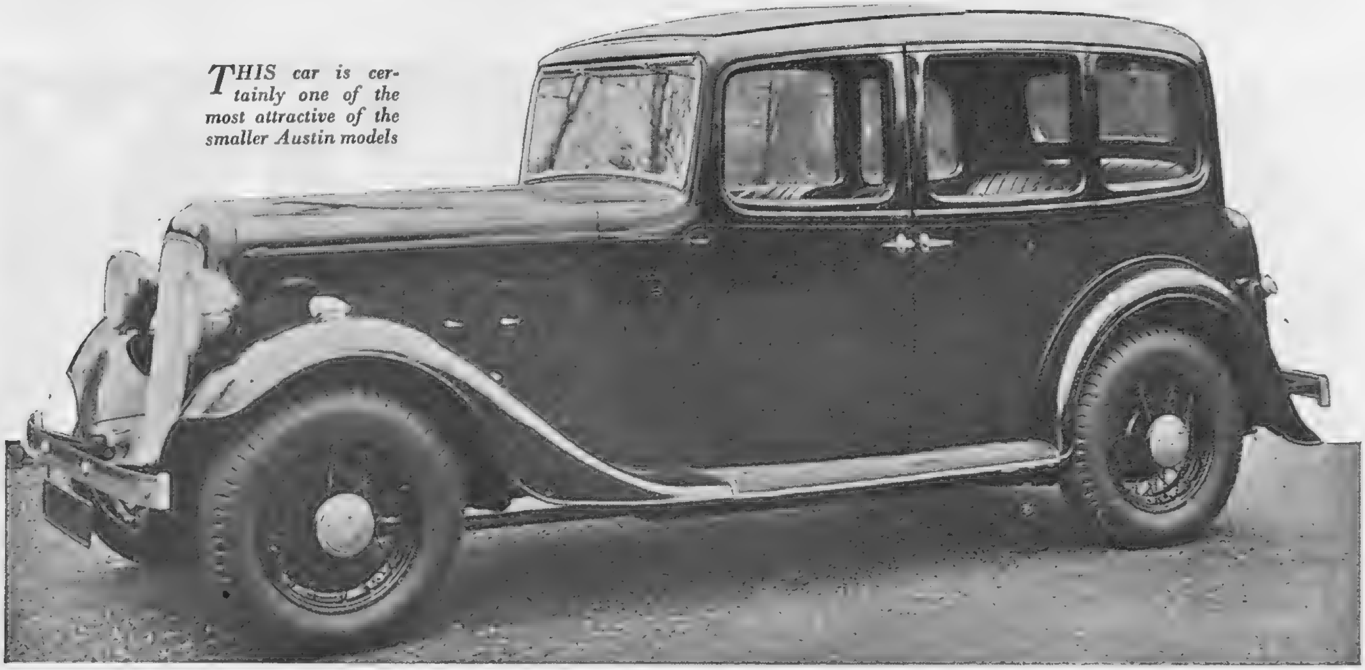


THIS car is certainly one of the most attractive of the smaller Austin models

A Sturdy Four-cylinder Austin

The Light Twelve-four Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

ALTHOUGH, no doubt, the majority of cars to-day are of the six-cylinder type, there are still a great many motorists who are prepared to argue enthusiastically in favour of the four-cylinder engine. The latter will find their hands quite considerably strengthened by the latest 12 h.p. four-cylinder Austin.

This car, which I have recently been testing, is certainly one of the most attractive of the smaller Austin models. Its four cylinders give it a slight feeling of "roughness" at low speeds, but, on the other hand, it is remarkably sturdy, and seems to do its work with a willingness and vigour calculated to put the average "Twelve-six" to shame. If the "revs" are kept reasonably high, there is plenty of acceleration; high cruising speeds can be comfortably maintained, and one feels that the car can be driven hard over long distances without registering any protest.

The maximum speed in top gear is about 60 m.p.h., and an attractive feature is that, throughout almost its entire range, this Austin seems to go better and more smoothly as the speed increases. In third gear, the useful speed of 40 m.p.h. can be reached, with creditable freedom from vibration.

The new Austin gearbox seems to me especially attractive. Nearly everyone likes the synchro-mesh system of gear engagement—and here it is applied to three out of the four ratios. In other words, one can engage second gear just as easily as "third" or "top." I personally appreciate this; for I find second gear to be the ideal ratio for many occasions, notably for accelerating away from sharp right-angle turns. I believe that it is good driving to make use of "second" at such times, and the ordinary driver should therefore be grateful for a low gear which he can use freely, confidently and without hesitation.

The Twelve-Four Austin in brief.

Engine: 12 h.p., four cylinders with side valves.

Gearbox: Four speeds, with synchro-mesh for top, third and second ratios.

Performance: Top gear, 60 m.p.h.; third gear, 40 m.p.h.

Steering: Good, accurate.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, very efficient.

Brakes: Smooth and powerful.

Coachwork: Comfortable and well planned.

Price: With Ascot saloon body, £198. Plus sliding roof, £218.

The springing is remarkably comfortable, and combines steadiness on the open road with a marked capacity for absorbing shocks such as those of a "level" crossing or series of pot-holes. The steering is accurate, and the brakes do their work smoothly, while providing ample stopping power.

ALTHOUGH a "Twelve" is still popularly regarded as a small car, this latest Austin is actually of comfortable proportions. It is a fair-sized car, judged either by its seating accommodation or, which is equally important, by the substantial "feel" which it imparts to its driver. The time, I think, is rapidly approaching when we shall have to alter our ideas, and when the term "light car" will have to be applied only to those models of 10 h.p. or less. This, at any rate, seems to be the case so far as the Austin range is concerned.

The coachwork is thoroughly good and comfortable, and there is a sensible amount both of head room and leg room. There is a central armrest for the back seat, and, when this is raised, three passengers of reasonable girth can sit abreast without inconvenience.

Among useful and practical minor features, I noticed the very large cubby-hole alongside the instrument panel. This is of sufficient size to take any reasonable collection of small articles. I can imagine it being very useful for parcels on a shopping expedition. For larger luggage, there is a hinged panel at the rear of the car. This, when closed, houses and conceals the spare wheel. When opened, it provides a platform on to which one or more suitcases can conveniently be strapped.

WITH the "Ascot" coachwork which I have described, this Austin model costs only £198, or £218 when equipped with a sliding roof. At this figure it should achieve wide popularity, especially with those motorists who have learned to appreciate four-cylinder virtues, in spite of the widely quoted "Six for Smoothness" slogan. It has a distinct personality, responds to intelligent driving and is capable of sturdy pulling power.

Something New in Tyre Service

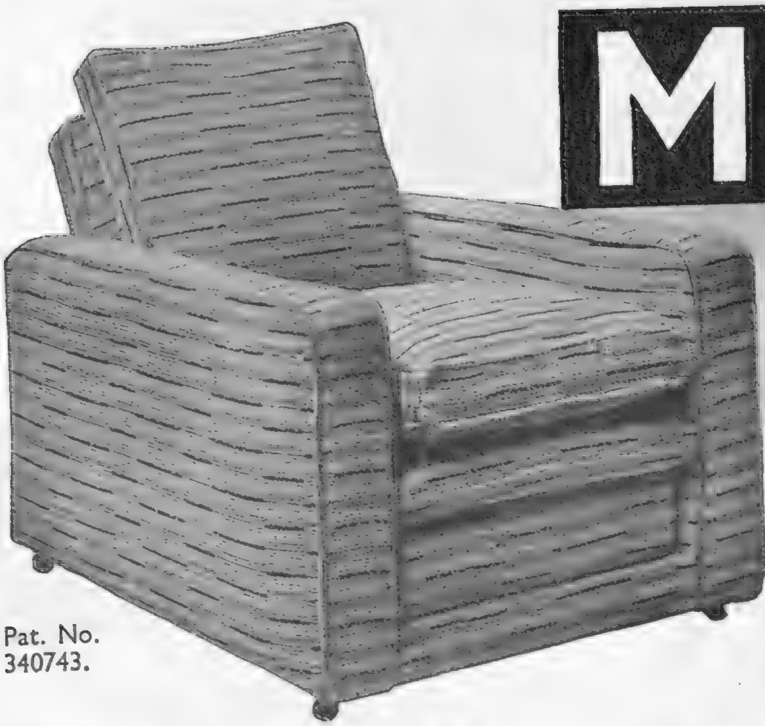
IT is not so very often that really novel ideas are brought to bear on motoring problems; but Messrs. Tecalemit may claim to have given us something of more than ordinary interest in the "Pneugrippa" system which may now be applied to ordinary tyres. Briefly, this consists in making a series of cuts across the tread of the tyre, each cut being spaced a quarter of an inch from the next. As the tyre rotates, it is clear that each quarter inch of its surface presents a sharp edge to the road, wherever a cut has divided the rubber.

It is claimed that the road-gripping qualities of tyres treated in this way are notably increased, while mileage per tyre is in no way reduced.

The tyre is much less likely to lock and skid through violent braking, or to spin as a result of fierce acceleration.

If, as the inventors argue, only a true rolling movement over the road remains possible, then the operation may actually result in prolonged tyre life.

MINTY
CLUB CHAIR



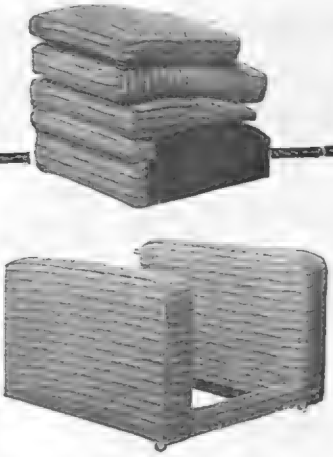
Pat. No.
340743.

The luxurious lines and beautiful coverings of the Minty Club Chair appeal immediately to the eye. But that is not all. Have you ever put your hands down the sides of the seat of an ordinary arm chair, and raked out odd coins and things, to say nothing of dust and fluff? This cannot happen with a Minty, because it 'takes to bits' (as illustrated) to be cleaned, and is therefore always absolutely Hygienic. The women folk will appreciate this, especially if loose covers are desired.

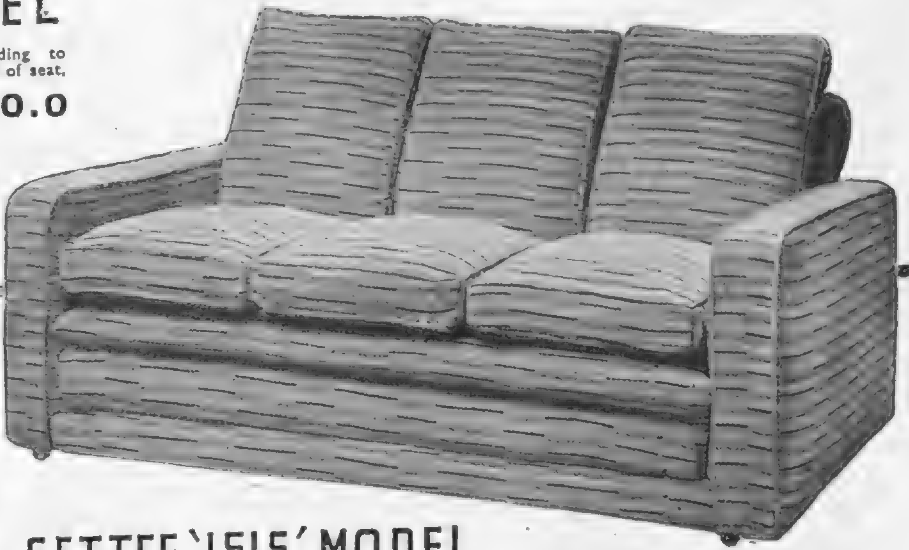
CHAIR 'ISIS' MODEL

from £5 . 19 . 6 According to length of seat.

'ISIS' SETTEE from £10.10.0



Above is shown the unit construction of both the 'ISIS' and 'MERTON' models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

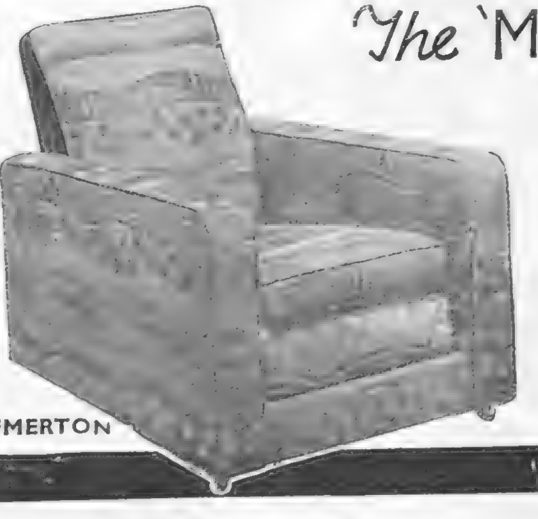


SETTEE 'ISIS' MODEL

The 'ISIS' Model pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

Two chairs and a settee form an admirable Suite.

The 'MERTON' *Economy Model*



'MERTON

The 'MERTON' Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.

Prices of 'MERTON' Model

CHAIR from £3 . 19 . 6 According to length of seat.

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A *New* and *Lively* *Small* FORD

The “£7 10*s.* *Tax*” Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE new “£7.10.0 Tax” Model on the road. The remarkably low price of this Ford car must not be overlooked. The double-entrance saloon costs only £145

EXTREME liveliness is undoubtedly the salient characteristic of a new Ford which I have just been testing, known as the “£7 10s. Tax” model. This unusual form of appellation perhaps calls for some explanation. The Ford Motor Co. has come to the very reasonable conclusion that it is foolish to label a car “10 h.p.” (according to its Treasury rating) when in fact it develops infinitely greater power than this figure would suggest.

An alternative, of course, would be to name it the 30 h.p. or 40 h.p. Ford (according to the actual power which it is capable of developing); but this, again, would be open to objection, since uninstructed motorists might then imagine it to be a large and expensive car. The description, “£7 10s. Tax” model, is therefore perhaps the best that could have been found. It is strictly accurate, and it describes the car fairly both to the expert and to the layman.

THE FORD
(£7 10*s.* TAX MODEL)
IN BRIEF

Engine: Rated 10 h.p., four cylinders with side valves. Exceptionally lively.
Gearbox: Three speeds, second and top being synchro-mesh.
Performance: Third gear, 40 m.p.h.; top gear, 60 m.p.h. or more.
Springing; By Ford transverse springs. Good resistance to “rolling.”
Brakes: Efficient.
Steering: Light, with small turning circle. Non-self-centring.
Coachwork: Comfortable. Running boards abolished.
Price: With double-entrance saloon body, £145.

The engine is of four-cylinder side-valve type, and accelerates with a vigour, considering its modest size, which is positively surprising. There is a slight roughness at the lower speeds, but after this, and until one begins to approach maximum “revs,” it combines creditable smoothness with exceptional power. I cannot think of any other 10 h.p. car (Sorry! I mean any other car paying £7 10s. tax) which gives more willing and instantaneous response to the accelerator.

The maximum speed is a good 60 m.p.h. or even more; and the car will cruise comfortably at 45 or 50 m.p.h. In second gear, 40 m.p.h. can be exceeded; and in the same ratio almost any gradient can be climbed.

The gearbox gives three forward speeds in all, and of these second and top gears have synchro-mesh engagement. The result is very satisfactory, since, once the car is fairly under way, gear-changing problems virtually cease to exist.

The brakes are smooth, and of satisfactory power, with a hand lever acting on the rear wheels only. The springing is interesting, being of the traditional Ford transverse type. The chief advantage of this layout is that the car resists the natural tendency to “roll” on corners. Actual test shows it to be very steady in this respect.

The steering is agreeably light, but differs from that of many English cars in having no peceptible self-centring action. It is a matter of opinion, of course, whether the latter is a desirable attribute or not. A feature which everyone will appreciate, however, is the remarkably small turning circle.

This Ford model, as a result, is exceptionally handy in thick traffic, and can manœuvre in and out of “tight” places with comparative ease where another car would be forced to halt or go into reverse.

The coachwork shows distinct individuality. It is considerably “stream-lined”; and although, as I have often ventured to point out, the aerodynamic advantages of this are very slight, the general effect is distinctly pleasing to the eye—and there may well be a fractional gain in performance. The interior provides comfortable seating for four people, with a sufficiency of head and leg room.

The greatest advance in the matter of coachwork is, in my opinion, the complete abandonment of running boards. For years—ever since it became customary to build cars low to the ground—running boards have been far more of a nuisance than an asset. Although harmless adjuncts to a new car, they tend to develop rough edges in old age, to the detriment of ladies' stockings. Practically no one of normal activity makes use of them. We should therefore respect Mr. Ford for his courage in consigning them to the limbo of forgotten things.

Among the minor chassis features a novelty is the provision of a movable ring on the knob of the gear lever controlling the direction indicators. I found this very convenient, for the position is a handy one, and an illuminated arrow serves to show when the indicators have been left “up.” It is also helpful to be able to change down for a sharp corner, signalling one's intention at the same moment.

The position of the battery under the bonnet is one which I always like. It is said that with a battery so near to the engine undue evaporation of the acid takes place; but this is outweighed, in my opinion, by the delightful ease with which one can “top up” when required. The ordinary battery is so far out of sight that it is apt to remain also out of mind—that is, until an enfeebled starter reminds the motorist of neglected duty!

The remarkably low price of this new Ford must not be overlooked. The double-entrance saloon costs only £145 (or £150 10s. with leather upholstery), and, when its remarkably lively performance is borne in mind, this must be regarded as outstanding value for money.

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The Happy Exiles

(*Continued from page 23*)

like that, out in Nigeria. Blackwater fever amputated his career. In Africa he clapped his hands and a score of servants leapt to his bidding. As a consequence he never learned how to fend for himself. In British Columbia he had to. They lived their first winter on a diet of fish-ducks, which, apparently, were the only things Stimson could hit with a shotgun. Things got a bit thin for the Stimsons and it began to look as if they would not make a go of it. Then he got the brilliant idea of becoming a trapper. It amused the locals. But he borrowed four traps (a real trapper never sets less than fifty) and vanished into the mountains. He came back in a week with two martin. One was the biggest, finest pelt ever taken in the neighbourhood. He got $80 for it. He never caught another.

When we arrived on the scene the Stimsons had become an integral part of it. They were its *literati*. As he never called a cormorant anything but a *corvus marinus*, explaining at the same time that that meant "sea crow," anything like conversation with the Stimsons was difficult without a dictionary. When we got to the subject of trout flies it became dangerous and we maintained a state of armed truce towards each other during the two years I was at the lake.

That's why I shot that deer out of season.

"My God!" said Stimson the next day as he was eating lunch with the doctor—"*This is deer liver!*"

"Well, the season is open, isn't it."

"Yes, but it didn't open until daybreak this morning—and where did you get this?" said the Game Warden, pushing the evidence of crime away from him.

The Doctor came around and gave me hell for it afterward. "You oughtn't to do things like that," he declared. "Think of Stimson's conscience."

Across the lake lived an enigma and two Germans. The enigma was "Old" Louis, a French-Canadian trapper. He was the only man I ever met, except some European peasants, who could neither read nor write. One of the weirdest sensations of my life was spelling out the letters t-o-b-a-c-c-o on a tin and explaining what they meant. As Old Louis never trapped any more, one wondered how he existed. And I am still wondering.

There were no ravens in that district. And Herr Captain von Hauptmann solved the problem by living on Mrs. Captain von Hauptmann. Rumour, i.e., the French wife of the Game Warden, had it that the Captain was a natural son of Ludwig of Bavaria, and that he had come out to British Columbia to hide from some devilish deed he had committed in German East Africa. He was mysterious. He wore, for example, a long khaki shirt like an abbreviated nightgown. Belted around the middle, this gave the lower part a kilt-like effect. And in true Scots fashion Herr Captain von Hauptmann wore nothing underneath. The upper part was cut away like an evening waistcoat, thus giving the world a free view of Herr Captain von Hauptmann's brave chest. On his feet were calf-high Indian mocassins, which he had made especially for himself at $18 a pair. And on his head was a French beret.

In summer, with true German passion for "Man and the Sun," he strode his earth naked. This was a surprise to passing trout fishers. It also won him a beauty prize at a nudist photographic contest in Victoria. He was a man.

He was also a gallant gentleman, as one suspected all along, but which he indelibly established on a most tragic occasion. In the days of his prime, when he first migrated to B.C., the German mark was still worth about ten pence. He built himself a *schloss* in the woods like any in Bavaria. It was stuffed with heads of African game, expensive sporting rifles and souvenirs of the life of a high caste German in both the wilds and Munich. Then the mark fell to about 10,000,000 to the penny—and the *schloss* burnt down.

"Farson! Farson!"

I heard this disturbing cry near the end of one rainy, wintry night. As the nearest person was some five miles away from me I wondered what it meant. I braved the storm to go down to the water-edge. Perhaps someone was drowning? And there I came upon two ghostly shapes. They were the Hauptmanns—naked as the day they were born. To be strictly accurate Mrs. Captain von Hauptmann was clinging to two gunny-sacks, and he was wrapped in an old opera cloak.

"It's gone! It's gone, it's all gone!" wept Mrs. Captain von Hauptmann. "*Gone!*"

Across the lake was a dull red glow. The last of their beloved *schloss*.

Hauptmann aged twenty years as I looked at him. Before I could prevent him he gulped a cup of scalding coffee the instant I poured it out of the pot. His lips beat a plaintive little tattoo together.

"You must excuse me," he said, suddenly taking a grip on himself. "I am not really myself to-night."

The fat mallard ducks out in British Columbia get that way because they eat the dead salmon. They are, therefore, no good to eat. The best ducks are the little teal or common butterballs. In an excess of emotion, as was my feeling towards poor Hauptmann in those days, I threw four butterballs on to his improvised house-boat one morning, retaining a very doubtful looking bluebill I had shot for ourselves. Mrs. Captain von Hauptmann stared at the big blue-bill and then picked up the little butterballs.

"Hunh!" she said bitterly, "*You always give us the little ones.*"

Such is life.

The Swedish wives of Swedish timberjacks suddenly discovered that they had some sewing to do, and simply did not have the time to do it themselves. Would Mrs. Captain von Hauptmann do it? And would she mind if they paid her for it? Swanson, positively the toughest Swede I have ever seen, either inside or out of Sweden, now found that he wanted a new roof extension on his house boat. Would Captain von Hauptmann do it? Hauptmann, whose hobby, aside from his rifles, was a complete carpenter's shop in the *schloss*, was given some tools by Swanson and set to work. When he had finished Swanson pointed out that there was a curve in the roof like a fish's back.

"Can't help it," said Hauptmann. "I know my measurements were accurate."

"And I know my damn roof looks like hell!" exploded Swanson. "If you come on this houseboat again I'll bust your face."

Swanson became more or less of a good friend of mine. We met frequently because he was always puttering about the lake in his home-made motor-boat. It had a Buick motor-car engine in it without a muffler. Swanson could be heard coming for miles. But for some strange reason this did not seem to alarm the deer. Swanson discovered this.

"Yust as long as I keep dat damn motor running the silly little —— yust stand dere and look. Dat's how I got this one."

And that's how I met Swanson. He turned up at my place about two weeks before season opened with a big, fat buck dangling across his boat's bow. He had shot it, *en passant*, coming down lake. "Got to cut this feller up," he explained. We strung it up and split it, sank the skin and antlers in the lake. And for my part in the crime Swanson gave me the liver and chops. Afterwards I discovered the liver was the choicest part of British Columbia deer.

Swanson had come out to America on a wind-jammer eighteen years before—184 days from Hull around the Horn. Off "Cape Stiff," as Swanson called it, the Captain's wife died

(*Continued on page 82*)

"I eat Bread at every meal"

says

BETTY BALFOUR

Famous British Film Star

Miss Betty Balfour in "My Old Dutch"

"I use a great deal of physical energy during my work in the studios in connection with my film-making activities. Without abundant energy and vitality, it would be simply impossible to carry on and, realising this, I eat bread in one form or another with every meal. Incidentally, I must not risk turning a trim figure into a dumpy one. That is another point in favour of bread."

Betty Balfour

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This is the ideal bedtime beverage for young and old alike. It is quickly made, delicious to drink and easily digested; it makes sleep peaceful and refreshing so that you wake next morning feeling wonderfully fit and full of joyous vitality. Introduce 'Allenburys' to your own family circle and see how it is appreciated!

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b115

and "chips" built a coffin, "and," said Swanson, "we pickled her in whisky." She was lashed just forward of the wheel, which, said Swanson, "made you feel kinda queer when you was doing your trick at nights." A bucko mate refused to take an injured seaman into the officers' quarters where he could die in peace, instead of a forecastle smashed open by winter seas. This, said Swanson, got on his mind as the ship limped up the west coast of America. And so, when they were lying by some oil tanks in San Francisco, "I yust poked a knife into dot mate." Then Swanson ran up the bowsprit and dropped—into America.

For eighteen years he had been roaming the coast all the way up to Alaska. When I asked him what he was doing all that time, Swanson said—

"Yennerally I was hunting a yob."

Now he was the "push," or foreman, of a small outfit of Swedish loggers. His house-boat was covered with flower boxes. He could average about $25 a week. His wife loved him. He was the wealthiest and most contented man in those parts.

My own life was complicated by nothing more than my conscience. My career lay in the cities. I was temporarily deserting it. That first winter I lived in Uncle Dick's "cabin" on shore. I discovered that with trout rods and a shotgun I could provide most of my food for some nine months of the year. A typewriter managed to make up for the rest of it. I read more and wrote more in B.C. than ever I have in any city. In the spring I secured a house-boat. It was merely a log shack built on a raft of cedar logs. It was high and dry on land when I saw it. Swanson and his Swedes, however, solved that problem.

"We'll yust get some yacks," said Swanson, "and yump her off in de morning."

On a fresh spring day, with snow and ice still heavy on the upper hills, I took a two-bitted lumberman's axe and entered the woods. This had the tang to it of real life. Real life—and sweat. Having no "yacks" I had to pitch the trees so that they fell into the water. The trees were to be used as mooring-booms to hold the house-boat off shore. When the first one came down I heard a scream from my wife. It had missed our house-boat by inches. When the last one came down, and I had lopped off all the branches, I assured my wife that we were snugly fixed in one immovable spot. We were—the lake fell again rapidly two nights later and we found ourselves hard aground.

This was one of the worst nights I had ever put in. We were awakened about 2 a.m. by a series of bumps. A trip with a lantern in a high wind around the raft showed that all our moorings were holding fast. A dip overside with a push-pole showed that we still had about three feet of clear water beneath us. What then was the meaning of these soul shattering bumps?

A foundered tree stump was caught in the curves of our cedar logs!

I discovered this in a "goose-fleshy" submarine crawl I ventured to make under our raft. Let it be said that the reason why the lake was falling and rising was that the winter snows were rapidly draining off. And in the last few days a cold spell had temporarily halted this prodigious influx of icy water. In a few days the lake might rise again. And then again it might not. Unless I wanted to chance remaining where I was all summer with the house-boat at an angle on dry land, I had to get it out into open water that night.

Stark naked I released our moorings, and by a break of incredible luck managed to slide the raft along until it cleared the sunken stump.

While I worked on shore my wife worked in the house. It was just a raw board shack when we first entered it. For $1.50—the same price I paid for my lumberjack's trousers—she had bought oak stain and brushes from the store; and she coloured our floors, door-posts and window sills a soft dark brown. This gave "Mole End" an English "half-timber" effect that softened the hard glare of fresh wood.

We bought a complete library (at 5 cents. per volume) from an enterprising publisher in Kansas City, U.S.A. These were merely tit-bits of classic. But they were fun to pick up on winter nights. They were divertisement to subscriptions to the London *Times* Literary Supplement, the *New York Times*, and a hailstorm of current books which our sympathetic relations hurled at us from London and the States.

With the completion of our home, the sound of the axe—except the everlasting work for firewood—gave way to that of a consistently and severely hammered typewriter. One day, after a six mile row to the store, I got a small envelope instead of the usual rejection slip. It contained a cheque for $150. That day I also got five Rainbow trout, the first of that year.

We lived there two years. And the feel of it can best be given in the words of "Old" Tread, the first settler. When I asked him what had kept him out in the woods (instead of Canterbury), Old Tread looked moodily off to where the mountains were glowing like rose-coloured metal in the sunset. He looked at the dark forest behind him and the still lake water before us.

For forty years Old Tread had been fighting the jungle from sunrise to sunset.

"Well," said Tread slowly, "it's been a hell of a life—but I've always been my own boss."

According to Plan

(*Continued from page 21*)

I fear, is overwrought." But he had the sense to leave her till after dinner.

By then the sea was once more as flat as a new by-pass. Sally had cheered up considerably, and with admirable prudence she'd avoided the captain's table in favour of the Restaurant Basque—a cute dodge on the part of the owners to make romantic passengers pay twice for their food.

Sally, in short, was herself again. Her senses of humour, prudence, cruelty and ambition were once more safely balanced. In addition, she was conscious of a kindly curiosity regarding Lord Homerton.

Any keeper of white mice is intrigued when one of the pretty, furry little things starts to imagine himself a tiger.

So, dancing after dinner, she allowed Charles to cut in—for on Tuesdays dances are American (and on Wednesdays and Thursdays quite delightfully English)—and allowed him to sit with her whilst she adjusted a tragically twisted stocking.

"Tell me about yourself," she said pleasantly. "I'm quite interested. You've been getting so gay and fresh on board this boat, you know, that it's quite a pleasure to look at you. You made me sick this morning——"

"I didn't make the soup——"

"You made me *mad*, I mean, but I guess we're old friends. Now, see here, Charles. I know perfectly well that you don't love me and I don't love you. Your mother wants you to marry money, and my guardian wants me to marry an old English title. I won't be rude about you or any other old English title. I suppose it's natural that we poor foreigners only get the left-overs. Well, I don't want left-overs, particularly when the left-over regards me with a glance so hot and eager that it would be enough to freeze a kettle of boiling water."

"I don't remember——"

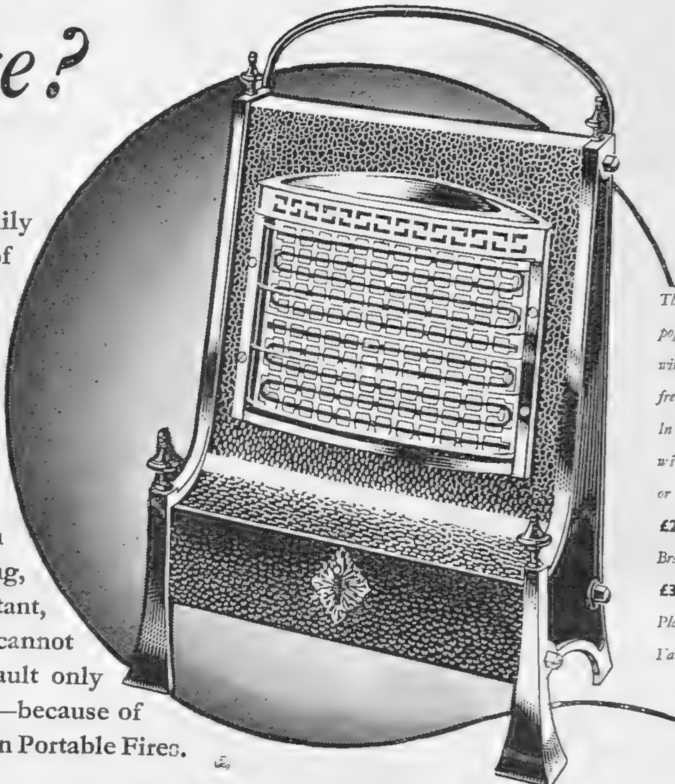
"You don't remember proposing to me. Well, I hope you won't have to, for if you did you'd have to remember a lump on your head that even a bone-setter couldn't prize off'n you.

"See here, Charles. We don't want to marry; why shouldn't we help each other? I know most of your

(*Continued on page 84*)

WHY *is this Electric Fire* so safe *to use?*

MAKE sure that you and your family are not exposed to the danger and expense of breakdowns due to short circuits—use the *trebly* protected Carron Electric Fires. The elements in Carron Fires are "non-sagging"—they cannot touch and "short" as often occurs with ordinary electric fires. Moreover, these Carron elements will not break or give trouble—the unusually high-grade non-corrosive alloy of which they are made ensures an exceptionally long, trouble-free life. And, most important, the flex of Carron Electric Fires cannot burn or perish through overheating—a fault only too frequently found in some other fires—because of a porcelain terminal block fitted to all Carron Portable Fires.



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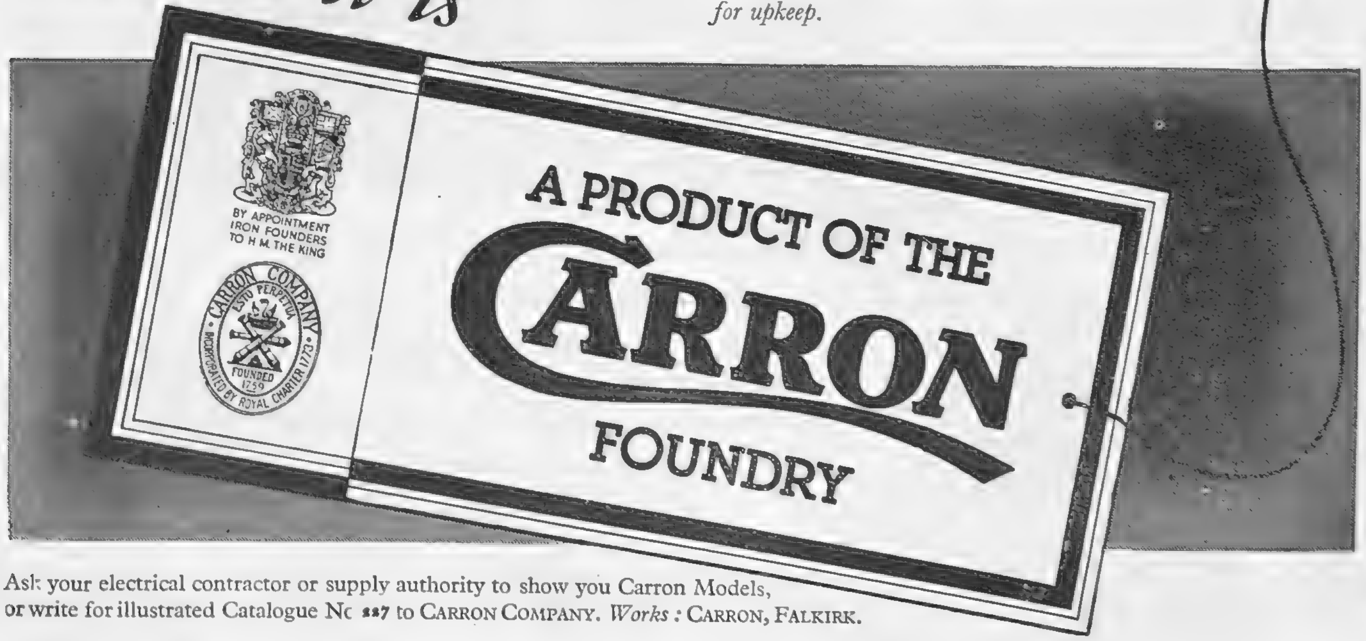
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QUICK QUAKER OATS

Yes, *you* can surprise—and delight—him at every meal! And it's so easy — the very same Quaker Oats you use for breakfast every morning is all you need!

You can begin with soups—make them all more nourishing, creamier, more delicious, just by stirring in a little *Quick* Quaker Oats while your soup is cooking—allowing about a dessertspoonful per person. The *Quick* Quaker melts straight away into the soup, for the oats are cut, rolled thin, and already partially cooked.

Then improve your Irish stews, Lancashire Hot Pot and many other familiar dishes in the same way—use Quaker Oats, too, in making biscuits and cakes—he'll soon start complimenting you on your cooking.

And, after all, what can be more nourishing than the world's finest Oats—and what cheaper, with the packets now costing only 4d. and 8½d.!

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QUAKER OATS FINGERS

Mix in a saucepan over a small flame:
¼ *lb. margarine or butter*
1 *breakfastcupful of brown cooking sugar*
1 *dessertspoonful of treacle*
2 *breakfastcupfuls of* Quick *Quaker Oats*

Spread the mixture in a flat tin, bake for ½ hour, turn out and cut into fingers when cold. A few drops of almond flavouring can be added if liked.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*
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father's money is still tied up with Ma. Do you think we haven't got you well taped, Aunt Sabina and I?"

"But no one on earth can stop me getting my dough when I'm twenty-five."

"That's what mother's been counting on."

"Well, she'll have to demand a recount. You and I are *not* going to get married. I'm not fool enough, and I don't think you are." She paused. "I'm no born spinster. I *am* going to marry, but not you. See?"

"Thanks be for those kind words," said Lord Homerton piously.

"I'm going to marry someone else, and you're going to help me."

"Of course I am. My time, my personal services are at your disposal. And of course, as we're such old friends, I shall charge very little——. Oh, very little indeed."

"How much?"

"Five thousand."

"Dollars, of course."

"Pounds."

"Dollars."

"I'm afraid you're not truly in love. I can't—I'm far too fond of you—take the responsibility of helping you into matrimony when you are not serious. Not five, ten thousand pounds would be inadequate to secure your union with the man of your considered choice. All your life may depend upon your present decision. You are wise to hesitate. Let me put——"

"Put a sock in it. Five thousand pounds, then." She sighed.

"Run down to your cabin and get it in writing, there's a good girl. Don't forget to talk about 'in consideration.' Lawyers feel all the better for those mystic words.

"Better still, come into the library and I'll draft it for you, and when you've signed it—you are twenty-one, aren't you?—I'll seal it up and leave it with the purser."

"Agreed?"

"Come on," said Sally.

The library was fairly empty, and, after a great deal of hostile whispering, Sally signed the letter, and for a shilling a passing steward agreed to witness her signature.

"Now," said his Lordship, as he put the thing in his pocket and buttoned his coat, "let me know what you want me to do."

"I want you to marry me," said Sally.

It is unnecessary again to remark how pretty she was. And, after all, Charles was only human. She cast down her eyes. Her hands were folded in her lap. She had spoken very softly.

So for a brief instant he might have found himself clutching her in his rather skinny arms and dabbing her attractive face with his moustache. But, as he was no fool, he saw a grin that was not all demure.

"Oh yeah?" inquired his Lordship. "And when do I get taken for a ride?" And his fists clenched in his pockets, and he breathed a prayer of thankfulness as one who has escaped a great peril.

"Oh, you don't *really* marry me," said Sally, looking rather disappointed. "You only promise to. Don't you see, if we're engaged I shall be able to do what I like, get all the money I want out of Aunt and meet my boy friend on the other side whenever I want to?"

"Oh, so your boy friend's on the other side, is he?"

"What do you think I'm travelling over for? To kiss the Singer Building?"

"I don't expect the police would let you do that," said his Lordship tartly.

"Well, let's have less wise-cracks. Feel strong enough to tell the dowagers their dreams have all come true right now, or do you want a drink first?"

"I should like a drink," he admitted frankly, "but I don't want it ever to be said that I was not quite myself on this important occasion."

"Let us go."

Even Sally could not think of the right answer in time.

Of course both the female guardians indulged in discreet transports of joy. The happy lovers, who had not scrupled to interrupt a very serious game of bridge with their glad tidings, not only gazed fondly at each other but even affectionately at their respective relations.

For the rest of that evening, "Bless you, my children," was the keynote of the party.

In New York Sally and Charles were separated in that each was taken to a different hotel. The Van Vreenan family was Bostonian. But they had plenty of opportunities of meeting alone, of eating and dancing alone together and of being photographed in circumstances that demonstrated the depth of their mutual affection.

The boy friend, it appeared, was in a shipping firm. He had worked in the purser's office on a North Atlantic boat—where Sally first met him. He had been transferred to shore because—well, because everybody was jealous of him.

Charles used to take his adoring fiancée for a drive every morning, and leave her to lunch with this paragon; collecting her afterwards. Thus he met Jules, and formed a wholly unfavourable opinion of him.

But Sally, as he constantly reminded himself, presumably knew her own business, and if she liked an exotic youth, curled and scented like an Assyrian bull, it was her funeral.

His temper only really threatened to assert itself once, and that was when she presented him with three thousand dollars that he very badly needed. But he kept it down.

"That's on account, Charles, darling," she said. "You wouldn't believe how easy Aunt Sabina is nowadays with the money. Give me a receipt and I'll throw in another thousand dollars for expenses with the balance when we pull it off."

Charles sighed, but he scribbled a receipt and put the cheque carefully away.

"Okay?" asked Sally. He looked a bit worried, she thought.

Charles said it was okay.

"Then let's get on. Jules will be waiting, I guess."

Next day she gave Jules a holiday, and she and Charles lunched in the "Bourbon"—that place on Park Avenue.

"I've been thinking," she said. "There'll have to be rather a swift end to this game. Aunt has fixed the day now, so I've got to hurry. I don't want to make folk *too* cross, and anyway all the best wedding presents have come in. And I've got them.

"To-morrow Jules and I, therefore, will get married. I've handed him five hundred dollars, poor darling, to stand his bachelor evening. So you'll call for me at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and before you can say knife I'll be Mrs. Jules Schenk."

Charles crumbled his bread.

"I suppose you're really set on your Jules," he said.

"Haven't I told you we've got a minister to weigh in at the Park Royal to-morrow? Here, if you're hesitating, I'll hand you the cheque for your balance now." She wrote it out and gave it to him. "Dated to-morrow, see? And the extra thousand I promised you is there too. I've got the money, all right. Aunt Sabina's just filled me up with it."

Charles crumbled some more bread.

"Take it."

He took it.

"That's a boy!"

"Sally. I don't care for the boy friend any too much, you know."

"Then you won't want to see very much of us? Okay. And let me tell you, the way you've handled this situation has made me admire you. Yes, sir. You're a diplomat. You've kept these dames sweet and happy. And if I can ever do anything for you, just tell me."

She collected her bag and got up.

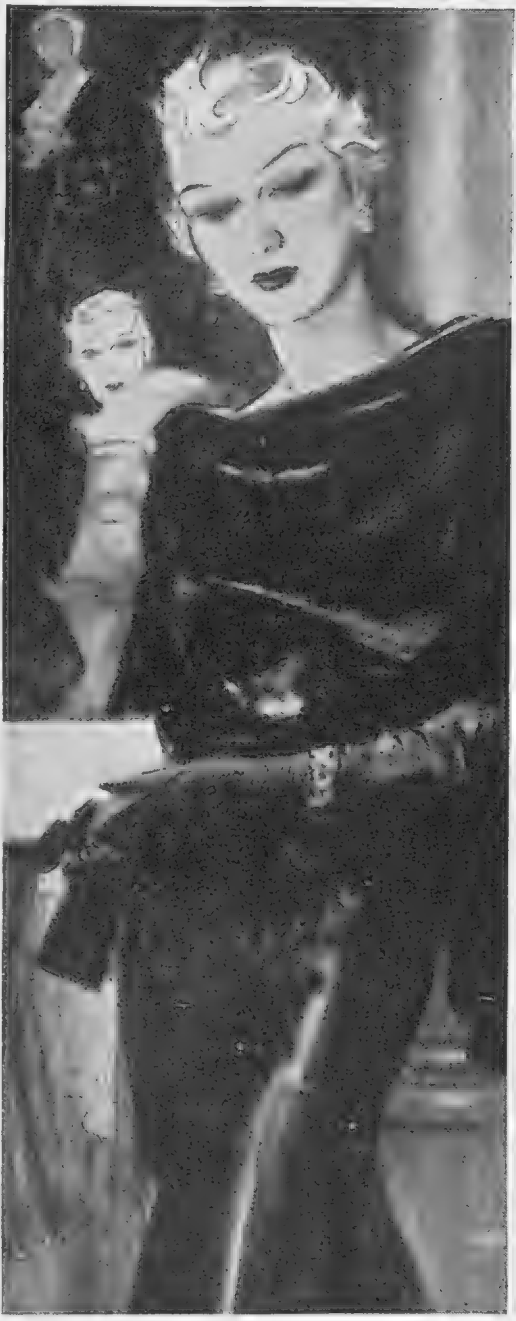
"Till twelve to-morrow, then." She smiled sweetly.

At twelve next day, he informed Lady Homerton that he was going to call for Sally and take her out shopping. At twelve-ten he found her on the steps of her hotel.

"Send your car away," she whispered. "I've got another one waiting at the next block.

(*Continued on page* 86)

'It's her complexion that puts men off!'



Now if only she took Eno's 'Fruit Salt'...how different her skin would be

I'm afraid Phyllis's friends rather take it for granted that she's billed for a single life. Not that she's hopelessly unattractive. In fact, she's got such a pretty figure that many a man catching sight of her says to himself: 'By Jove, that looks like a charming girl!' But when she moves nearer, he changes his mind.

What a wretched complexion the girl's got! Muddy, blotchy—with tell-tale lines under her eyes.

'And when I try to patch things up by putting on a lot of make-up, it only seems to look worse,' says poor Phyllis sometimes.

If only she wouldn't 'try to patch things up!' If only she'd realise that a skin like hers is a sure sign that she is neglecting her system!

What a different girl she'd be if she took Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning! How gently and thoroughly Eno would disperse those poisons which are spoiling her looks. How swiftly Eno would purify her blood and set it coursing healthily through her veins.

Why, after only a few weeks, that unhappy complexion of hers would be as clear and clean as flowers after rain. She'd see a new person smiling at her in the mirror. A bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Miss Can.

But how many of us are like Phyllis—putting up with shabby complexions and trying to treat them outwardly with creams—when we ought to be treating ourselves to inner cleansing with Eno! Take yourself in hand. Get a bottle of Eno. You couldn't take a step that could do more for your looks, your health and your happiness. Eno every morning is the basis of all true beauty.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is pure, harmless and perfectly natural in its action. It contains no harsh aperients–no sugar to encourage fat. Its work is simply to clear poisons and impurities from your blood–to keep your system in first-class order and your skin clear and fresh. For over sixty years doctors have approved it. Get a bottle today. Eno costs 1/6 or (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

Have *you* any of these symptoms?

BAD COMPLEXION
IRRITABILITY
OBESITY
HEADACHES
DEPRESSION
INDIGESTION
SLEEPLESSNESS
CONSTIPATION

She will be away in a moment, riding hard, jumping brooks and hedges with the best of them. And, at the finish of the hunt, observe her . . . Complexion ruined? Never! Her lips have their own natural beauty emphasized. She uses a lipstick that suffuses the lips with warm natural colour . . .

A SURPRISING LIPSTICK

So many women have a painted look without knowing it. You've tried different lipsticks yourself. But did you ever stop to notice how often they coat the lips with paint? Now try Tangee! See how this surprising lipstick brings out the natural colour of your lips . . . without painting them. That's because Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick it's orange, but on the lips it's *your* shade of blush rose, for Tangee changes to the one perfect colour for you.

Tangee Face Powder also contains the magic colour principle; gives a soft underglow and makes your skin look fresher and younger. Trial sizes of Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Powder are obtainable everywhere at 6d.

New medium size Tangee Lipstick and Face Powder now obtainable price 2/6 ea.

From all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

LUFT TANGEE LTD.
Johnson's Place, Pimlico, London, S.W.1

According to Plan

"You know," she said, nestling up to him a little, as they moved off, "I do really want to thank you for helping me this way."

"Where are we going?" he asked gruffly.

"Well, I thought you wouldn't mind if we called for Jules. Poor boy, he hasn't got an automobile, so I told him we'd pick him up and take him along."

There was nothing to be said against that. Why shouldn't they? But apparently Jules lived some distance away. The drive seemed protracted.

Sally broke a considerable silence.

"Would you like to kiss me good-bye?" she inquired in a very small voice.

No answer.

"Wouldn't you?" She came a little nearer.

"What about the boy friend?" Charles's voice sounded strained.

"Why, Jules wouldn't object. Doesn't he owe everything to you?"

"Oh, well——." Charles's tone was not too gracious, but he preferred to be civil. . . .

And then the car stopped.

"Would you mind getting out and telling him we're here?" Sally's sweet politeness was almost unbelievable. "I must fix my hat, too."

Lord Homerton got out. A negro porter, chewing gum, took him up to Mr. Schenk's apartment on the tenth floor, and waited whilst he rang the bell. It was the same negro porter (who had not yet received a tip) who ultimately kicked the unlocked door open, when it became evident that nobody was going to welcome them from the inside. In fact he accompanied Charles within and took the liveliest interest generally.

The within of that apartment showed signs of little but recent hospitality, and much too much of that.

There were bottles, and then more bottles. In an inner room Mr. Schenk still snored.

Charles did his best. He and the porter poured cold water over Mr. Schenk. But even that drastic remedy, even a hearty shaking and a few kicks did nothing but prove that Mr. Schenk would require several hours more to fit himself for the important post of bridegroom.

In the end Charles gave the porter two dollars and descended. His mind was made up.

"Schenk wants you to come up," he said grimly to Sally.

"Why, whatever for?"

"He's got something to show you." The porter's teeth gleamed. He was about to say something. Charles silenced him with a look.

"Well," said Sally, climbing out, "I hope it's worth wasting time over."

"I'll say it is, Mam," said the porter.

But by the time the party of three reached the tenth floor, the intense discomfort of cold water had done its work. The prospective bridegroom, dragged to some semblance of consciousness, was sitting up in his damp bed.

Few people could have loved him at that moment.

"'Lo, darling," he mumbled.

There was a pause, then Miss Van Vreenan administered a most prodigious slap to his right ear.

"Beast!" she said. But Mr. Schenk heard her not. His eyes closed, and again he slept.

"Holy Gee," said the porter. "Missy, you sho' do pack a——"

"Get out!" said Charles. Then to Sally, "You poor darling," he said.

The poor darling wept unrestrainedly upon his shoulder.

How quickly can hate change to love—if the girl is pretty enough and charming enough—and clever enough!

Lord Homerton consoled that very pretty creature so excellently that he almost persuaded himself he was a real he-man. Sally clung and continued to cling. Sally begged his forgiveness.

Sally kissed him.

There were no visible signs of weeping as the happy pair emerged from that shabby apartment house in Greenwich Village and proceeded to the Park Royal, where an impatient minister awaited them.

The couple, who in due time returned to encounter Aunt Sabina and Lady Homerton, were so obviously happy that nobody could have been hard-hearted enough to be really angry with them.

After all, as Lady Homerton said, they were married, and that was the main thing.

And, after all, as Mrs. Schuyler Van Vreenan remarked, there was nothing to stop them from having a cathedral wedding the following week according to plan, and giving all the most swell society people a real reception afterwards, as already arranged.

Charles Homerton somehow mislaid the second cheque his bride had given him (the first he had safely cashed), but in all the excitement that is hardly to be wondered at.

Mr. Jules Schenk, however, duly received another thousand dollars—in small bills—and had a great time with it.

Everybody agrees that Sally is an excellent wife—and mother—now that the big house is open again.

Charles is in strict training.

END

Too Good to Print

(*Continued from page* 31)

"There aren't any bodies," yawned the porter. "We soon got the train back again. The line's all clear, now."

"Another good story gone wrong," said Manny. "Weren't there any injured?"

"No, it wasn't a passenger train," said the porter.

"Fancy coming all this way just because a goods train is off the line," said Manny. "Get on the telephone and tell 'em."

"The last lion was the worst trouble," said the porter.

"What do you mean—the last lion?" asked Manny. "Are you drunk?"

"And my mate only just escaped with his legs. Heavens, that old crocodile could bite."

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Manny. "You're not drunk. So you must be mad."

"Well, never did I think that I should have to pull a boa constrictor out of an old woman's bedroom," went on the porter.

"What the devil are you gassing about?" shouted Manny.

"This 'ere train smash," said the porter.

"But what have crocodiles got to do with it?" asked Manny. "You've been dreaming."

"You wouldn't have had much chance of dreaming if you'd been here an hour ago. Why, man, the whole blooming circus was off the line."

"What circus?" said Manny.

"Why, it was Wimble's Circus on that train," said the porter. "The waggons got smashed, and all the animals escaped."

"Where?" asked Manny. "Where?"

"Oh, about two miles from here," said the porter. "For the last two hours we've been chasing a whole menagerie right across Salisbury Plain."

"Which way is it?" said Manny.

"Up there somewhere," said the porter, who, tired to death, went off to sleep again.

"Get on the wire and tell 'em, Wilbur," shouted Manny. "Start your story with 'Lions, tigers, elephants, crocodiles, boa constrictors, giraffes.' That'll startle 'em. You'll just catch the edition. Tell how they all escaped across the Plain. I'll go and get the facts."

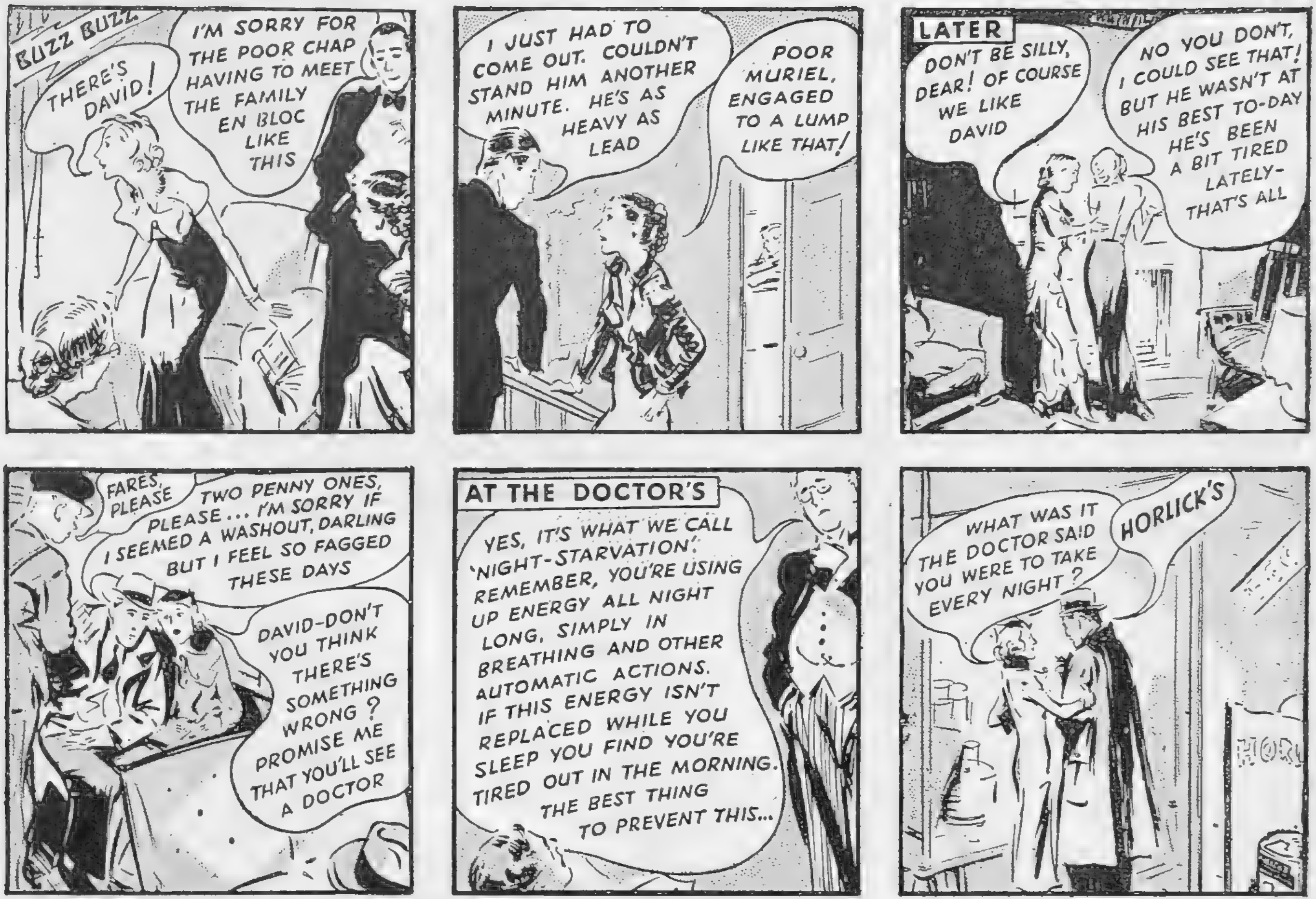
Then, for half an hour, Manny was in his element.

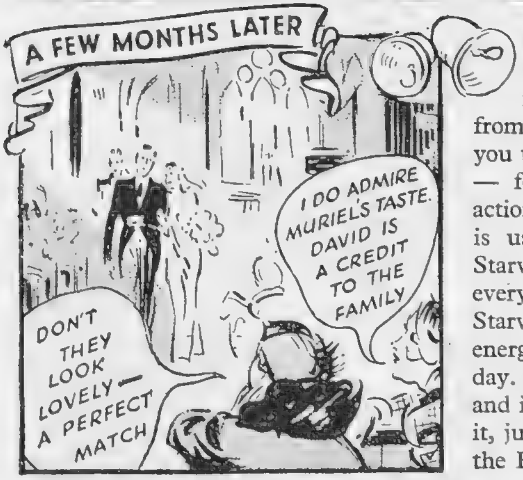
He got the story of how an old lady, sleeping in a cottage, woke up to find a chimpanzee coming in her window.

He interviewed the parson, who declared —yes, and he said he (*Continued on page* 88)

She loved him

BUT HER FAMILY SAID....


BUZZ BUZZ
THERE'S DAVID!
I'M SORRY FOR THE POOR CHAP HAVING TO MEET THE FAMILY EN BLOC LIKE THIS
I JUST HAD TO COME OUT. COULDN'T STAND HIM ANOTHER MINUTE. HE'S AS HEAVY AS LEAD
POOR MURIEL, ENGAGED TO A LUMP LIKE THAT!
LATER
DON'T BE SILLY, DEAR! OF COURSE WE LIKE DAVID
NO YOU DON'T, I COULD SEE THAT! BUT HE WASN'T AT HIS BEST TO-DAY HE'S BEEN A BIT TIRED LATELY- THAT'S ALL
FARES, PLEASE
TWO PENNY ONES, PLEASE ... I'M SORRY IF I SEEMED A WASHOUT, DARLING BUT I FEEL SO FAGGED THESE DAYS
DAVID-DON'T YOU THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG? PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL SEE A DOCTOR
AT THE DOCTOR'S
YES, IT'S WHAT WE CALL 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. REMEMBER, YOU'RE USING UP ENERGY ALL NIGHT LONG, SIMPLY IN BREATHING AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS. IF THIS ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED WHILE YOU SLEEP YOU FIND YOU'RE TIRED OUT IN THE MORNING. THE BEST THING TO PREVENT THIS...
WHAT WAS IT THE DOCTOR SAID YOU WERE TO TAKE EVERY NIGHT?
HORLICK'S


A FEW MONTHS LATER
I DO ADMIRE MURIEL'S TASTE. DAVID IS A CREDIT TO THE FAMILY
DON'T THEY LOOK LOVELY—A PERFECT MATCH

When men feel as David did, always fagged out, dull and wretched, it's a sure sign they're suffering from "Night-Starvation." Doctors say you use up energy even while you sleep — for breathing and other automatic actions. If this energy is not replaced as it is used, you wake tired — "Night-Starved." A cupful of Horlick's last thing every night guards against "Night-Starvation." This means you have enough energy in the morning to face the longest day. Horlick's has a fascinating flavour, and it is economical, too. The milk is in it, just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

"I'm fit and full of energy again"

says Mr. A. F. MINNS, *of Harrow, Middlesex.*

"I am a free-lance artist," writes Mr. Minns. "Up to a few months ago I never knew what it was to feel fagged out. Then, quite suddenly I seemed to lose all my energy. I woke up tired, I'd no desire to work, ideas simply wouldn't come. And, as a result, commissions began to drop off. Then a friend told me about 'Night-Starvation' and recommended Horlick's. I decided to try it. In a very short time I began to feel fit and full of energy again — and I've just been given three important commissions! Nothing would induce me to give up Horlick's now."

HORLICK'S
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

CRACK
CRACK
CRACK

Cracking Joints

Stiff with rheumatism: could be heard cracking nearly all over the house

Most rheumatic pain and stiffness is caused by an excess of uric acid in the body. Keep down the excess uric acid from day to day, and you'll never have to suffer any more. Let it accumulate, and it will inevitably make itself felt in swollen pain-tormented joints; let it deposit itself in the form of flint-hard crystals, and it may actually make itself heard! Here is a former victim of rheumatism who writes: "*I could be heard going upstairs with cracking joints nearly all over the house.*" Read her interesting letter:—

"*I have suffered with rheumatism in my arms and knees for years. I could be heard going upstairs with cracking joints nearly all over the house. I was not able to be out shopping long without resting my arms in my coat, but have been taking Kruschen Salts for six months, and I can tell you there is not a trace of rheumatism and I can do my work, as well as papering rooms for other neighbours.*" *Mrs. A., Essex.*

If you could see the needle-pointed uric acid crystals encrusting the joints and piercing the nerve sheaths, you would understand why they cause that crippling stiffness and excruciating pain. And if you could see how Kruschen dulls the sharp edges of those crystals, breaks up the deposits and then flushes them out of the system altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony.

Tasteless in Tea.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness.

CURLY SCAMP

WATCH BABY'S HAIR CURL

— NESTOL INSTEAD OF WASHING

Wash baby's hair less often. Into baby's hair rub Nestol every day. Babyhood's magic is enhanced by beautiful Nestol-produced curls.

A month's supply tube costs only 3/6. Boots, all Chemists and Hairdressers sell it.

NESTOL CURLS & CLEANSES

C. NESTLÉ & Co. Ltd. 48 South Molton St. London, W.1

Also use Nestol medicated toilet powder 1/3 large tin

would swear it on his Bible, too—that just when he was saying his prayers before getting into bed, he saw a boa constrictor on the floor beside him. Then, when paralysed with fear, he rushed downstairs just in time, there were two tigers, looking as though they were going to eat his cabbages. Then, when he got out into the lane, screaming his heart out, there was a bear walking on its hind legs with its arms stretched out in the moonlight, ready to hug anybody, so frightened did it look.

"All over the place," declared the village schoolmaster, "well, it was just like the Zoo let loose. A man who said he was a clown ran along the lane crying because he had lost his performing pig. Men rushed about with prongs."

"Then I saw a lion looking at the parsley," explained the parson. "But I didn't look long. Then a lion tamer arrived shouting, 'Where's Leo? We're ruined if we lose him. Besides, he'll be scared to death alone in a village. He hates villages.'

"'He's up there,' I said.

"Then," declared the parson, "the lion tamer went into the garden and pulled out the lion by the ear, leading him along to a barn, where he shut him in, because his cage was smashed."

"He prefers his nice cage," the lion tamer had said. "But a barn'll have to do for him to-night. You've no idea how scared lions get if you let 'em out. Besides, it's dark. Lions hate the dark. They like the circus."

Manny had it all, in half an hour. Trapeze artists had chased crocodiles. Jugglers had joined in the hunt. There were only two railway porters to help, and a guard who had escaped injury. But, in two hours, they had found all the animals, scores and scores of them, and got them in barns and pigsties. One tiger had nearly fainted when it saw a pig. But it soon got used to him.

"Heavens, what a yarn!" said Manny. "Two columns—tense, vivid drama—a kick in every line."

And he rushed back to the station. There on the platform, seated on the bench beside the sleeping porter, still tired to death, he saw Wilbur Jones, crying.

"What's the matter, Wilbur?" he said. "Get that line again!"

"Manny," said Jones, "they won't believe me! They say I'm drunk! I started right off, 'Lions, tigers, elephants,' and someone said, 'Wait a minute.' It was the stenographer. Then I heard the News Editor speaking. 'What's that you say?' he asked. 'Get this down quickly,' I shouted, excitedly. 'Lions, tigers, elephants.' 'Where's Manny?' the News Editor asked. 'Chasing the lions,' I said. 'You're drunk,' said the News Editor. And he hung up the receiver. I've called up twice since, but they say I'm drunk. Every time I say 'Lions, tigers, elephants,' they hang up the receiver."

"I'll get on," said Manny.

He soon got through.

"Lions, tigers, elephants . . ." he began.

"Who's that?" he heard.

"Manny Parkins," he explained.

"What, are you drunk too?" said the News Editor. "What's all this about lions, tigers and elephants? You went out to find a train smash, not a Zoo."

"It's true," said Manny. "They've all escaped."

"You've escaped, haven't you?" said the News Editor. "Go and get some sleep."

"I tell you that lions and tigers have been running all round Salisbury Plain for hours," said Manny.

"Oh, we've heard enough of that," said the News Editor. "Come and see me in the morning. I don't want any more of you to-night. And in the morning, my boy, you'll be fired."

Manny went to bed. But Manny wasn't fired. Nowadays, he doesn't tell stories about rats or dogs and badgers. It's always lions, tigers, elephants—and news editors.

END

Books

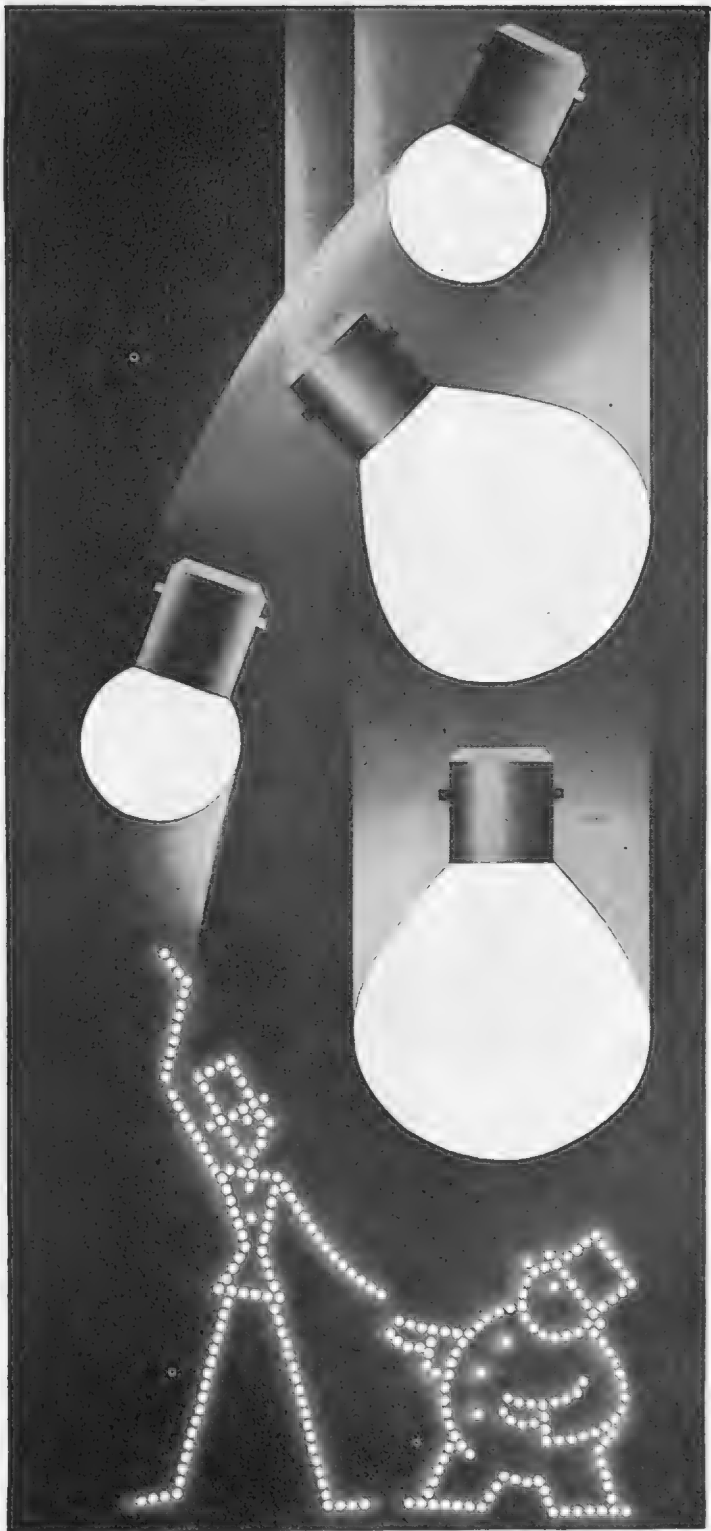
(*Continued from page* 39)

from detention in a common gaol amongst hardened criminals. Mr. Leslie-Melville, in addition to doing honour to a great Londoner, has written a very interesting account of life in the streets of the capital when George III was King. It seems to have been even more dangerous then than now.

The lorry and the motor bus, however, are genial tyrants compared with the leaders of Nazi Germany as portrayed in *Heil!* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). In this profoundly disquieting work are given biographical sketches of Hitler and his associates, compiled largely from their own written and spoken words. Our own politicians are regarded cynically by a fair proportion of the electorate, but if one accused even the most unpopular amongst them of the public and private turpitude ascribed to the Nazi chiefs, one would be ridiculed by any audience. If *Heil!* is to be believed, every one of the small band of men directing the government of Germany is the victim of drugs, perversion, hallucinations, sadistic yearnings or at the very least, as in the case of the Führer himself, hysteria and fanaticism, the result of a conviction of social inferiority. One may, one must, discount some of the findings of this record; but there is enough solid argument left to show that a huge area in the centre of Europe is now controlled by a group of snarling and irresponsible megalomaniacs. Those who deplore such alarmist and outspoken opinions should make a point of reading *Heil!*

From such a book, from such a world, it is now, mercifully, my task to turn to fiction. *Heaven's My Destination* (Longmans, 7s. 6d.) is the name of Mr. Thornton Wilder's new novel. Lucky Mr. Wilder, to have written one good and highly successful story! Unlucky Mr. Wilder, who will never be allowed to forget that he is the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* until, most improbably, he writes something better! It is greatly to his credit that he has never attempted to repeat the kind of success made by his best known book. But *Heaven's My Destination* achieves only a limited originality, in that, like all his novels, it is unlike its predecessors. Though not reminiscent of Mr. Wilder, it recalls at different times Cervantes, Maupassant, Sinclair Lewis and others. It is easy to read and, if not taken in long draughts, amusing. Some people may even please the author by finding in it a kind of sublimity. In short, it can be recommended. But it cannot be hailed, because the echoes roused by our shouting would repeat the title of that earlier volume.

Latter Howe, by Doreen Wallace (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is a very genuine piece of work—an unpretentious tale of sheep farming in Cumberland. There is rather too much description—an important point, since description of mountainous country is apt, like mountainous country itself, to dwarf human beings. But Miss Wallace writes with sympathy and patience of what she understands, and the result is a real book and not, as are so many novels, just a volume turned out because it is about time another volume was turned out. In *Private Worlds* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) Miss Phyllis Bottome has managed to tell a story which, though its scene is laid in a mental hospital, is neither gruesome nor depressing. In order to do this, she has to draw her characters a little bigger than life size—they are, I mean, rather quicker, more intelligent, more sensitive than people are wont to be. But her slight distortion is more than justified by results. This is an unusual and, in spite of patches of sadly undistinguished writing, a good novel.



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'Safety first' begins on your car, and the first step is a good driving light. Fit **OSRAM** headlight bulbs throughout. **OSRAM** bulbs are made to focus easily, and provide a steady brilliant beam on the darkest night. Park with reliable sidelights and rear light. Remember, too, that **OSRAM** bulbs help a flagging battery.

- HAVE YOU TRIED THE OSRAM CADMIUM YELLOW HEADLIGHT BULBS FOR ALL WEATHER DRIVING?

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MADE IN ENGLAND BY THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD., MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON W.C.2. MC6/12/100

Wright's Coal Tar Soap
BLUE SEAL

In this vital matter of health and beauty insist on Wright's, the *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal of Merit (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. The new, larger 6d tablet also comes in boxes of three at 1/6. Look for the maroon-and-yellow pack and the name

WRIGHT'S
coal tar SOAP

RIDING KIT
THAT WILL PLEASE YOU
PERFECT CUT STYLE & FINISH
HIGH-CLASS BUT LOW PRICE
BREECHES 21/-, 25/-, 30/-, 35/-, 40/- to 60/-
JACKET AND BREECHES FROM FOUR GUINEAS
ALL ACCESSORIES OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
IF UNABLE TO CALL AND INSPECT SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PATTERNS

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

Bedford Riding Breeches Co

(Dept.46), 19, New Quebec St.
LONDON, W.1
ONE MINUTE FROM MARBLE ARCH

Your Bedroom To-day

(*Continued from page* 60)

of the planning of the room. In many cases, it will be found that wardrobe and other accommodation has been built in.

It is not for me to stress the advantages or disadvantages of modern design. Modernism comes forward with the plea that utility is its first consideration; period furniture indicates plainly that its æsthetic side is of great importance.

IN order to present to you a method of examining design, I have chosen examples from England, the Continent and the United States.

If these are examined they will reveal clearly the tendency of modern design in the various countries. If they are compared, they will show certain differences, yet general characteristics are obvious.

The large, severely plain room is part of a New York apartment.

There are built-in fitments on either side of the bed, very simply carried out, yet most serviceable. Lighting effects just over divan-bed. Concealed radiators are by the windows and so treated as to make a window-seat. White walls, ceiling and furniture against a dark floor is the colour scheme. One wall patterned, the rest plain. Windows on two sides of the room.

The second photograph was taken in a Paris flat. Obviously, a woman's room.

In this the design is not only interesting, but regard the trick planning to secure effect. A small alcove has been converted into a boudoir-bedroom.

All the clothes are kept in the main living-room, of which you can see a portion at the top of the picture.

A snug, intimate feeling has been given to it by raising the floor, creating a break from the main room by a low wall projection and curtains that can draw right across.

The wall treatment, which is of loosely hanging draperies, also helps to the desired effect. The attractive mirror-fronted chest opens on to clever drawers, make up equipment on one side, lingerie on the other.

The third picture is of a bedroom in a week-end cottage in Czechoslovakia. This illustration can be classified as an example of the ultra-modern type of Continental work. The whole point here is a minimum of movable furniture.

The divan-couch arrangement is such, that there is ample room underneath this for linen and blankets to be placed when not required.

Built-in wardrobe accommodation is on either side and the curtains completely cover the windows.

Again the walls and ceiling are white.

On either side of the bed in the bottom picture are built-in cupboards. The switches not only control the light, but also the fire. There are sliding tables on either side and light is inset in the recess above the head.

END

Tarrbridge Balloons Ltd.

(*Continued from page* 37)

If you expressed surprise that a man of his substance should prefer the middle-class seclusion of a Hollywood apartment hotel to the brilliance of the Biltmore, Mr. Carrbridge quickly told you that he had had enough of that sort of thing. . . ."

Mr. Tarrbridge flung the magazine to the floor and stamped upon it.

"Grossly insulting!" he shrilled. "Every word of it a lie! I'll sue Meek! I'll sue the Continental! I'll show them they can't publish his filthy stuff in their rotten rag!"

He controlled himself sufficiently to pick up the magazine and read ferociously on to the end. . . . "Mr. Carrbridge contended that the race suffered from the benefits of civilization and in support of his contention he would offer you thrilling 'personal experiences' modestly but colourfully told. Mr. Carrbridge knew a good story when he read one. . . ."

Mr. Tarrbridge flung the magazine to the floor again and raged up and down the room, kicking or stamping upon the offensive thing every time he came near it.

"That devil, Meek!" he stuttered. "Where does he live? How did he get that dope? The liar! I'll choke it down his throat!" He stopped dead as his wife's name suddenly illuminated the dark torment of his mind. "Lila—she sent me that rag"—Lila who seldom read anything! It was clear to him now. Lila had met Meek and told him about her husband. Told him—lies!

"Lila!" Mr. Tarrbridge cried in anguish.

Seizing the magazine again he tore at it frantically with his plump white hands, but the tough pages resisted his strength. Something was the matter with him. The strength was oozing out of his leaky barrel of a body. He groped his way to the shabby wing chair by the window and dropped limply into it. Somehow he could not make Lila the target of his rage. His face sagged, he shut his eyes, a groan escaped from his lips. He felt as if he were turning over inside. His fury at Meek and the Continental began to ebb out of him.

Mr. Tarrbridge tried to pull himself together. He'd done nothing to be ashamed of. Meek had dipped his pen in lies. He'd make him pay—he'd flatten him out—it was no use. Mr. Tarrbridge had become a sieve for his emotions. He felt weak and ill and ashamed of himself. Tears streamed down his haggard cheeks and he covered his face.

"Lila," he moaned, "what a worthless fool I've been!"

The next morning Mr. Tarrbridge dressed himself with his usual scrupulous care, but his eyes were dull and tired, and he looked ten years older. A new and surprising firmness had gathered about his mouth, however. It seemed to add depth to the considerable breadth of Mr. Tarrbridge. The firmness of his expression was reflected in his step as he strode down to the boulevard leaving a trail of consternation behind him Jimmy Dolan was left with Mr. Tarrbridge's morning paper still in his extended hand and a hurt look in his young eyes, Mrs. Wimple was dazed into silence by the curtest of nods, and Tony Cleek almost swallowed his cigarette as his influential patron swept by without even looking at him.

Mr. Tarrbridge was just in time to catch the 9.15. Mr. Finley looked at him a trifle quizzically as they exchanged greetings, and Mr. Tarrbridge dropped heavily into the vacant seat at his side.

"Not feeling well?" he inquired.

"Winded." Mr. Tarrbridge's voice had lost its hearty ring. "I had to run for it."

Mr. Finley looked puzzled.

"I've got something to say to you," Mr. Tarrbridge began suddenly, not looking at the other.

"I'm glad to hear that," Mr. Finley answered uneasily. "You are always most interesting."

Mr. Tarrbridge shook his head. "No." He shut his eyes for an instant. "It isn't that. Finley, I'm a liar, a cheat!" he announced explosively. "I'm a bluff—a nobody—a nothing! And I'm the most wretched man on earth about it!"

"My dear sir!"

"It's the truth! I'll go crazy if I don't get it out of me. You are a—a sort of penitent bench, Finley. I'm penniless—I've been nowhere—seen nothing—done nothing! I'm the poorest kind of a nobody! All those yarns I told you—the adventure in Alaska—that narrow escape in the Amazon—the affair in Borneo—that scrap in the Belgian Congo—all lies, lies! Magazine stuff—read 'em all! And I'm a cad, Finley. I live on my wife's earnings. And I don't know what to do with myself for shame!"

(*Continued on page* 92)

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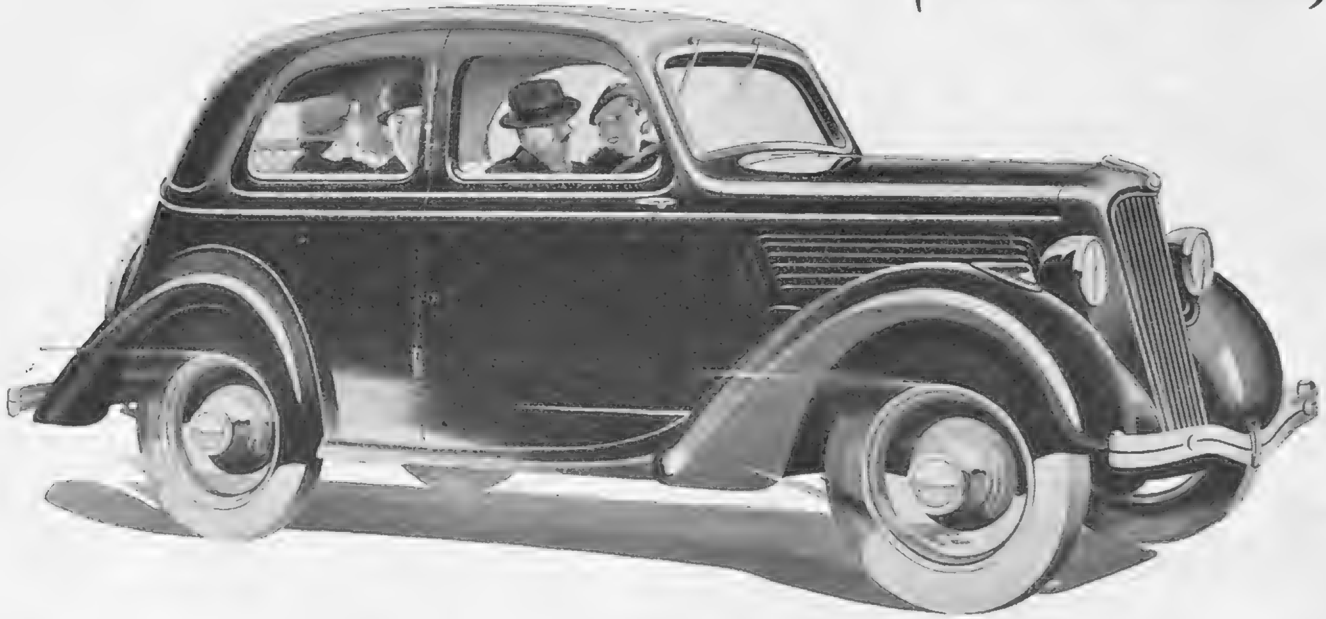

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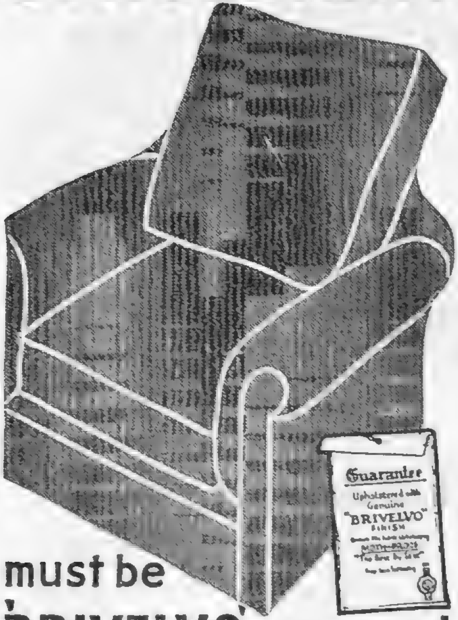

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Mr. Finley breathed deeply. "Why are you telling me this, Tarrbridge?"

"Because you are the one I have imposed upon most. You've listened to me and believed everything I've told you. I had to come to you to get right with myself. You'll despise me—I can't help it. I've been a balloon all my life and last night I was punctured."

Mr. Tarrbridge continued to avoid Mr. Finley's shrewd grey eyes. He seemed to become still older; and yet there was about him something of the little boy who has just found out there is no Santa Claus.

"What happened?"

"You read Harrison Meek, don't you? He has a sketch in this month's Continental. Of course I never met him. My wife sent me the magazine and at first I thought she had given him the material, but Lila wouldn't do a thing like that. However, it doesn't matter how he got it. The point is he put me under his microscope. Reading that sketch showed me what I am, and I thank him for it. I'd like to shake his hand. I'm getting on—over fifty—but if it's not too late I'm going to make a man of myself. I wanted you to know that, Finley."

A queer smile played around Mr. Finley's mouth. "Got anything in mind?" he inquired after a pause.

"Nothing, but I shall start looking this morning. I want to work up to a position in which I can make enough to support my wife out here. If you don't despise me too much I wish you'd keep me in mind."

"I will," Mr. Finley promised sincerely. "In fact, a friend of mine in the real estate business wants a man. Someone who can lecture at a new sub-division he is opening near Glendale. How'd you like that?"

"I'll try anything. Talk—I'm good at that," Mr. Tarrbridge said bitterly. "This is awfully decent of you, Finley." There were tears in his eyes.

"Don't mention it. I hope you get the job and make good." The next corner was Mr. Finley's and he got up to go. "Ericson is my friend's name—Frank Ericson. His office is in the Century Building. He's out of town to-day, but he'll be back to-morrow. I'll telephone him about you."

Mr. Finley paused as if something hung on the tip of his tongue and he could not make up his mind whether to drop it off or leave it there. Wisdom must have counselled silence, for he merely smiled in the friendliest way imaginable, wished Mr. Tarrbridge good-morning and proceeded down the waiting car.

WHEN Mr. Tarrbridge got home that evening after a disheartening day in town he was overjoyed to find a letter from Lila in his box. His fingers shook and his cheeks reddened and whitened like a newly-spanked baby as he tore the envelope open. The cheque tumbled into his hands—the amount was right. In the excess of his relief he crushed the pink slip between his plump fingers.

A two-dollar bill was also in the envelope. It appeared that Lila had written out the cheque and forgotten to mail it. The two-dollar bill was enclosed in case he should need money before he could get the cheque cashed. That was like Lila, Mr. Tarrbridge reflected benevolently. Otherwise, her letter was about as usual.

Had he got work yet? How much longer did he expect her to send him cheques. Did he want to come home for Christmas? Well, he might, if he were willing to do something. They had a new trimmer who talked too much. Did he sleep well? And so on . . .

Mr. Tarrbridge bounded up to his room exuding loving kindness at every pore. When he had rid himself of the day's accumulations of dust he sauntered forth to dinner which he enjoyed in the leisurely fashion he loved. His tip was adequate. After he had smoked a cigar and dozed through a movie on the boulevard he went to bed.

The next morning Mr. Tarrbridge was quite himself again. He arrived at the boulevard with his morning paper, his buttonhole, and his cigar, pleasantly stimulated by his contacts along the street. The 9.15 was approaching and he was about to step down into the road when he drew back, frowning.

Finley would be on the 9.15, and he distinctly remembered saying things to Finley. His frown deepened. Finley had always puzzled him. Just why he could not tell, although the man sometimes gave him the impression that he knew more than he pretended. But that was nonsense, likely enough. Finley was a second-rate sort of fellow . . . However, there was no reason why he should not take the 9.30 in future.

Mr. Tarrbridge sauntered on down the boulevard.

END

The Play-way of Learning

(*Continued from page* 40)

show any of the clumsiness that I have seen with many a grown-up.

WOOD-BLOCK letters teach the child first ideas of rough reading. At first they are used simply for building, and then he will want to know more about their use. It is a delight to form simple words.

In the same way, the first ideas of numbers can be formed by wood-block figures. These can also be bought cut into a jig-saw puzzle, so that the child can amuse himself fitting the numbers together correctly. From an educational point of view this is an improvement on the pictorial puzzle.

It would be easy to make a set of cards on which the numbers figure as spots, domino-wise. Have cards also on which the real figures are drawn.

Now interest the child in these, letting him place the figure "two" next to the card with two spots on it, the "three" beside the three-spotted one, and so on.

Here is a pleasant way of taking a first lesson in arithmetic.

The older child will delight in the many constructional toys which are in the shops to-day. He can build miniature telephones which work. He can make an electric torch, assemble a clock which goes, a camera or a spot-light, and a number of other fascinating things from their component parts supplied.

Do not let such toys be the monopoly of boys. Girls will love them too, and should benefit equally.

Chemistry sets, costing 7s. 6d. complete, allow endless experiment and the gaining of self-taught knowledge. There will certainly be smells and a litter somewhere, but the result will be worth that.

For we all know that what we learn for ourselves, by our own experience, is seldom forgotten. That is one of the greatest virtues of all educational toys. The child teaches himself, easily, pleasantly and unforgettably.

Without putting any strain on the children, play can be one of the most important things in their lives. So why not give them the very sensible things which experts have designed for the play hours?

END

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See announcement on page 102

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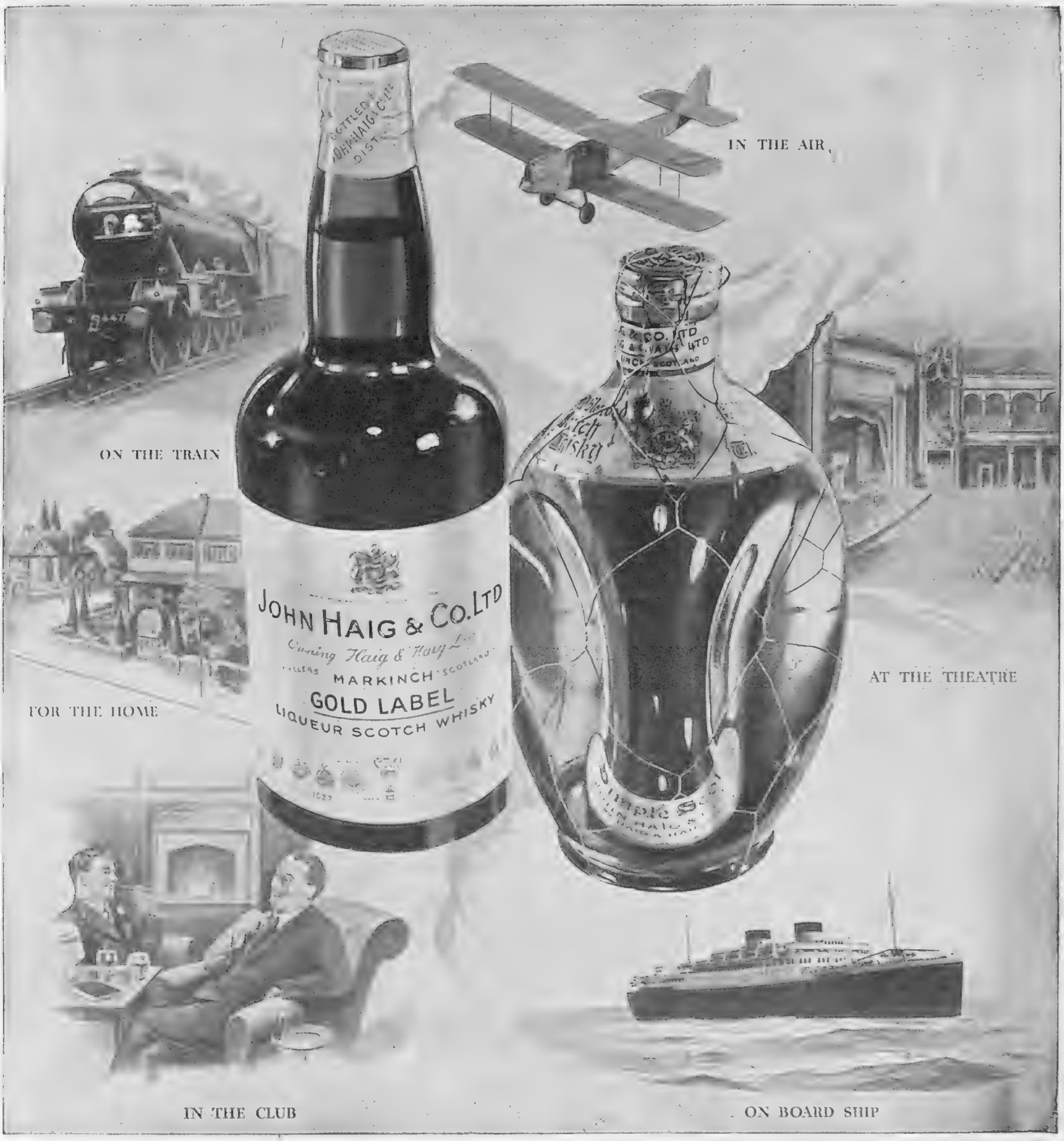
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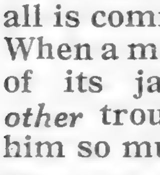

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Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN

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CONSTIPATION

416

Fishermen's War *in the* Northern Lights

(*Continued from page 29*)

Happily, however, going farther north often means better catches, for fish seem to prefer the colder waters of the Arctic than the temperate climate of the North Sea.

The latter grounds are rapidly being denuded of fish, so closely has it been covered both by drifters and trawlers. Every year trawlers are exploring new fishing grounds, and so far they have found them in the colder north.

At the moment the most northerly point to which British trawlers steam is Bear Island—only seven hundred miles from the North Pole.

Every day they set off from Hull with only a rough idea of their destination, and after the first trawl has been sampled and found wanting, off they steam for perhaps several hundreds of miles or so.

Whether it's among the ice off the freezing Murmansk coast or tossing about in a gale off the North Cape, they go, for their job is to get the fish, and it's no use returning to port with holds only half-full.

It's because of the camaraderie that exists among their crews that the life is bearable; they work together as a team and are solid behind the skipper. Skipper, mate, bo'sun, engineers, firemen and deck-hands, they rarely number more than twelve to fourteen men.

No one on board except the skipper is called by his rank. Everyone else is relegated to a friendly nickname or the handiest adaptation of his Christian name. It doesn't matter that the chief engineer is the presiding genius of the all-important engine-room, and the cook only "lord of the galley"; they are respectively just Bill and "Sniffy."

They pull each other's legs relentlessly, make bets on the possibilities of the trip's catch and work with a will that couldn't possibly result from anything other than that based on mutual good comradeship.

Two days out of Hull, when North Sea rollers were just lapping round the bows, they were chanting rude choruses in the fo'c'sle to the beat of the waves.

They were chanting the same choruses with the same cheerfulness when we reached the Norwegian coast and terrific seas were sweeping over the little boat, that threatened to engulf her.

Icy winds were sweeping over the decks and howling through the wire stays, then suddenly out of the mist the grim outlines of the Norwegian coast loomed up. Black, threatening and knife-like, it drops sheer into the sea as a natural fortification to the land of the Vikings.

Here is an unsympathetic coast against which vessels could be pounded to bits.

As we climbed up the saw-like coast, seas swept the trawler fore and aft and went swirling round the decks. Boiling cauldrons of foam flung themselves against the windows of the bridge, where I stood shivering and wondering, and retreated with a sinister sucking noise.

And incongruously enough the man at the wheel was calmly singing "The Isle of Capri."

To come from the bridge, where I was accommodated in the skipper's cabin, to the mess deck for a meal was, during this period, something of an adventure.

First of all I had to crawl down a vertical ladder; then grip a rope and watch the sea subsiding from the deck before I negotiated the distance that separated me from the entrance to the mess deck. Then I had to race the next wave!

But the crew achieved this feat with the calm facility of a City man entering a tube train. And they mostly whistled all the time.

That cheerful spirit characterised their whole day, whether it was a seaman taking his turn at the wheel, or a fireman staggering about in the narrow and hot atmosphere of the engine-room, or the squat little cook making gallant attempts to turn out a "duff," though he chased the currants and flour round the table half the time.

And I thought of the hundreds of people with glum faces entering London tube stations, who would sally forth at luncheon to eat a comfortable portion of *cod au gratin* without a thought of the initial work that went to make that tasty dish.

Unostentatious Arctic adventurers who laughed at their job! They endured all this to bring back cod, haddock, plaice and other fish to the now distant Britain.

The fourth day out a blinding snowfall began. This was the first time I saw the crew express apprehension. Heavy snow and fog are their worst enemies. Most skippers would sooner fight the most terrific gale, for it's usually only a matter of cool nerves and skilful navigation to come out of it.

And trawlers are built to stand heavy weather.

But with heavy snow and fog visibility becomes seriously impaired, and trawlers have often to heave-to and wait. Otherwise they risk being piled up against the knife-like points of the Norwegian coast.

And heaving-to means loss of time, which is a serious business with a trawler on a time schedule. To make them pay, trawlers have to complete their journey and return with holds full of fish within a specified time. And generally they are as punctual as a transatlantic liner.

Every one of the crew does his best to see that this is brought about. Each member of them gets a percentage on the catch, with the exception of the wireless operator, who is specially employed by the Marconi Company.

WE had to crawl along the Norwegian coast with eager eyes peering from the bridge, trying to pierce the woolly mist.

Soon the direction-finding apparatus in the wireless room had to be brought into work, and another marvel of science directed the tiny boat warily through the snow.

Happily the snow fell away to a mere sprinkling of flakes after twenty-four hours, and the heaven-sent refuge of the Vestfjord hove in sight.

This fjord is over a hundred miles broad at the mouth and gradually narrows to river width at its most northerly point. It takes a day and a half to traverse and forms a wonderful natural refuge from the tossing seas outside.

Soon the water grew comparatively calm, and huge snow-clad mountains rose on either side of the ship. Rising sheer out of the sea, they looked lonely and desolate, with scarcely a human habitation for miles.

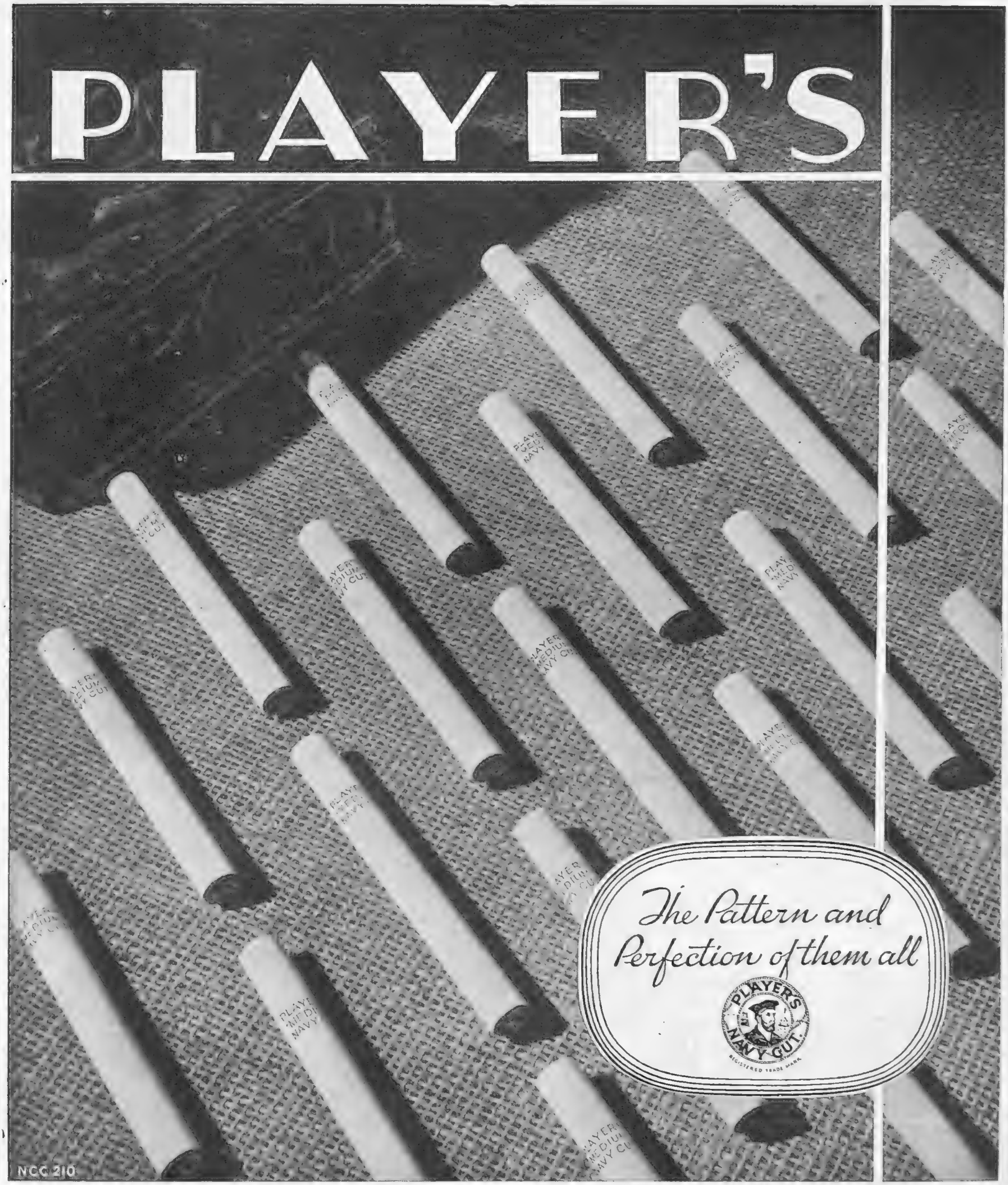
Now and then we could see little wooden houses perched on a mountain-side, with small plots of land between the endless limits of rock. Out of touch with all means of communication, for railways and roads would be impossible in this region, these people live by frugal farming in the summer, and in the winter put out to sea in small boats to fish.

They are as hardy as their ancestors the Vikings, and from them are bred the men who pilot Arctic and Antarctic expeditions on their perilous voyages to the poles. Fiercely primitive in their method of living, which has altered little in hundreds of years, they guard their coast jealously as the heritage of their ancestors.

Northern Norway as a whole is an agricultural and fishing community. People are born and bred in these two simplest and oldest of callings. And mostly they have to scratch a rocky, dry earth for a living, for of the whole area of the country only three per cent. is arable land.

By the time we reached Tromso, bright afternoons had been

(*Continued on page 96*)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replaced by the Arctic dusk and we saw no daylight before ten o'clock in the morning. This queer little city—the most northerly in the world—is known to the trawlermen as the "Clapham Junction of the Arctic."

Here it is that skippers meet for a few hours on their outward journey to get the "low down" on the latest catches outside the fjords. For fish are the most changeable creatures in the world. Banks that will be full of fish on one journey will be completely uninhabited by the keepers of the deep on another.

But by some uncanny method known only to themselves trawlermen seek them out. If you asked them how they do it they could not tell you. It's just the fisherman's instinct.

THERE was eighteen inches of snow on the ground at Tromso and the only traffic noise to be heard was the tinkling of the sleigh bells round the horses' necks. Children of eight and nine years sped through the streets on scooters with skis affixed instead of wheels. Mothers also wheeled their children on perambulators fitted in the same manner.

This historic little city is the jumping-off place for most Arctic expeditions. Many a tragic expedition has had their last sight of civilisation over the snow-clad roofs of Tromso.

Situated in a valley, through which runs the fjord, huge snowy peaks climb all round the city and protect it from the raw winds that come sweeping in from the Arctic. As it is built on a slope, walking through the streets is sometimes impossible without the use of snow shoes.

Wooden houses abound, for bricks and mortar would be poor protection against the biting cold. Peculiarly enough, although the air there is the healthiest in the world, a great deal of consumption exists, for people generally keep their windows tightly closed throughout the long winter.

Fishing and maritime interests permeate the place, and even in the churches fishes are portrayed beneath sacred pictures on the walls.

I snatched the opportunity during our short stay to visit the graves of the crew of the trawler "Golden Deeps," which was lost two years ago in a gale off the coast. Here, on a desolate mountainside, a series of little wooden crosses mark the last resting-place of a gallant trawler crew, whom the Arctic claimed.

Only one body was not recovered, and even to-day the little grave lies waiting ready for the bones that may some day be washed up by the sea.

Slipping out of Tromso, we had another eighteen hours in the calm waters of the fjord, then the green Arctic enclosed us.

This time we were luckier with weather, the little boat just rising to a long oily swell. Daylight had now dropped away to a mere two hours' dusk at midday; the rest of the twenty-four hours was pitch-black night.

It was bright starlight as we rounded the North Cape. Standing bold, black and threatening out of the dark green Arctic, this—Europe's most northerly point—is a lonely, desolate-looking rock, that rises like a knife-edge from the sea.

NOW and then the starlit night was scarred by vivid patches of green, as the Aurora Borealis poured forth its pageant of colour. First a jagged greenish light, as if the moon was somewhere scudding between clouds and afraid to show itself; then the tail broadened and threw out orange jets, which changed to mauve, blue and yellow, as each jet continued its devious course and finally merged into a pale orange tint and disappeared.

This peculiar phenomenon of the skies is seen by those living in the Arctic Circle during the winter months, after the midnight sun has retired for its long sleep.

Off the Finmark coast we tried our first trawl, but a gale interrupted the work. We started at three o'clock in the afternoon, but it might have been midnight for all the light we had. The two big arc lamps, fore and aft, were lighted and flooded the decks in a ghostly artificial glow.

Then the lighted buoy was lowered into the water to indicate to other vessels where our trawl was working and prevent fouling by any crossing our track. With a grinding of winches the trawl was lowered into the water and the first part of the work began.

After the trawl had sunk deep the boat steadied up to the sea. Despite the long rollers we were hardly affected, as the trawl, scraping the sea bottom, a hundred fathoms below, acted as a kind of anchor.

For four hours we drifted round the buoy; then the trawl was hauled in and a silvery sheen of fish was released on to the deck. Wriggling and flashing in the artificial light, they fell in a heap into the small box-like compartments laid out on the deck.

The crew, wearing fur caps and thick coats to guard against the intense cold, moved amongst them and with half-frozen hands started to gut and prepare the catch. As the fish were gutted, they were stowed away in ice and lowered into the hold.

Only half the catch had been stowed away before a gale started. Now that the trawl was in, the rollers started to lift us out of the water and throw us into the trough of the next wave like a cork. Staggering about on the heaving decks, the crew worked like trojans, gutting, packing and icing.

It was then I witnessed the really excellent team work of a trawler crew. For over twelve hours in the biting cold they worked without a break and that interval, I learned, must often be extended to thirty hours, in order that a catch may be stowed away before a gale gets its real force.

Another three days' steaming through mountainous seas before we could venture to trawl again. We were now between the island of Novaya Zemlya and the North Russian Coast. This time the catches were excellent.

Everyone from the cook to the skipper took his sleep only in snatches of two hours, while the decks were constantly lined with fish. All sorts of queer things came up in the trawl, bits of coral, queer fungus-like growths, and pieces of shells.

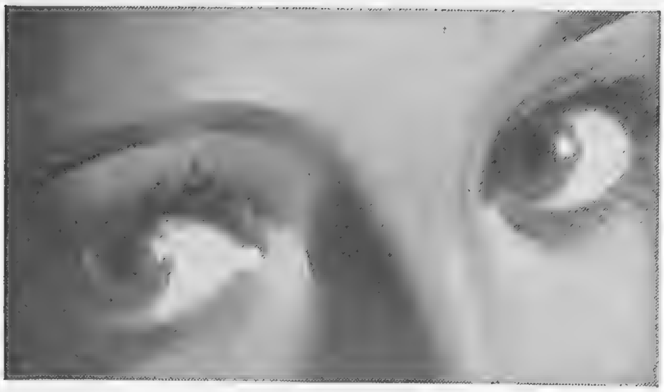
The stench of fish and the rollers kept me from the decks, and I stayed on the bridge with the skipper. He was a great mountain of a man over six feet tall and with arms like a gorilla.

Known in the Arctic sport and throughout Hull as "Big Chris," he was popular with everyone. Born to the sea, he knows every nook and cranny of the Norwegian coast, the North Russian coast, Iceland and Bear Island.

Puffing his short, stubby pipe and peering through the spray-stained windows of the bridge, he navigated his ship and meanwhile directed the preparation and stowing of the catch. Here was none of the iron discipline for which the sea is noted, but a benevolent command, from the sheer strength of personality. His crew sailed with him because they wanted to—not because they had to. Sam, his bos'n, who has been fifty-seven years at sea and known the Arctic in the days of sail, could have gone for his master's ticket years ago. But he preferred to sail with "Big Chris" rather than command a trawler of his own.

Even the stocky little cook, who had fallen from the navigation side to the galley, was his loyal supporter. The cook had been a bos'n to "Big Chris" until ill-health got him and the Board of Trade refused to pass him for work on the bridge any more. But once a trawlerman, always a trawlerman. He came back to trawlers as cook, and in trawlers he'll stay until he dies. That's the trawler spirit.

When we finally hauled in the trawl and started off for home cheering news came over the wireless from Hull. The price of fish was good, and if we *(Continued on page 98)*



Tell-tale eyes

Look round in any city street and you will find them—women whose eyes betray their age. Complexions may be satin-smooth, the face and neck innocent of wrinkles, but dull lack-lustre eyes give away the secret without mercy and without remorse.

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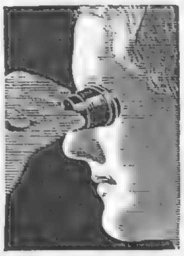

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K.10.

Fishermen's War in the Northern Lights

could make the port before the market dropped, the catch would sell well.

So at our full speed of twelve knots an hour we ploughed our way through the sea again and except for one bad blow in the North sea, we enjoyed fairly good weather.

We arrived back in Hull only a few hours behind our schedule and the fish which took us five days trawling and twenty-one days steaming to catch, was sold at the dockside in barely two hours. I saw it repacked and starting off by train for the midland markets and down to Billingsgate.

Grey Fox Goes Back

(*Continued from page 27*)

He went. She was his mate: his first. Only a screech owl saw them cross the shingle where straggling lines of brown, dishevelled reeds fringed the lake-head shore. Day lightened from a slag-grey sky as they wormed their way into the mass of rock and shale that was to be their home. The "borran" ran far underground, and Grey Fox, accustomed to the open freedom of his lair, sniffed suspiciously as he followed the vixen through the tortuous ways. Yet he was satisfied to be with her, and in the ensuing days and nights found life more easy than before. Fur and feather lay almost at his door; so he and his mate fed well.

There was little to alarm them in their new retreat. Once, indeed, they crouched and cowered in the darkness. That was in the early days of March. For some time past there had been sundry furtive shufflings in the gullies as the loosening snow-packs slid from off the overhanging rocks, while tinkling percolations gave promise of a girgling, brothy flood when the thaw began in earnest. And then one glowing afternoon, as the flaming bronze of the setting sun bathed high-flung peaks with burnished radiances, there came a roar, a rumble, a tearing, flaming crash, and all the fell about the "borran" shook and trembled. In one annihilating rush a jagged tongue of treacherous, ore-seamed rock slid downward from the mountain lip and dropped, precipitous—a red and ruthless bulk—upon the steeply sloping bed of scree below. The whole mass shivered and began to slide. It gathered swift momentum, the while great boulders leapt and thudded, crashed and smashed in awful violence. A pillar of dust and smoke in which the fire flashed rose up to fill the air with sulphurous fumes; the valley throbbed with thunderous reverberations that echoed and were amplified from crag to crag; some startled peregrine falcons flew from hidden eyries in adjacent gullies and cried their fear in shrill and piercing tones; and the chill waters of the lake received the hurtling avalanche and seethed to waves that beat upon the farthest shore. . . .

Slowly the crashing died away in muffled rumblings that rose and fell, grew loud again and sank to muttered growls; the hovering dust-cloud paled and thinned; only the hawks screamed high above the tossing, foam-flecked lake.

IT is given to few to see the awesome wonder of a rock-slide in the springtime thaws, but in a sheep-fold a mile away a boy watched wide-eyed from behind a dry-built wall. Michael Fletcher was on his way to seek the "borran," for Dick the shepherd, who was his friend, had told him of a great grey fox that roamed the moor; and as he had never seen a grizzle-coat, save in a glass case in the shepherd's cottage, he hoped to find the lair. Like Grey Fox himself, Michael was long and lanky, long in the limb, long in the body. His dark eyes looked out from beneath darker protruding brows that gave him a heavy, lowering mien, swiftly lightened when his shy and fugitive smile broke across his face. His gait was somewhat loose—"gangling" the gamekeeper called it when he saw him crossing the moss-grown rides of woods and coverts to seek the hiding-places of birds and beasts.

His hands were wonderful—long, sinewy, strong and very sensitive. He knew how to use them. Two cobbler's knives, old and very sharp, were his most treasured possessions, and that not solely because they had belonged to the father he had never known. With them and a block of wood he spent long hours, till from under his cunning fingers there grew models and presentments of many a wild creature; and the widow-woman, whose only child he was, shared with him the secret hope that one day he would go away and make a name for himself and a fortune for his mother in that great, unknown world where Art was recognised and, so they believed, handsomely rewarded.

The rock-slide was a fortunate happening for Michael. Doubly so. Never before in the years he had lived in the dale had he seen such a sight; and it served to keep Grey Fox and the vixen in the deep of their lair long after they were accustomed to go forth to prowl the mountain side for grouse or plover, beetles, frogs and pipits ere descending to the little stone-walled pastures when the lustrous skirts of eventide trailed softly through the dale.

With the passing of the rolling reverberations, Michael left the sheep-fold and climbed the track to the moor. He had a shrewd idea that the Borran of the Echo was where he would find the fox he sought. It lay among a clutter of boulders at the foot of a breakneck crag that thrust itself from the upflung pinnacle of the highest mountain peak. He had christened it one summer day years before when, in the joyous ecstasy of glorious loneliness, he had yelled and yodelled from its rocks and heard his cries flung back across the empurpled sea of heather and the peat-brown water of the tarn.

He went up swiftly, paying little heed to vain cock grouse that struttingly displayed their glossy dark brown plumage and handsome bright red combs before adoring hens. Here and there he saw stretches where the snow had been raked aside to lay bare the turf and heather: that was the keeper's work, so that the birds might scratch and feed. Corn stooks, also, stood like drunken sentinels across the moor, and now and again Michael watched old and greedy cocks drive off the younger birds and settle down to gorge themselves with grain.

Long slanting rays were still touching the crest of Hartbarrow on the other side of the valley when he came abreast the "borran." He had taken care to veer to leeward so that no breath of human taint should be wafted to the den, and now he crept forward, fearful lest in the swiftly fading light the fox should steal away unseen. He had not gone far when something stirred in the shadows cast by the overhanging rocks above the darker blot of the entrance. The boy lay still and watched.

A fox stood in the dusky gloom and stretched itself; he saw its teeth gleam white as it yawned. Next moment it was in the open, sniffing the breeze that barely stirred a wisp of bog grass between the watcher and the watched; and Michael was disappointed, for the thing he had come so far to see was but a common red fox of the mountains after all. Yet even so the grace and beauty of the creature held his gaze, so that he failed to see a second emerge from the darkness of the den. It was only when the first one turned and sprang aside that he became conscious of a big grey figure that rolled playfully before its mate.

Almost every evening Grey Fox thus indulged in foolish little antics with the vixen ere setting out on the more serious business of satisfying hunger; for they were both young, living in a land of plenty and unharassed by hounds or other enemies. To-night was no exception to the rule, though the rock-slide had made the vixen nervous, so that when her mate had rolled her over once or twice she snarled to show she had had enough, and slunk off in the direction of the tarn. Grey Fox scratched a pointed ear and then loped down the fell to where the stooks were just discernible. For a little while longer the boy lay hidden in the hope they would return, but with the passing of the light the air grew bitter and he had to go, determined to return from time to time and gain a fuller knowledge of this greyhound of the fells.

This he did in the days that followed, and had the satisfaction of seeing Grey Fox leave the " borran " towards the end of the month and make his lair among the heather lower down the slope. He may have gone of his own accord ; it is much more likely the vixen drove him forth ; for as Michael was watching one moonlight night he saw Grey Fox trot up to the " borran," a rabbit in his jaws, and drop it down just inside the entrance. The vixen picked it up and retreated into the darkness of the den, and though her mate stood and whined and peered inside, he did not dare enter. He waited awhile, but the vixen never showed her muzzle, so he turned and went down the fell, and the boy saw him no more that night.

APRIL came and went before the cubs first showed themselves ; and that only for fleeting moments within the shadows. There were four of them, and in those early days Grey Fox worked hard, often roaming the mountain side in broad daylight to find food for himself and the vixen, on whom the demands of the youngsters were heavy and insistent. Fortunately field voles and rabbits abounded. It was at this time that the boy saw Grey Fox track and find the sealed-up holes in which the mother rabbits hide their litters. He had known that badgers scented out these cosy nests and dug down to devour the helpless young, but never before had he seen a fox do so. Yet one grey gloaming Grey Fox loomed suddenly before him as he was waiting near a spot where the neatly padded-down earth bespoke a rabbit's nest of young.

Just what the fox did at first Michael could not see ; but soon he began to dig frantically from above, flinging the soil behind him and to one side, and then he thrust his pointed muzzle in the hole and dragged forth a tiny, naked creature. Again he did the same, and with his victims in his mouth he turned and hurried in the direction of the " borran." The boy did not move. As he anticipated, Grey Fox returned. Again he made off with a mouthful, and it was not till the third visit that he satisfied his own hunger and drifted away in the deepening shadows.

There came an afternoon when Dick the shepherd, busy in the lower pastures with the little Herdwick ewes and their black-faced lambs, greeted the boy by pointing to a tall retreating figure making for the hamlet at the foot of the Pass.

" Keeper's been up on t' moor and says as foxes is worritin' all his birds."

The boy laughed.

" The cubs had grouse for supper the last time I was up," he said. " I saw them fighting over a wing at the mouth of the den."

" He says he'll have 'em—cubs and all," warned the old man.

" I hope not. There are plenty of birds, and they're nesting well."

" Aye. But Keeper's never satisfied ; and foxes is always vermin."

The shepherd's words were with Michael as he trod the thrusting bracken fronds and heard the watchful cocks bidding him " go-back ! go-back ! go-back ! " There also came to him, most clear and beautiful, most sweetly mournful, the whistle of a curlew that sailed unseen behind the shoulder of a neighbouring height ; and though the day was full of charm as down the long savannahs of the sky there drifted rose-pink petals from the gold and silver censers of the clouds, yet in it all the boy sensed sadness.

He had not gone far when from the heather high above a grouse shot up with loud and startled cry. At once he dropped behind a rock. Something was on the prowl, and he suspected Grey Fox, foraging thus early. He was right. As he scanned the spot whence the

(Continued on page 100)

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"FAREWELL TO AGE"

bird had risen with noisy protestation, he saw a dim form slink in and out among the scattered tufts and boulders. It was Grey Fox cautiously picking his way down the slope, now stopping to taste the air, now moving delicately, nose to ground, as he trailed some venturing vole. Once he pounced swiftly, and the watcher had no doubt a tasty morsel went to whet his appetite.

He came on slowly, most obviously suspicious, yet ever making for those grass-grown slopes where conies played and fed and had their burrows. The taint of Man was all about the moor, and though a dead cock grouse lay temptingly by a clump of fragrant sweet gale, he gave it a wide berth, for he feared a trap. He had not travelled far when something frightened him. The boy saw him wheel swiftly and vanish; it was as though the earth had opened and swallowed him, and the watcher was given not the slightest indication as to where he had gone, or why. A night and a day and yet another night were to come and go before an explanation was to hand in the person of an angry but determined man.

When the shepherd and the boy saw the keeper move up the dale in the direction of the pass that first evening, they were wrong in thinking he was going to the hamlet. He was making a lengthy detour in order to reach a vantage point well above the Borran of the Echo. He had discovered the den of the foxes, though this was information he did not tender the shepherd. Neither did he say he had set traps here and there and baited them with subtle baits, such as a plump wood pigeon, a half-grown leveret, a cock grouse, a cat. In the last instance he had added to his subtlety by sprinkling a certain liquid about the spot; but so far all had failed, partly because of the clinging human scent which still remained, partly because Grey Fox and the vixen were most cunning. It was not until Michael found him making a causeway of turves into the tarn that the keeper gave some indication of the war he was waging.

For a while the boy stood and listened as the man anathematised the foxes for the toll they were taking of sitting birds and chicks. But he was much more interested in watching what was being done. As the track was built a space was left in the centre, and instinctively he knew a trap would be placed there. It was: a wicked-looking, strong-jawed steel affair that snapped viciously as the keeper tried it with a lump of peat dropped upon the plate. With infinite care it was arranged and covered, and then, at the far end of the tiny promontory, there was placed the carcase of a young and tender rabbit.

Any animal anxious to secure the bait could approach only by the causeway in the midst of which lay the hidden trap. And as though this were not enough, the keeper broke the law, for in the rabbit was sufficient strychnine to poison every fox in the valley—and every dog, too. But no one knew this save the keeper, most dour and secretive in all his ways.

With seeming unconcern, the boy asked where the foxes had their earth. The answer came most unexpected.

"'Twas in that borran over against t' big crag yonder," said the keeper, indicating the Borran of the Echo. "I lay up there till past daybreak two—three—nights gone, hoping to get t' vixen or her mate. Never a sight did I see; and now they won't go near t' spot. When they took t' cubs away beats me. But I'll find the thieving devils!"

He did. Just how it came about the boy could never learn. He was not always on the mountain to taint the ground about the traps with that allusive scent of Man which ever serves to warn the Wild; neither could he trail the keeper on his constant rounds. It was Dick who told him that the cubs had gone. The keeper and his underlings had found the new retreat; where it was he did not know. What he did know was that that very day they had bolted the youngsters with terriers and taken them alive, to sell, most likely, to some Master of Foxhounds in the Shires.

"And the old ones?" asked the boy.

"For all I know they're still alive. I heard a shot afore I met Keeper with his bag. He said he'd missed. He hasn't seen Grey Fox."

Sad was the boy as he climbed the fell. Only the night before he had watched the furry youngsters play and fight and gambol in the moonlight. They had a grisly toy, a rabbit's skull from which the fur still hung in rags and tatters, and this they rolled and chased and growled over. And then they left the thing and raced each other to a distant tuft and back, or stopped to chase their tiny tails that scarcely merited the name of "brush" as yet. All this the boy remembered as he pressed upward, hurriedly, anxiously, though he knew full well there was little he could do.

It was that magic hour of the night's abeyance when light and dark are neither here nor there, though Earth is full of throbbing expectation. The slow recession of the sunset filled the vale with pearl and violet haze, and when at length the dusk grew deep and in the liquid sky the first pale stars appeared, a chill wind touched the boy and passed across the bracken. He shivered: and in that moment the crack of a well-choked barrel rent the air. The neighbouring crags took up the sound and flung it back and forth with varying intensity till the last weak echo died away—a sob, a sigh.

Michael ran forward. He had seen no flash and knew not whence the shot was fired; but as he went the acrid tang of powder reached his nostrils. He found the keeper by the tarn, the vixen in his hands.

"A bit of luck!" gloated the man. "I saw her on the skyline. She ran as far as this afore she dropped. I've half a mind—" He stopped. "No. I'll get him another way."

"Who?" asked the boy.

"Her mate. This is a vixen—a ring-streaked vixen," he explained, showing the brush with its dark, circular markings. "If she hadn't been I'd ha' buried her up here and waited for t' dog to come—as he would. But I promised t' missus a ring-streaked fox for her birthday."

FROM somewhere among the crags a fox howled piteously. The keeper stooped to recover his gun. The howling grew fainter in the distance.

Michael knew it was Grey Fox keening his mate as he returned to his former lair on the rocky face of Hartbarrow.

Cucina Italiana

(Continued from page 71)

layer of tomatoes cut into pieces and small pieces of fennel. This root is cleaned and used like celery.

Add salt and pepper and cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes; remove the fish and keep hot. Add to the vegetables a glass of Marsala wine and simmer until the liquid has evaporated by half. Put the fish into a clean, hot serving dish and pour the sauce over them through a fine strainer.

MAKE some paste for short crust, roll it out very thinly and line a mould or well-greased cake-tin with it. Meanwhile prepare the following mixture:—

Neapolitan Mould

Four apples, peeled, cored, cooked in very little water and mashed to a pulp. A handful of seedless raisins, half that quantity of sweet almonds chopped, and chopped candied peel. Mix well, sweeten with brown sugar, moisten with a little rum and put in a saucepan to get thoroughly hot.

The pastry is cooked by itself and when done filled with the mixture. Turn out on to a serving dish and serve very hot.

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Just Africa!

(Continued from page 55)

I took a look at Goreynd with a view to finding out if he were drunk. I thought that he must be, for no white man, however degraded, will stand by and do nothing while a fellow white is being attacked by natives.

The trader was lolling beside the Asase Waru looking wholly unconcerned. He had hitched his dirty flannel trousers half-way up his shins; his sandals flapped loosely from his heels; and his topee had slipped on to the back of his head.

"Untie us at once," Money said to Goreynd. "You'll make things worse for yourself if you don't. Do you hear what I say, or are you too drunk to understand anything?"

"I understand," said Goreynd; "why should I untie you?"

Money looked at me significantly. I remembered he had said he thought the trader had gone mad through being left out in the bush so long. Somehow I did not myself think that Goreynd was mad; he was odd, perhaps, but he knew perfectly well what he was doing. His red-lidded eyes looked levelly first at Money and then myself.

"You realise that you will be tried and imprisoned for this," Money said. "You are a white man and you are sitting there doing nothing by the side of a native chief who has allowed us to be attacked. You had better stop this nonsense for your own sake. You'll get ten years in quod in Accra if I report you. I am speaking to you officially as a District Commissioner. Pull yourself together, man; I don't want to get you into trouble. You were tight last night and I dare say you are half-tight now."

Goreynd shifted his position; he leaned forward, hitching his hands round one scraggy knee:

"I was not drunk last night and I am not drunk to-day. You think that I am drunk because you are a District Commissioner and anybody who does not at once do what a District Commissioner says must be either mad or drunk." He bent down, picked up a sandal that had fallen, and put it on his foot.

"I must be going now. Before I leave I will tell you what is going to happen to you. You asked me yesterday about a fetish house that had been closed up with brushwood. I think that you guessed the reason for that. You were right. They had been having a sacrifice at Obogo—a human sacrifice. It has been the custom for two thousand years and will always be the custom whatever white men do. The same thing is going to happen to yourselves."

"We are going to be killed?" Money said.

I immensely admired the cool way he asked.

"Yes; and eaten," said Mr. Goreynd complacently.

WE were taken to a native hut, where we spent the remainder of the day lying on our sides on the floor; this was the only position we could lie in, on account of the way we were tied.

Poor Money was quite apologetic. "I ought not to have brought you out with me," he kept saying. "It is the millionth chance. Africa is so well controlled to-day that a white man can go anywhere without the slightest fear of trouble from the natives. These fellows here would never have dared touch us in the ordinary way. It just happens that a renegade white trader has been living among them for years and thoroughly poisoned their minds. Most natives will attack white men if another white man leads them."

"You knew they were cannibals?" I said.

"Yes, I knew that. That was what I was sent out here to put a stop to. I did not know about Goreynd. Nobody did."

"It explains why we both thought he was mad."

"He is mad on that one subject; in every other way he is as sane as you or I."

"There is no chance that they will hear what has happened at Kumasi, I suppose?"

"They will hear. Everything that happens in Africa gets known sooner or later. But nothing will be known in time to be of any use to us. Kumasi is a hundred miles from here."

"When will the festivities begin?"

"They will start the preliminaries as soon as the moon gets up; the ceremony will go on all night and we shall be finished off tomorrow; that is what usually happens."

"You have seen these fiestas before?"

"I came upon one once up on the Ivory Coast border. Of course I stopped it at once and the Chief was tried and hanged for murder. I don't believe these fellows will go through with this. When it comes to the point they won't dare to. The Asase Waru knows who I am."

"Will that prevent him?"

"It ought to. It is a pretty serious offence for a Paramount Chief to eat a District Commissioner."

I felt a wild desire to laugh. Never once since we left Kumasi had Money forgotten the dignity of his rank, or allowed anyone who came in contact with him to forget it. Now the full measure of the value of his position was to be put to the test. Would a Paramount Chief dare eat a District Commissioner? I was afraid myself that the Asase Waru would consider all men equal in the kitchen.

"I wonder what they did to my orderly?" Money asked. "You didn't notice what happened to him, did you?"

"I didn't; he may have run away."

"I dare say he did. I am surprised. Those Fura Furas will generally stick by their white masters through anything. One went for a lion once that had knocked a Commissioner over; he tackled the brute with his hands."

"Your orderly couldn't have saved us; there were too many of them."

"He might have put up a show. Our boys won't do anything; they're far too frightened. Well, I think I'll send word to Goreynd now. He is the last chance we have got. If I can only make him understand what he is doing he may put a stop to the whole business."

Just then the drums started. The sound made by drums in an African forest is unlike any other sound. At the best of times the insistent monotonous beating will fray the nerves of white men. It can be imagined what the effect was upon us. We lay for another hour listening to these drums. Then Goreynd arrived. He was wearing the same dirty flannel

(Continued on page 104)

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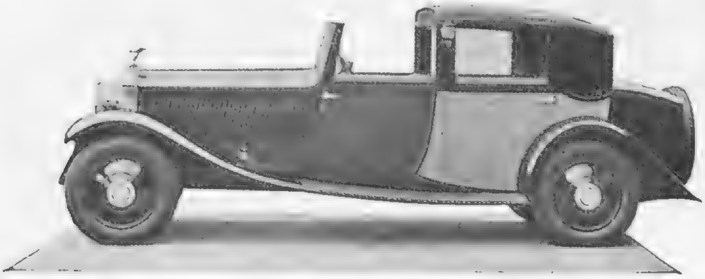

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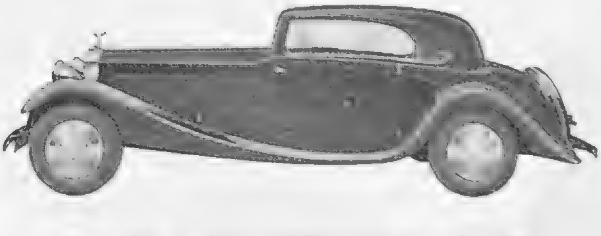

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trousers and sandals and was naked above the waist as usual.

"I hope you will excuse me for coming without my coat. It is rather hot to-night, and will be hotter still when they get the fire going." Mr. Goreynd looked out of the door of the hut towards the clearing. "Lazy lot of scabs," he said, half to himself. "I told 'em to have everything ready before it was dark; they haven't even started to collect wood." Goreynd took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. I recognised the cigarettes as my own. He had been up looting the bungalow.

"Has it occurred to you that you will be hanged for this? You are just a common murderer," Money said.

"Hardly 'common'? There aren't many white cannibals, I believe." Mr. Goreynd looked complacently from Money to myself. "I have to thank you gentlemen for enabling me to complete my life's work. I have been studying cannibalism for fifteen years. I first became interested when I finally decided to abandon my career as a missionary. I daresay you will think it is an extraordinary subject to take up. To me it does not seem so. After all, cannibalism is one of the oldest cults in the world—perhaps the oldest. There are no records of the first cannibal. In spite of persecution, oppression, executions, the burning of villages, and the wiping out of entire tribes, the faith has persisted until the present day. For cannibalism is a faith. No one can deny that. It is as much a faith as Roman Catholicism, the Protestant Church, Mohammedanism, or the worship of Buddha. Those who practise cannibalism do not eat their fellow men because they are hungry. There is plenty of meat in the forests of Africa; they eat them because they believe that certain of the virtues of the bodies of those they eat will pass into their own bodies. I trust I am not boring you, gentlemen."

"Not in the least," Money said acidly.

"In your case," Mr. Goreynd continued, "a happy chance has provided me with the opportunity of completing my investigations. A real cannibal—a proper one—eats the men of his own race. I have never been able to do that. After to-morrow," the trader raised his eyes to the roof of the hut, "I shall know many things I have never known before."

"He is stark, staring mad," Money said to me.

I lifted my hand, signing to Money to keep quiet. I was watching Goreynd's face. I did not believe he was mad.

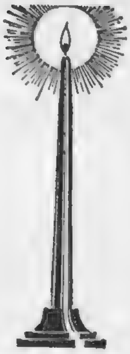
"It is murder and that is all there is to it," Money said. "You'll find that out precious soon when a punitive column comes up. They'll catch you wherever you go."

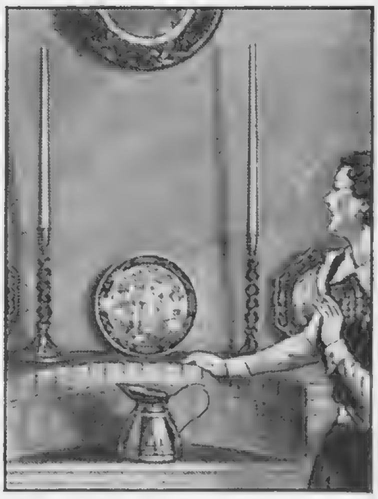
Mr. Goreynd finished his cigarette and got up. "I am afraid I can't stop; I have a good deal to see to." When we were alone Money said: "It's Goreynd who has egged them on. Those natives would never have dared to touch us on their own account. A District Commissioner is somebody in Africa, I can tell you."

I let this pass. I was getting a little tired of the subject of Money's official position; a District Commissioner who was going to be eaten at sunrise did not seem to amount to much to me.

THE proceedings began two hours later. By this time the moon had risen sufficiently over the trees to floodlight the clearing. Lying on the floor of our hut we were able to listen to the preparations that were being made. We heard the crackle of brushwood as the natives laid the fire over which we were to be cooked. They did not light the fire; that would not be done until the following morning; but they sang and danced with great gusto at their work, and those infernal drums, accompanied by the occasional wailing notes of an elephant horn, never stopped for one instant.

At about eight o'clock our guards came into the hut, cut the cords round our legs, and





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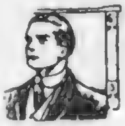

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told us to get up. Our hands remained tied behind our backs. We were taken out into the clearing and led in front of the Asase Waru. Goreynd was sitting in the place of honour on the Asase Waru's right. Whilst helping the paramount chief to keep up his courage with palm wine Mr. Goreynd had evidently not neglected himself.

The Asase Waru was comatose and, I thought, rather shamefaced. He would not look either at Money or myself when we were brought in front of him. He was no doubt embarrassed, as Money had foreseen, by the prospect of eating a District Commissioner. His forbears had been taught at the point of the rifle, and in the good old days of the bayonet, just exactly what District Commissioners were.

Money at once began to harangue the Asase Waru in his best manner. He told him what would happen to him if we were not set free at once. This did not seem a very powerful argument to me. The Asase Waru must have realised he had gone too far in any case.

Mr. Goreynd listened to the speech with dry amusement. Once, when Money was at the height of his rhetoric, he had the impertinence to wink at me. The palaver one way and another lasted all night and we were no better off at the end of it.

Dawn broke, a lovely soft shade of mauve flushing the sky, changing to orange and then to a glorious crimson. If anyone ever asks me if I have seen dawn break in the tropics, the answer is "yes." That dawn had a peculiar and poignant interest for me.

When the sun peeped over the trees like a great fireball Mr. Goreynd roused himself from the state of apathy he had been in for the past two hours and got off the brass bedstead. Without looking at Money or myself, he gave orders for the fire to be lit. He then returned to the brass bedstead, put his hand under the mattress, and pulled out a bit of crumpled coloured cloth.

He unfurled the cloth slowly. Money, who had borne with calmness several minor indignities to which we had both been subjected throughout the night, looked at the piece of cloth in Goreynd's hand, saw what it was, and said: "Put that down, you swine!"

I now perceived that Mr. Goreynd was holding a Union Jack; presumably he had taken it from the bungalow when he looted the cigarettes. I wondered what he was going to do with it.

Mr. Goreynd showed no annoyance at being called a swine. He turned to Money and literally beamed at him.

"This is the most important part of the whole show," he said, holding up the Union Jack.

"Put it down," Money said, choking with rage. "You . . . you've no right to hoist the Union Jack. You . . . you . . . you're a Dutchman."

"It's not going to be hoisted," said Mr. Goreynd blandly. "I am going to cook you in it. You see, as I was explaining to you this afternoon, the whole art of cannibalism is getting all the good out of the pot. My friends here"—Mr. Goreynd waved his hand towards the savages, who had stopped dancing to listen to the talk—"believe that the mightier the warrior they eat the braver they will themselves become. In your case you are a very mighty warrior; they have heard that all men must obey you. They have also been taught from infancy that this flag, which you take with you wherever you go, invests you with superhuman power. It is the white man's fetish. Now do you see the idea? I don't wish to be disrespectful to your country, but I must conduct my experiment in a thorough manner, and I confess I am curious to discover what virtues can be assimilated from eating a District Commissioner cooked in a Union Jack. I shall certainly gain prestige locally."

Money looked at me helplessly. Mr. Goreynd had spoken with solemnity. I began to think Money was right; the fellow was stark, staring mad.

The sun had now risen well over the trees; there was enough warmth in it to make death by

(*Continued on page* 106)

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sunstroke certain within an hour; but I doubted if we should live so long; several of the Asase Waru's warriors were showing signs of hunger. I was trying to compose myself into a resigned frame of mind when Money whispered: "Can you hear anything?"

I listened and thought I did hear a faint sound. Money's ears were better trained to the bush; he waited a few moments, then said: "There's a car coming."

I now heard the thrum of an engine. I looked to see what Mr. Goreynd was doing. He was occupied with a piece of fat, which he was rubbing round the inside of a very large pot. The fire by now was crackling merrily.

"That car is across the river; it will be here in two or three minutes; it may be someone from Kumasi, or it may be the Syrian trader he spoke about; it doesn't sound like a lorry," Money said.

Three minutes later the car appeared. The Provincial Commissioner of Kumasi sat in the front seat with a subaltern of the West African Frontier Force by his side; in the back a white N.C.O. and a native sergeant crouched over a machine gun.

That machine gun meant no breakfast for Mr. Goreynd.

WE all adjourned to Money's bungalow, except Mr. Goreynd and the Asase Waru, who were taken to the disused German guard room. Money's boys returned from their hiding place in the bush and prepared a meal. While we were waiting for it the Provincial Commissioner of Kumasi told us what had happened.

We had done Money's Fura Fura orderly an injustice. So far from running away he had shown the greatest acumen. As soon as he had realised what was going to happen—being a native he had guessed before we did—he had slipped away, gone straight back to Money's bungalow, taken the message stick and raced with it to a village ten miles away on the Kumasi road. He had put the message stick in the hands of the headman, telling him it was to be taken by relays of runners from village to village through the night, and given to the Provincial Commissioner at Kumasi.

The order had been obeyed, for, as Money had explained to me, no native dare refuse the message stick when it is put into his hands. The stick had travelled one hundred miles in ten and a half hours. The Provincial Commissioner had received it at 11 p.m. Now a white man does not send his message stick back in this fashion unless something serious has happened. The Provincial Commissioner mobilised a rescue party, set off at once, and arrived most opportunely. But it was just too bad for Mr. Goreynd. I never saw a man look more disappointed in my life.

We dressed him properly and took him back with us to Kumasi. From there he was sent down to Accra, where he was examined by a medical board. The medical board declared there was no such thing as a white cannibal, and certified him insane. He was deported from the country and sent back to Holland, where he died almost at once from the effects of change of climate. The Asase Waru was severely spoken to and deposed. I took the next boat to Madeira for a little much-needed rest. The last I heard of P. G. Money was that he was making a great success of his new post at Olachi, and had started a village cricket club. The eleven was formed from the warriors who had received us so enthusiastically. Money made them wear loin cloths. The captain was proudly distinguished from the others by a pair of canvas shoes and extremely dirty flannel trousers.

END

Painted Ladies

(Continued from page 43)

indiscriminately over herself and her neighbours or uses a vanity case which scatters its contents when it is opened.

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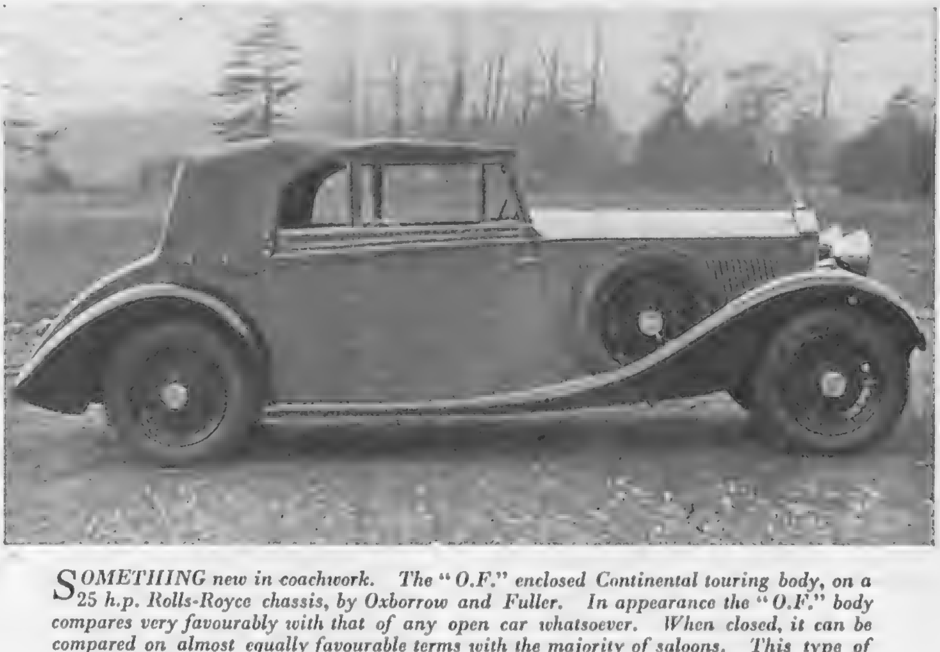

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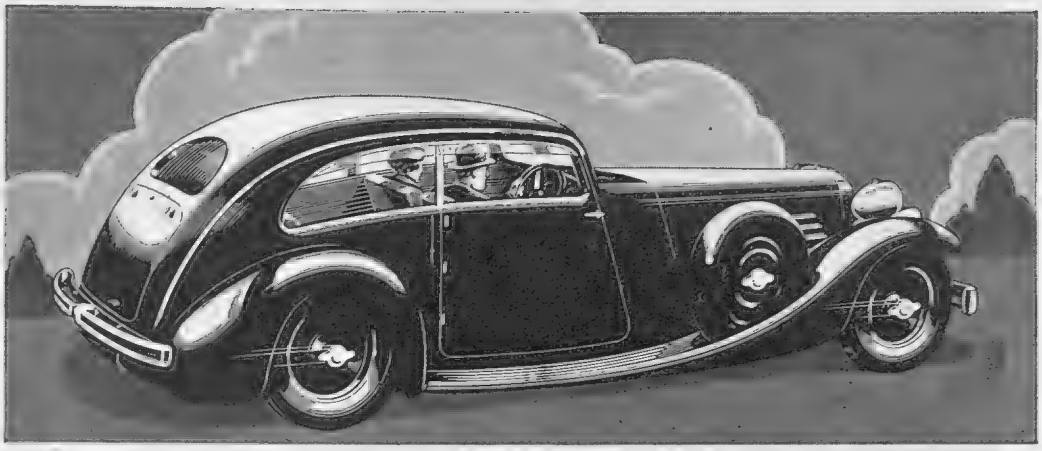

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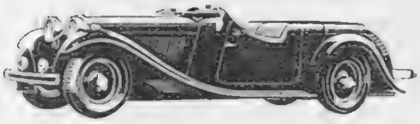

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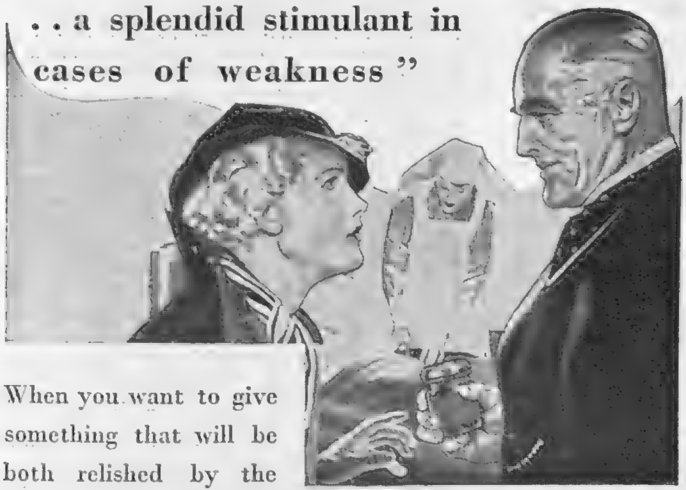

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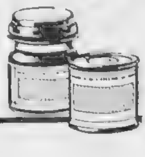

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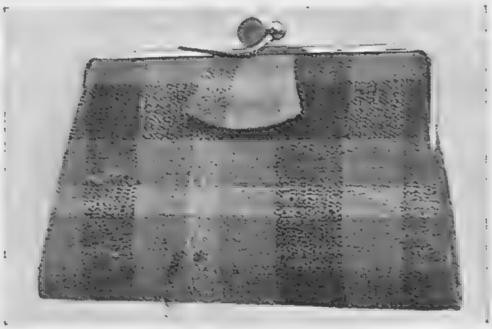

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Into the New World

(Continued from page 15)

expansion after 1935 had been along those lines of making more of the world's goods and services available to a greater number of people.

They were slow about some things though. Air-conditioning, for instance. It was news as 1935 opened. Architects and construction engineers were tardily giving attention to the moisture content of the air as well as to its heat content, so that people could be comfortable in a lower temperature, thereby diminishing the colds and catarrhal affections caused by unhygienic heating. The new long-distance stream-lined trains in America made a feature of it.

Still, no one could say they were complacent and satisfied with things as they were. The National Physical Laboratory by the end of 1934 had reached for laboratory work a degree of accuracy in calibrating wave-lengths of one part in a hundred millions—the degree reached in actual broadcasting practice ten years later. The Road Research Station was testing specimen road surfaces, and laying the foundation of the uniform non-skid durable surfaces that are the commonplace of 1950. The Wool Industries Research Association had discovered how to make wool unshrinkable. The Department of Scientific Research, having shown steel makers how to save coal, and pig-iron producers how to economise heavily on coke, were toiling at a whole range of problems which we have now forgotten ever existed, such as the bursting of water pipes through frost, the corrosion of galvanised hot-water tanks, the tickling of woollen underclothes, and the wearing of holes in collars by laundering (manufacturers were submitting new fabrics to the Launderers' Research Association for examination in order to obtain that certificate of launderability without which to-day nobody would dream of buying an article that goes to the wash).

The pioneer flights of the stratosphere explorer were much talked of in those days. It cost a good many lives, that search in the upper reaches of the air for the key to the riddle of weather behaviour, "static" in broadcasting, and high-speed air travel—problems now solved. They had managed to descend 3,000 feet into the ocean's depths in thick metal balls with quartz windows. They were ripening crops by electricity, making rubber from coal, manufacturing synthetic beauty in film factories, growing living human tissue in laboratories.

Marconi was foretelling the contemporary screen news reels which enable one to sit in the movie theatre and see important events simultaneously with their happening thousands of miles away, and television in which people telephoning could see as well as speak to each other. Television then interested people mainly in its entertainment aspect. Its tremendous commercial implications were not so clearly perceived, nor did men realise vividly how it would be harnessed to human healing, enabling leading specialists to study X-rays, or even actual 'patients,' though separated from them by oceans and continents, and diagnose and advise.

They were pioneering in the chemical farm, in America and Germany chiefly, beginning to apply to agriculture the vast array of discoveries made in organic chemistry, making a start at transforming surplus farm products, by-products, and waste, into hosts of new and useful products used in the manufacture of articles of commerce ranging from fountain pens to drain pipes and automobiles. They were making plastic materials from soya beans, alcohol and sugars from corn, fuels and raw material for industries from common plants. They could make up 58 varieties of seal, coney, fox, lion, beaver, leopard and other furs from the pelt of the common rabbit.

They were improving steel fast, making it stronger and lighter, fitting it for use in many new directions. It was increasingly taking the place of stone, wood and brick, for all sorts of things, from furniture to window frames, and from coal pit props to ships' decks. Some thought that steel production in 1934 was reaching its peak, but Sir William Larke opened new vistas with the observation that the steel age was only just beginning. He had proved a true prophet.

Technical improvement of old-established materials and machines was one of the features of the day. After being neglected for forty years, the Diesel engine had been taken up again by engineers, under the impetus of the search for cheaper transportation, and the technical problem of the private car Diesel engine was solved in 1934, and the commercial problem two years later. Even in 1934 they had a 22-ton 8-wheel 40 h.p. lorry running at a fuel cost half that of a "baby" car of the period running on petrol. The new engine had helped the automobile industry to bring cars within reach of the lower salary and higher wage-earning classes. In 1934 there were 2½ million cars in Britain (twice the number of a decade earlier) and new cars were being produced at the record rate of 400,000 a year. People thought that staggering. But only 1 person in every 20 in Britain owned a car, against 1 in 5 in the United States. The pace of British motorisation after 1934 rose on a steep curve, and Sir Herbert Austin's 1934 prophecy, that within a decade the British motor-car industry would be producing a million cars a year, came to pass with a generous margin of time.

These new road developments forced the railways to pull up their socks. They speeded up services, electrified stretches of line, put on Diesel-engined, stream-lined trains in order to get higher speeds with lower costs. The Diesels filled the gap between the steam and electric trains, the latter being economic propositions only on short, frequent-train stretches like the London-Brighton 50-miles stretch, where they gave an hour's service at first, the time being cut to 45 minutes in 1935. These new developments made a lot of work and helped considerably to tide heavy industry over the great transition period.

Air services were not seriously competing with either railways or steamship lines by 1935. Asia and Europe were not yet linked by air over the Arctic; it was not until 1939 that the time distance between London and Tokyo was thus cut to sixty hours. At the end of 1934 English, Canadian and United States men were co-operating to establish a regular 3½ days' mail service between London and New York via airplanes and fast trans-Atlantic steamers. It was a temporary expedient while the British, who, as usual, had been moving surely but too slowly, got themselves equipped for trans-oceanic flying. Everybody had been given a big shake up a few weeks earlier by the demonstration in an international air race that London could be brought within three days of Australia—and not by a freak plane either, but by a routine-service air liner, carrying three passengers in comfort, taking no risks, but calling at every station on the schedule course. Imperial Airways, which had been thinking of a 15-days schedule between London and Australia, revised its ideas; and on December 8th the first England-Australia air mail set out, in the presence of the Air Minister and the Postmaster-General, scheduled to arrive at Brisbane 11 days later.

The twenty-four hours trans-Atlantic air service was a dream in 1934. But people were already getting a hint of its coming in the giant airplanes the Americans had built at the end of that year for the trans-Pacific and the South American mail and passenger services, and in the twice-weekly twenty-six hours airship service inaugurated in the summer of 1935 by a reconditioned Graf Zeppelin, and a new 813 feet, 100 m.p.h. improved sister ship. The route was from Friedrichshafen by way of the old British airship base at Cardington, where passengers were dropped and picked up, to New York, and it was the sensational air event of that year. By 1938 the bigger, faster, safer and more comfortable progeny of these airplanes and airships were encircling the earth in routine flights, and at fares much lower than would have seemed feasible five years earlier, when speed was still (*Continued on page* 110)

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KEEP WOMEN ON THAT HIGHER PLANE

expensive, and the German airships charged £150 for the single trans-Atlantic fare.

Slowly and painfully, men in 1935 were emerging from the age of waste and anarchic raw material production, and entering the present age of controlled commodity production by world agreements, with synthetic materials to help out and keep prices from skyrocketing when demand looked like overtaking supply. Man's demands for power and for raw materials rose steeply as the world climbed out of the great depression. In 1934, which was regarded as a first-phase recovery year, Britain used 25 per cent. more copper than in the peak year of 1929. International trade was in the doldrums; but the world used almost as much oil in 1934 as in the 1929 boom. Hints, these, of the expansion era which lay around the corner of 1935. It was an era made possible as much, one saw now, by the readjustment of the capital system, the clearing of dead wood by the slump, the easing of the world debt pressures through conversion and currency depreciation, the reform of the monetary system, and the liquidation of the war's legacies of folly and illusion, as by the immense advance of science along a broad front.

The velocity of change based upon the astonishing discoveries of the fuel technologists was very high after 1935. The opening of that year saw oil-from-coal plants being constructed or planned in every coal district in England, while ten such plants were operating on a commercial basis. Through 1934 a squadron of Royal Air Force planes had been flying on the synthetic petrol, while the Admiralty took all the fuel oil produced. Cheap smokeless fuel, the by-product of the low-temperature coal-oil plants, had begun to replace wasteful soot-making raw coal for domestic use. The new coal distillation plants looked enormous to the folk of that day, but they were babies compared to those which succeeded them as the process developed, and the government stepped in and discouraged the burning of raw coal as fuel. By 1940 the citizen in London and the industrial areas had ceased to inhale a tablespoonful of soot and dirt every 24 hours, and British cities were free from soot.

In 1935 people seemed less critical of robots and other labour-saving devices than they were earlier. Knowledge was more widely spread. Popularisers were educating the masses. The fact that mathematicians calculated that it would take 2,274,000 men to do the same work as one 60,000 kilowatt steam turbine running continuously, was not an esoteric secret. Schoolboys learnt that the amount of work done by robots in Britain would demand the toil of a thousand million hard-driven slaves; in the United States, of three times that number: and that these mechanical slaves enlarged human horizons and provided intelligent youth with greater opportunities for large and interesting working lives. Those who emerged from school in 1935 saw the birth of many new robots far more powerful and complex than any of their predecessors.

They thought 325,000 houses built in 1934 quite astonishing, not foreseeing a rate rising to 400,000 a year as obsolete building regulations were revised, and mass-production methods were applied in building and construction. Ideas about homes were changing. Sir Eric Geddes was having a London home built on top of a Park Lane mansion where the late owner had housed the servants, and Lady Louis Mountbatten, one of England's *élégantes*, had scrapped her palace, with its grand reception and living rooms in the lower stories, and retired to a pent-house on top of the new apartment block which arose on the site. It was a sign of the new appreciation of sun and air, and the rise towards the sky to escape the increasing noise and vibration of the traffic ways. Engineers were looking ahead and making tentative blueprints for the city aerodromes built over the railway termini, and those residential zones

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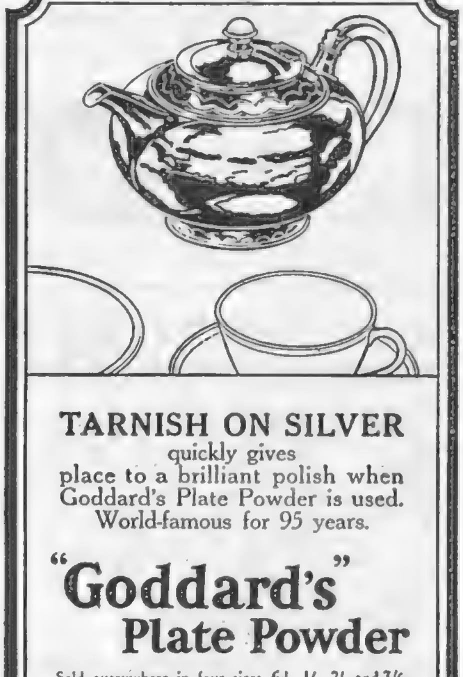

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on quiet, tree-lined, elevated avenues constructed above the business blocks and traffic ways in central London, now materialising fifteen years later.

Rain-making was a mirage in 1935. Still, men were bending their minds to the problem, owing to the ravages of the great droughts. Increasingly they investigated and experimented as it became clear that a successful solution of that problem would also solve the problem of dispelling fogs above aerodromes and in harbours and ports.

It was even theoretically possible to make the 478,000 miles trip to the moon and back in 1935 in a rocket container propelled by atomic hydrogen, which would carry the projectile into interplanetary space. The unsolved problem was how to carry enough air to breathe for the occupants and enough fuel to drive the rocket to its goal.

Terrific, that, but less valuable in the scheme of human life than the preservation of teeth. They had eliminated large areas of pain by 1935 by refined apparatus and new anæsthetics. But control of decay of the teeth by nutritional methods was experimental and revolutionary, and the dentist was still a man who treated decay, and not one, as now, who prevented it. They had, however, by the end of 1934 found that decay spots on the teeth of groups of test children observed over a period of two years increased 100 per cent. in the group which did not receive an ordinary diet without extra supplies of vitamin D, and only 20 per cent. in the group which received daily 300 units of vitamin D.

What now? New industries, new discoveries, new applications. The men of 1935 had found out how to lessen human pain; the men of 1950 must learn how to abolish it. The men of 1935 had transplanted organs from dead to living bodies; the men of 1950 must go on to give men new organs, stomachs, livers, hearts, and discover how to perpetuate the vital spark of life. In Britain, in 1935, men had begun to resuscitate the so-called depressed areas, where obsolete industries and worked-out mines had died under the population; in Holland they were adding a fifth to the extent of the country by land reclamation from the sea; in the Tennessee Valley in the United States they had started to make a barren land blossom into a rich industrial region through the harnessing of water power in colossal plants which represented probably the greatest undertaking attempted up to that time by human hands.

These feats challenged the vigour and imagination of the men like himself, who stood on the threshold of life when they were conceived and begun by men resisting the notion, so prevalent in the era between 1929 and 1935, that their social order was moving inexorably to its doom, and that a brutal and soulless collectivist autocracy was destined to replace the capital system, free nations, and free enterprise. Man was indeed indomitable and unconquerable. It was hard to know where he was going; but there was something magnificent and awe-inspiring about the relentlessness and power of his thrust on and up.

SEATED at the glass table, he sipped soup. "Do you notice," said he, "how sherry retains the sun glow? And that reminds me that when we met they were making great strides in keeping food fresh for long periods by temperature regulation and improved canning. But there seemed little interest in the possibilities of synthetic foodstuffs, and even less in the possibilities of saving time and relieving the digestive apparatus of much work through the use of chemical capsules containing all the essential fuels in concentrated form."

His wife laughed. "We have trout to follow, and then there is a juicy grilled steak. Both bulky, wasteful things. Do you want them? We have your experimental capsules, you know, all fresh and handy."

"I think," said he, "that in this I prefer to remain the old Adam, inefficient and lustful."

END

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Galloping Nieces

(*Continued from page 13*)

He reached for his bowler. The quiet eyes of the king went over Mary Ambrose as he acknowledged the salute of the captain.

"Thoroughbred," said the captain, as they rode on. "Never dodges a salute. Democratic, what? Duke or newsboy, all the same to him."

Mary Ambrose thought of the quiet face of the king. She would tell the twins about the meeting. The twins had seen him the evening previous, but she, Mary, had seen him in the Row in the soft morning light. . . .

A middle-aged man reined in a big brown horse and lifted his hat. "Mary Ambrose!" he cried. "Mary Ambrose of Bristol! I haven't seen you for years. Looking handsomer than ever! Where are you, and what are you doing?"

While Mary was explaining to Harry Brierly, a neighbour from Bristol, that her life was one wild rush to keep up with the twins, she noticed that Captain Spooner had moved ahead. She wondered. Perhaps Spooner had got out of the introduction area purposely.

Brierly told her he was having the time of his life. She must call and see Mrs. Brierly at the Savoy. When? "Look here," he cried, "we're giving a supper on Derby night. Nearly all from our town. You'll come, Mary! No excuses! No, no, no! I won't listen! Derby night. Expect you! Good-bye!"

He spurred the brown horse and went off. Mary rejoined the captain. "A friend from Bristol," she explained.

"See him at the course a lot," said Spooner. "Big plunger. Lays it down when he likes a horse."

Mary Ambrose wondered if Spooner had pulled himself quickly out of the way, fearful that Harry Brierly might recognise him as a frequenter of the turf, and mildly wonder how Mary had picked him up. The captain might accept sixteen shillings and fourpence, but he had points.

Mary's thoughts went to the Derby. The twins were going to the Derby. Half a dozen young bloods who surrounded Denise and Eleanor had drawn lots for the honour of taking the pair to Epsom. The Twins had not asked Mary if she was going. Selfish were the Twins. Dreadfully selfish. . . .

"The Derby?" said Mary Ambrose, as the captain lifted her from the bay mare. "Day after to-morrow, isn't it?"

"Thirty-first," answered Spooner. "Day after to-morrow. Going? What?"

Mary Ambrose stood for a moment in thought. "I was thinking," she said, "that you—that you might take me?"

Quick the flush on the face of the captain. He moistened his lips, but, before he could speak, Mary explained.

"I really mean that I would take you," she said. "You'd be a sort of sporting guide. Understand? You see—you see, I have a lot of money, while just for the moment you—you are a little short, perhaps. I'll pay everything. Car, entrance, and all that. You'd just pick horses for me and—keep off the gipsies. I will have to have someone to keep off the gipsies."

Poor Captain Spooner. Gentleman once. He looked upset.

The captain broke the silence by breathing a word that Mary thought was "dogs." She was surprised. What had dogs to do with the Derby?

"Togs," said Spooner sadly, when she questioned him. "Necessary, y'know. Lady's escort, an' all that. Sorry. Like to do anything for you. Can't go shabby. Derby Day, customs an' —— "

"Would you accept a loan and buy yourself a full rig out?" interrupted Mary. "You can get them ready-made, can't you? And they wear white bell-toppers, don't they? You'd look well in a white bell-topper."

THE most magnificent car in all London drew up at the entrance of the Berkeley on Derby morning—drew up and dwarfed a red roadster that was going to take the twins to Epsom. A small red roadster that, compared with the blue monster, looked like a bum-boat alongside the *Mauretania*. The doorman and the head porter had never seen a car like it. Neither had the twins. The twins who had descended at that very moment to take the roadster.

From the blue juggernaut stepped Captain Spooner. A gorgeous Spooner. Morning suit, white bell-topper with the curled fashionable rim, worn at the correct angle. Lemon-coloured gloves, grey spats, gold-headed cane, racing glasses slung jauntily over the right shoulder. Spooner stuffed with family pride. There was a crest in the captain's family. *Alter alterius auxilio eget.* One stands in need of the assistance of the other. The loan from Mary Ambrose was the needful "assistance." Twenty-three guineas had gone for the suit, hat, shoes, spats and gloves. The gold cane and the glasses were on hire. Five pounds deposit; a pound for the loan. But the effect produced by the paltry expenditure was marvellous.

The twins, hot with jealousy, demanded information as Mary Ambrose came down to occupy the blue monster. "Who is he?" gasped Denise, as Mary wished the nieces a happy outing. "Tell?"

"He—he is a nitrate king," answered Mary.

"Night rate?" queried Eleanor, waspily.

"Nitrate," corrected Mary. "Potash or—something. I'm not quite sure. Hope you'll pick the winner. Good-bye."

In the car, Mary wondered if there were any nitrate kings left. Had that brand of royalty gone out of fashion like the rest? But she had got the rail on the twins. Extended them a little. Just for to-day they had to gallop hard to keep up.

The blue car swept towards Epsom. It dwarfed the machines that carried dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, maharajahs and maharanees. The captain was proud of it.

Here and there when the road choked and flung a backwash of automobiles half-way to London Mary Ambrose looked down on celebrities. The captain whispered their names. The Aga Khan. The Duke of Westminster. Steve Donoghue. Anna May Wong. Brigadier Thompson, the King's racing manager. Miss Dorothy Paget and a thousand others. The grand monde sweeping towards the Downs. Once a lovely young Rani, with a red caste mark freshly made upon her forehead, looked up at Mary Ambrose, smiled a greeting and waved an exquisitely shaped brown hand.

Epsom came out of the mist. One hundred and fifty thousand excited worshippers of horse. Massed stands. Blare of music. Screaming bookmakers. The carriage of His Majesty. The coster queens and coster kings, with pearly buttons, buckles, and rings. . . .

A great day for Mary Ambrose. Great day for the captain. Spooner picked the winners of the first two races. That leather watch guard was working wonders. "Manitoba for the Derby," he gasped. "No other horse in it. Going to plunge on him. What? Lucky day for me. Kind to me, you are. Never forget you. Three hundred to the good now. Why—why if Manitoba wins I'll —I'll——."

The vision of Manitoba winning choked him. His eyes were moist. Mary Ambrose looked at him. At that moment the captain saw himself buying back the house at Mapledurham with the old trees and the walls of claret-coloured bricks. Crest and motto carved above the door.

The leather watch guard went back on the captain. Lord Derby's horse, Hyperion, was the winner of the great event, and the heavily backed Manitoba was in the ruck. Tears rushed to the eyes of Spooner. That dream —that splendid dream had been washed away in an instant.

It was at that moment that Harry Brierly and three friends found Mary Ambrose. They were all on the winner. Much excited they seized the arms of Mary and refused to let her go. They had a party of Bristol folk, she must come with them.

Mary turned to introduce Captain Spooner, but the captain was nowhere in sight. At the very moment Brierly and his friends had fallen upon her the captain was at her side; now he had disappeared as if the turf had swallowed him. She was amazed. She wished to console him for his loss.

"Find him later!" cried Brierly. "Come with us now. Laura and a lot of folk from Clifton are over here!" They led her away, protesting.

A drag load of Gloucester people took Mary Ambrose into their midst. A gay, laughing crowd. She must stay with them. They needed her presence.

Her escort? To the devil with her escort! Leave him be. She must stay with them, go back to town with them, make fun with them for the evening. They had cleaned up on Hyperion. They laughed at her excuses.

An hour later Mary Ambrose seized an opportunity to rush back to the blue automobile. She was a little concerned about Spooner. What made him disappear? She was annoyed with herself for leaving the poor devil at the moment when his dreams of wealth had been swept away.

Spooner was in the automobile. Sitting within it and trying hard to wipe from the trousers of his morning suit a fine coating of Epsom mud.

"How—how did you get it?" asked Mary. "Tell me!"

"Jumped behind bushes when your friends came up," stammered the captain. "Didn't wish them to see you with me. What? Thought they might know me. Racecourse feller, y'know. Didn't think of ditch behind the bushes. Forgot. Mud. Lots of it. Slipped into it. Saw you hunting for me. Couldn't come out. Stayed there till you went away."

Mary Ambrose was very sympathetic. The poor devil had come a cropper on the Derby and had spoiled his clothes in an endeavour to efface himself when Brierly and his companions had arrived.

"Nothing at all," said Spooner. "Soon dry now. Mud nothing. Not on clothes. Reputations, yes. Awful kind of you show sympathy an' all that. Sorry about Manitoba. Thought he'd win. Look here. Will you please go back to your friends? Will you? I'll take the car back. And—would you—would you see me, say a week from to-day? Five o'clock, Spread Eagle public? Yes? Make accounting. Loan, y'know. Got some—got some of your money left. Old bridle rein Kellsboro Jack went back on me, what?"

DERBY night. Eighteen happy men and women. Mary Ambrose the only one who hadn't backed Hyperion. Sympathy for Mary. She should have been with them. They could have told her. Never a doubt. More champagne, waiter!

They went in a body to see Alice Delysia in *Mother o' Pearl*. Eighteen of them. Gay, laughing, care-free. Thinking of settlements that fat bookmakers of Tattersall's had to make with them. Harry Brierly, to use the words of Captain Spooner, "laid it down when he liked a horse."

The twins were seeing *Mother o' Pearl*. Sitting with two limp youths. Mary thought them sad.

At the end of the second act Mary Ambrose, surrounded by a little crowd of men, bumped into the twins in the bar. Denise and Eleanor really were sad. Had they backed Hyperion? They had not. They hadn't backed a winner on the day.

The twins looked with astonished eyes at the gay crowd with Mary. They thought their aunt was stepping out. "Galloping," said Denise to Eleanor when they and the limp youths returned to their places. "Galloping is the word," agreed Eleanor. . . .

There was one man in the party who attached himself (*Continued on page* 114)

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY BLACK AND WHITE JAMES BUCHANAN & Co. GLASGOW & LONDON
By Appointment Distillers to H·M·the KING & H·R·H the PRINCE of WALES
SCOTCH WHISKY "BLACK & WHITE" REGISTERED TRADE MARK SPECIAL BLEND OF CHOICE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
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"Many women with good features refrain from attaining real beauty because they are afraid of the deleterious effect of cosmetics.

"Of course, they are right. Merely covering the skin by spreading cosmetics on it is bound to lead to trouble. I regard beauty as a medical problem, and after years of study of the skin, hair and eyes, produced a series of beauty preparations, based on a doctor's prescriptions, that positively assist nature to bring out true beauty.

"I use these preparations myself. They are suitable for women of all ages, and there must be many who will be glad to know of them. My preparations are on sale at all high-class shops and stores.

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particularly to Mary Ambrose. He fought for the chair next to hers when they returned to the Savoy for supper. He attended to her wants. He filled her glass. He made whispered remarks that were flattering. Mary liked him. . . .

In the early morning it was this cavalier who drove Mary back to the Berkeley. At the door he begged permission to see her again. Could he? A drive? The races? Hurlingham? Ranelagh? Anywhere!

Mary Ambrose smiled. "You are unknown to me," she said. "I didn't get your name when you were introduced. Perhaps if you tell me now I will be able to remember an appointment."

"Oxenten," he said. "Galloway Oxenten."

Mary Ambrose stared into his sun-tanned face. For an instant she could not put the question that fought for utterance. *Galloway!* Poor Captain Spooner had a brother named Galloway.

"Have you—have you been in Canada?" stammered Mary.

"Ever since the war," he answered. "Just back. Came over now to look up a younger brother. Bit of a fool. He is—but that's nothing to interest you. About to-morrow? Could I come around and take you somewhere?"

Mary Ambrose couldn't remember her answer. Later, when she tried to recall what she had said she failed. But she must have acceded to his request, for he came.

FOR Mary Ambrose the days following the Derby were a round of pleasure. Each day she was in the company of Galloway Oxenten. The Opera. Royal Military Tournament. Coronation Cup. The Horse Show. The Oaks. Her energy tired the twins. Her escort

(*Continued on page* 115)

Rug-Making *is Easy* Now

RUG-MAKING, always a profitable and interesting hobby, has in the past been avoided by many people owing to the tedium of the preliminaries before work could be begun.

That tiresome business of measuring the wool and cutting it to the required lengths is now over, thanks to the advent of "Red Fez" Cut Rug Wools conveniently contained in a "Cutpac."

This method of packing does away with any risk of tangled skeins. The separate pieces of wool are packed straight so that they may be placed on the hook with the greatest ease.

The cut wools are easily removed from the pack if the wool is pushed up about an inch. Each piece can then be withdrawn without difficulty and placed on the hook.

When a cutpac has been half emptied a rubber band may be placed around it to keep all the pieces together and maintain that cleanliness and tidiness that is such a feature of rug-making with "Red Fez" rug wools.

Another advantage of the cutpac is that it eliminates any waste, for each one contains 320 pieces of wool, so that you can easily calculate how many squares of canvas will be filled by one pack, and then deduce from this the exact quantity of wool required for any chosen design.

A new hook has also been introduced, better balanced, and with a more comfortable handle.

There are endless "Red Fez" stencilled rug designs from which your choice may be made, and charts for working out designs on plain unstencilled canvas.

Before beginning work it is advisable to buy all the wools required at one time, for it is impossible to guarantee to match shades exactly from subsequent dyeings.

Having collected all your materials together, you can now start work.

First fold the surplus canvas at the end of the rug on to the top of the canvas on which you are working, and work the wool through this double thickness for four or five rows. Cut off that which is left over.

This method does not apply in the case of oval or semicircular rugs. In such cases the surplus canvas should be turned under after completion of the rug, and bound securely with carpet webbing, stitched with strong thread.

To make the knot push the hook under a weft ridge of the canvas so far that the latch lies on top of the two canvas threads, double a piece of wool round the hook, withdraw the hook so that the wool is half-way through the hole, push the hook through the loop so formed and place the two ends round the hook.

Withdraw the loop, thus forming a knot. Pull the knot tightly. This may sound complicated in theory, but in practice it is child's play.

There is no difficulty in following the most elaborate design, for everything is clearly marked on the stencilled rug designs.

When the last knot has been made and the rug is complete, rub the surface hard to bring away any loose fluff, and trim the surface lightly with a pair of scissors to cut off any uneven ends.

If you are in any difficulty or want further advice on rugs or rug-making, write to the Editor, Woman's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

made the lanky youths look so frightfully unbaked. Denise asked questions about Oxenten. Where did Mary find him? And where was the Nitrate King who had taken her to the Derby.

"This gentleman is a substitute," said Mary. "I like him better."

"Does the Nitrate King know?" asked Denise slyly.

"Not yet," answered Mary. "I will meet him—let me see? I will meet him the day after to-morrow. I will tell him then."

On the afternoon that Mary Ambrose had the appointment with Captain Spooner at The Spread Eagle public-house, Galloway Oxenten had arranged to take Mary on a run to Mapledurham.

"Want to show you a house," said Oxenten. "Old house I knew as a kid."

The car had swung away from the Berkeley when Mary Ambrose made a little gesture of pretended annoyance and spoke.

"I'm sorry, so sorry!" she cried. "I had to speak to someone at a public-house in Oxford Street. Do you mind? It's called—it's called The Spread Eagle."

"No trouble at all," said Oxenten. "Plenty of time. Only too pleased."

The car drew up beside the public-house and Mary Ambrose spoke to her escort. "You—you will find a man inside," she whispered, her lips, dry with excitement, making it difficult to express herself. "He will be at a little table at the end of the bar, probably. Tell him—tell him that I—that I sent you."

As Oxenten dived through the swinging door of The Spread Eagle, Mary Ambrose sighed softly and leaned back against the cushions of the car. She wondered about the strip of leather from the bridle of the Grand National winner.

Fifteen minutes went by before Galloway Oxenten shouldered the swinging door and stepped on to the sidewalk. His right hand clutched the wrist of Captain Spooner, and Mary noticed that his fingers were actually on that leather wrist guard that had been cut from the rein of Kellsboro Jack!

Captain Spooner was weeping. Tears were running down his cheeks. The strong hand of Oxenten directed him to the side of the car.

"He's—he's my brother!" sobbed the captain, when his tear-dimmed eyes permitted him to see Mary. "Told you about him, didn't I? What? Told you I—I changed my name, didn't I? I'm—I'm Oxenten, same as him! Not the same, though! I'm a fool! Frightful fool! He is—he is going——"

"Going to take you to see your childhood home," interrupted Galloway, and saying this he pushed the weeping captain into the car. "Don't say any more or we'll be arrested for holding up the traffic."

It was while the overjoyed captain was leading the way through the old yew trees of the unoccupied Mapledurham home that his brother spoke to Mary Ambrose. Mary and Galloway Oxenten had paused for a moment to admire the stretch of turf that ran down to the banks of the Thames, a green carpet that shone in the afternoon sunlight.

"He told me how kind you were to him," said Oxenten.

"I thought him nice," said Mary Ambrose. "You know he gave me some advice. Awfully good advice. I was troubled and—and he was kind to me."

Galloway Oxenten had taken Mary's hand. "I wonder could you be kind to me?" he said, softly. "We—we could live in Bristol if you wished to, but we might buy this place so that we could have it when we came up for the Derby and—and all that? It—it would be nice, wouldn't it?"

Mary Ambrose breathed a soft "Yes" into the perfumed June air. For a moment she wondered whether the assent applied to the return to Bristol, the buying of the Mapledurham house, or was it an affirmative to Oxenten's question regarding her possible kindness to himself?

Just for a moment only was she in doubt. Galloway Oxenten took her in his arms and kissed her. He, evidently, thought it an answer to the last question, so she let it go.

END

Making the Kings of To-morrow

(Continued from page 17)

whom we have to thank for the healthy normality and Englishness of our new Royal Duchess: that famous governess whom neither revolution nor disaster could disturb . . . whose intrepid insistence upon fresh air and open windows in a Balkan capital (at a time when neither was known nor wanted) appears to have been the basis of Princess Marina's good health.

All over Europe, Africa and Asia, royal and semi-royal parents are adjusting their ideas from Divine right to desperate necessity of *training*, and yet more *intensive training*, for their children to meet modern conditions. Little Prince Baudouin of the Belgians; the small Prince Michael of Roumania, once King and now growing up against a background that we thought existed only on the stage! Prince Jean of Luxembourg, the ham between the sandwich of France and Germany; Crown Prince Farouk, aged 14, and apparently a fine type of boy, as he need be, to handle his difficult heritage; there is that most romantic of all the heirs, the Archduke Otto of Austria and Hungary; there are smaller fry, such as fourteen-year-old George of Denmark, friends already with Princess Josephine of Belgium, of the house of the "Blue Prince", Carl of Denmark. Strange collateral branches of Turkey that produce Abdul Kadir (son of the late Sultan) who, with his wife, rumour says, has appeared as a musician in Variety! There are, of course, our Cadets of the House of Windsor; the Lascelles boys, the two daughters of the Duke of York; The Earl of MacDuff and "Sandy," son of Princess Pat. These are being educated with infinite care—and *rigour*

WE can judge a little of the quality of their modernity from the three outstanding grown-up heirs: the son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Gustaf, who married Sybella of Saxe-Coburg and who is notable (Continued on page 116)

TO THAT
Little
Fellow
WITH HIS
MOTHER'S
EYES.

Sonny dear, we're going to be proud of you when you grow to be a big man like Daddy. And when you're old enough to know the value of a strong, healthy body—as some day you will—we know you'll be grateful to your parents for selecting 'ALLENBURYS' to give you such a fine start.

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INFANT FEEDING AND MANAGEMENT

How to
SLEEP AWAY
YOUR COLD

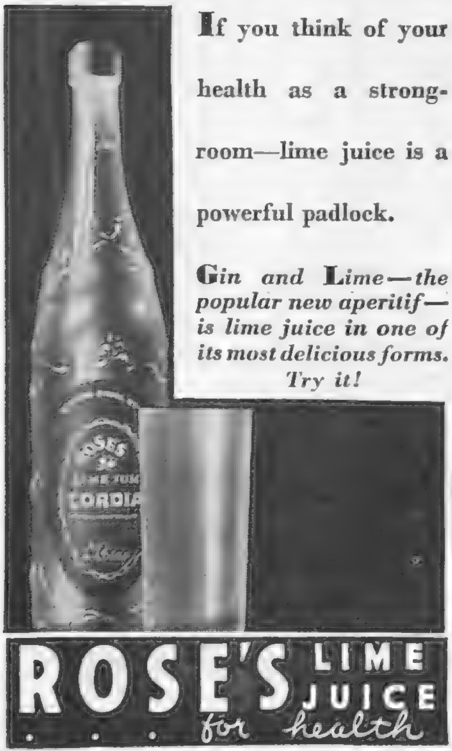
Try this, the next time you have a bad cold. Just rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on your throat and chest when you go to bed. You will get up next morning feeling like a new person. Here's why:

All night long, Vick works through the skin like a poultice, warming your chest, "drawing out" tightness, easing congestion. At the same time, its healing vapours go direct to the air-passages with every breath. They clear clogging mucus, ease the breathing. Sleep comes—a deep, sound sleep that lets Nature get in her helping work undisturbed.

By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

"Just Rub It On"

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB


If you think of your health as a strong-room—lime juice is a powerful padlock.

Gin and Lime—the popular new aperitif—is lime juice in one of its most delicious forms. Try it!

ROSE'S LIME JUICE for health

Arks

chiefly for his ordinariness and for the quiet life he and his wife lead in their flat. There is Olaf of Norway, sturdy and delightful, a typical Scandinavian and yet son of Princess Maud, a studious expert in modern economics and very like our own Prince of Wales. Humbert of Italy has a tough task ahead of him; he is much more of a personality than his father and is still a young man, recently married.

From these we come through the ranks of the "dispossessed," those princes who, born with the handicap of the golden spoon, have politely or impolitely disgorged it! Prince Lennart and the Prince of the Asturias among them; but few princes seek alternatives to the profession thrust upon them by their birth.

We know how they educated our own Prince, relentlessly from his seventh year; but now we have the spectacle of a small King being trained, as Peter II graduates from Crown Prince-ship to his kingdom. His father drew up a time-table for his eldest son; this is being followed; he left his family wealth, some *six millions*, to be held in trust by their "Uncle Paul," brother-in-law of our Duchess of Kent, for the murdered King's family.

Peter II returned, but not to his boyhood. The simple white-walled bedroom that he occupied in the "Cottage" adjoining the Palace he now sleeps in no longer. Even in the old days the heir slept apart from his two small brothers, Tomislav and Andrew; and next door slept his tutor, Mr. Parrott. Now the suite of rooms in the Palace belonging to the dead King harbour the little boy who has succeeded him; next door are his mother's rooms. He is being moulded for his task by four forcible people—his mother, his uncle (Prince Paul), his father's close friend, Miss Marr, who has come from the household of Princess Ileana of Roumania to Dedinjie to be his governess, and Mr. Parrott, to whom report says the child is devoted.

LACE clox enhance the beauty of these Brettle "Havana" silk stockings, which, although of gossamer-like texture and appearance, have strong and practical soles, heels and tops.

Brettle's "Elegant" pure silk stockings with embroidered clox are also designed for good wear combined with undisputed chic.

His father had always wanted the boy to be trained with other boys; the schoolboys from Belgrade, specially chosen to work with him, were noticed to be treating the Crown Prince with deference inevitable under the circumstances, and Peter was dispatched to his Cobham preparatory school. His father was apparently under no illusions about his son's future; Peter was to be broken in to his profession early; an English paper reports that above the child's bed there still hangs the motto suggested by his father, "*A Prince must work as hard as any other boy,*" and his education, still, is planned to make him not only a good worker but a good mixer. Reports differ as to the likelihood of the child's return to Cobham . . . but Peter is said to remember, and to want to hear from, his school friends; it is difficult for a king, even though he wants to "mix," to find the material when he is hedged in, as Peter must be!

He follows a routine that savours of England; he gets up at 6.30 and rides for an hour; instead of the coffee and rolls of the Continental breakfast, there is the good, hearty smell of bacon and eggs for the little King's morning meal. His whole morning is lessons, again, I believe, with the selected schoolboys of Belgrade, trying to "mix" a bit and find his level and his friends. After lunch comes an afternoon often devoted to various forms of athletics until lessons from four to six. Tea he does have with his small brothers, but they are only six and five years old. During the day Peter has learned from masters selected from the College close to Dedijne, which was founded by his father, languages he can manage; already he knows Serbo-Croat, English, French, German and Russian—an almost incredible feat for a healthy child of eleven! He also studies statecraft in constitutional history and state administration as well as the particular detailed history of his own house. But it is reported in the *Daily Telegraph* that the little King has (like any other modern child) a definite handiness with mechanics . . . that he delighted the dead King Alexander some time back by finding a defect that had silenced the Palace bells and setting them ringing before the staff electrician could arrive.

Peter II is "Petrushka" to his family; and this small Petrushka, sleeping (with those English open windows) in the vast kingly apartment where there still hover memories of the murdered father, is a thought that is poignant enough. Peter is learning to be king until such time as he can take over his most turbulent inheritance from his stalwart Uncle Paul.

Another heir, across the Mediterranean, is also learning; King Fuad of Egypt is said to have trained his handsome son well. He has had English and French nurses from his babyhood, and speaks both languages as well as his native Arabic; he is just fourteen and the centre of a devoted family. His father, Fuad, married Queen Nazli in 1919, and there are three daughters with the engaging names of Fausia, Faiza and Faika! The King himself was trained in the Italian Army, and is said to-day to work some 13 or 14 hours, though probably his serious illness recently has interrupted this emulation of our Prince Consort!

And then the young man who perhaps is the greatest realist of them all, the son of the late Emperor Charles of Austria, the Archduke Otto. It would perhaps be both more courteous and more correct to refer to him by his title . . . to give him the heritage that his followers claim has never been renounced—and few Imperial families in their distress ever inspired greater loyalty than has the Empress Zita, that magnificent mother. His Majesty the Emperor and King Otto began his training in adversity almost before he was capable of registering impressions—aged two, the heir to Imperial Austria and Royal Hungary started to suffer at the hands of revolution . . . there are still those

(Continued on page 118)

The busy woman of affairs

—entrusts her beauty to

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THE GUARDIAN OF LOVELINESS.

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PYORRHŒA?—not me!

WHEN I was eighteen, old bird, I could hardly touch my gums but they bled. Felt bad? You bet I did—like nothing on earth. *Then I got Forhan's for the Gums.* No, it wasn't Pyorrhœa yet—though it was a near thing. Forhan's cured me and now I wouldn't miss it for a fiver. Forhan's costs more? What's that to the cost of being poisoned? It's a first-class toothpaste anyway, and a tube of Forhan's will last you a couple of months; two days a penny isn't much. *At all chemists.*

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Just take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30 a.m., at 3.30, and before going to bed. You'll find relief the very first night, for Wincarnis is the surest quietener of tired nerves a doctor knows. Wincarnis is not a drug but a perfectly natural way to build up health and strength, to create new blood and restore jaded nerves.

Try this simple, pleasant way to perfect sleep and perfect health to-day. Take it always when you're run down or convalescent after illness. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, neuralgia, and a host of other ailments.

who remember the Hungarian Coronation of the child's father with the baby Otto toddling beside them: there are those, too, who remember the young Archduke during the Revolution that came across his fourth year, in a strange scene. The little boy, with his brothers and sister, was to motor to Vienna whither his father had gone to deal with a crisis: impatient at the delay in starting, small Otto—dressed as a Hungarian officer!—strolled out of the door in full view of the hostile soldiery (for Hungary was a boiling pot of revolution) and got, for his pains, poor child, a rude ovation.

But the child was fearless and accustomed to crowds: he smiled and saluted. The mutineers, infinitely touched, broke into entirely spontaneous cheers. Somewhere, perhaps, the spirit of the great Maria Theresa murmured her memory of the crowds who cried their willingness to die for her.

Next, in this perilous young life, we see Otto, aged six; Lieutenant-Colonel Strutt describes the child as "a dear little boy, very good looking, intelligent beyond his years. . . ." He has need to be: the next three years were filled to the brim with adversity: Otto and his parents and their other children have known not only astringent doses of perils but the slow misery of actual want and acute discomfort. This, indeed, was the most brutal education that could be accorded any boy—and the most realistic that any of our living heirs to Europe has suffered, and from which he has benefited. Picture the last days of the Emperor, at Madeira; Herbert Vivian, in his account of the late Emperor, gives a poignant description: lacking money, lacking sufficient food; lacking not only the comforts but even the necessary amenities of life . . . having to economise so much that "the Empress cannot even buy butter." Otto was growing up from a child to a boy; then his father and the entire family was seized with Spanish influenza in 1922, in the March.

One can only hope that the passage of the years has dimmed, for this young man, the memory of his father's passing: an integral part of this grim "education"—but, what a memory! The Emperor died, painfully—at the end he sent for the Crown Prince that the boy might see how a Catholic and an Emperor can meet death. The account of his passing, even in these days when we are hardened to Red, White and Brown Terrors, is painful. Otto was called, "*the Emperor watched him as he knelt beside the bed, his head bowed in woe. The eldest of seven and only nine years old. So far away from home.* ."

There is no description of this boy's education and his adolescence that does not bring us again and again to pay tribute to

THIS attractive two-piece "Moufflaine" suit has its origin in the Himalayas, for the specially fine fur wool of which it is manufactured is the product of a scarce and primitive species of sheep—a native of the Himalayas.

This wool, which is skilfully woven into many weaves and can be obtained in all the newest colours, possesses all the best properties of Indian cashmere and alpaca.

It is soft and silky in texture and free from coarse dark hairs, the ideal medium for exclusive knitwear. There is a wide range of models from which a choice may be made.

that gallant lady, his mother. Her troubles were innumerable: not the least of them, actual and grinding poverty. Otto, as he grew up, had also to face this future and the present which included a campaign of bogus news and gossip about his beloved mother and himself. Finally we see the family still united, at their present residence, Steenovkerzeel, lent to them by the Marquis de Croy—a picturesque and entirely "rural" estate with its castle, about seven miles from Brussels. There the Empress settled down to educate her son for his destiny.

Within hail of that vacant Hungarian throne and within the same storm zone of mid-Europe and the Balkans, is another prince, an heir, now, to the throne that once he possessed. Prince "Mihail" of Roumania has a background that none would envy him: the story of his early youth and the vicissitudes of his immediate entourage are not pretty. . . . As King Michael, under the tutelage of his mother, Princess Helen, the small boy was kept hedged in and sheltered from "contacts" or possible contamination. A keen observer tells me that at one time during the little boy's brief kingship his grandmother, Queen Marie, protested to his mother, Princess Helen, that Michael should meet more people, be allowed to "mix" to develop other qualities than those that made for shyness . . . that kept him babyish.

The reply that Princess Helen is alleged to have made was, in the circumstances, only human; it implied that, if the tactics suggested were those that had been used to train ex-King Carol . . . then the small boy were best trained otherwise.

Michael had his tutor and his attendants; he is slimmer than he was these days, and one imagines that his sweet tooth is controlled! There is a story that, when he was King, the women of Bukarest came in deputation to wait on His Majesty, and the little King was told to say a few extemporary words to them. Report vouches for the fact that Michael, left to himself, asked them *Do you make good puddings?* Which any small boy might so reasonably ask, and which reassures us that the Crown Prince is a normal healthy boy!

Like Peter II, Michael has been educated with selected schoolboys as companions part of the time; and then there was a suggestion that not only Waterloo, but the future of Roumania should be won on the playing fields of Eton! However, although the small Prince Baudouin of Belgium is entered already for his father's old school, Michael is not going to Eton, according to the last reports. Prince Baudouin, heir to the Belgian throne, aged four, has what is perhaps one of the most charming domestic backgrounds in Europe. His mother, Queen Astrid, is one of the few royalties reigning to-day who really has got practical first-hand knowledge of the running of a comfortable house; the Chateau de Stuyvenberg, on the edge of their capital, is by no means vast, and the Queen has made it almost cosy.

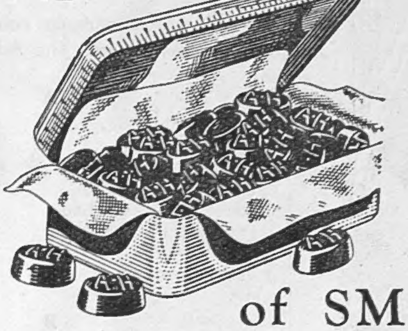
The children Josephine and Baudouin were brought up simply under their nursery regime of fresh air and simple food; when the third child, Albert, arrived, he completed what is really an idyllic family; his nurse, Mademoiselle Leblanc, will train the second son in the same regime.

IN England, four important children are being carefully educated: Elizabeth and Margaret Rose; George and Gerald Lascelles. Mrs. Knight and "Katta," the Duchess's famous nurse and maid, will have a large share in the successful training of the two girls for their incredibly difficult future; their prep. school and, in 1935 and 1936, Eton will train the two grandsons of the King.

Still in the shadow of the Crown, though remotely, the Earl of MacDuff has just passed from Sandhurst; and everywhere in the regimes of these young people, the Divine Right has been abandoned in favour of the intensive study of—human, democratic necessity!

END.

THEY DOUBLE THE JOY



of SMOKING

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Colour 13
2ozs.
320 PIECES
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cut rug wool, in 2-ounce "*cut-pacs*," sorted, ready to use at once!

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No more tedious cutting, winding or wasting wool! See the fine colours at your usual shop—Blue Fez at 2/6 per lb., Red Fez super quality at 3/6 per lb.,—both in the neat 2-oz. "cut-pac." Ask also for the new charts and stencilled canvas. Free samples of wools from Bairns-Wear Yarns Ltd. (Dept. R 31) Hucknall Rd., Nottingham.

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LOOK YOUR BEST
without expense!

Without expense or trouble, your hair will look lovely every morning if you take this simple precaution every night. Sleep in a "Halo" Waver Helmet. Just as easy to fix as a hair net. But what a difference! The back half-net of Lastex wonder yarn keeps ends tidy. The front strips adjust to the forehead strap, conforming to the waves and making them deep and firm. It means less setting and worry. Get one to-day, and tell your friends about this exciting hairdressing idea.

Sold by Hairdressers Chemists and Stores. attractively packed in transparent envelope. All shades.

PRICE 3/11

If unobtainable, please write for details to:—
THE BYARD MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.,
Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM.

HALO Patent WAVER HELMET

Scientific

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all chemists.

The
DE LUXE
TOILET PAPER

"Bronco"
The Perforated TOILET PAPER
ECONOMY
HEALTH
COMFORT
NEATNESS
BRONCO
PAPER

UNRIVALLED TOILET PAPER

So soft and soothing that it is hardly like a paper at all—and without equal for economy.

BRONCO has a delicacy, a pliancy, a soft, satiny texture all its own, quite unlike any other toilet paper you have ever tried. Indeed, so wonderfully soft and soothing is Bronco that it is hardly like a paper at all. Coupled with this unrivalled quality is surprising economy. In each roll of Bronco there are approximately 800 sheets. This is a *far* greater number than is found in ordinary rolls—and is nearly THREE TIMES the quantity contained in those rolls of coarse, thick paper so often miscalled "cheap." When next you buy Toilet Paper, ask for Bronco—it is quite unrivalled either for quality or economy.

You can buy Bronco from Chemists, Stores Grocers, Stationers, etc.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Solely manufactured by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co., Ltd.
LONDON, E.9.
Established over Fifty Years and the largest makers of Toilet Rolls in the United Kingdom

BE A SUCCESSFUL
WRITER

Learn to Write for Pleasure and for Profit and Earn Money at Home in Spare Time. Expert, individual, Postal Training in your own home, in Story Writing and Free Lance Journalism. Courses edited by BEVERLEY NICHOLS and J. W. Drawbell, Editor, "Sunday Chronicle." Interesting 32-pp. Prospectus free on request to Secretary, Dept. J2/2,
METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, St. Albans.

A LOVELY BUST

All men admire a firm **rounded** bust. You can obtain perfect, **fascinating curves with BEAUTIPON,** the amazing Vegetable Flesh Former. Simply rub this harmless cream into the breasts last thing at night, and in a few weeks you will have a glorious figure. Adds flesh anywhere. 30 days' Treatment, 5/6, sent privately in plain wrapper. Write NOW.

BEAUTIPON, Dept. B-5, 28, Dean Road, London, N W.2.

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FEBRUARY, 1935

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
"Britannia & Eve"

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

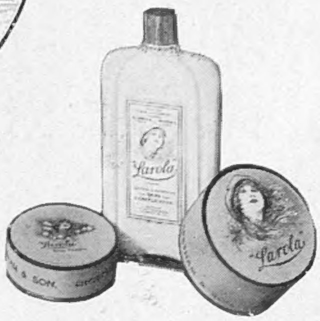
ORDER FORM

To The Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE
Monthly for....................months commencing with the........................issue
for which I enclose................................
Name ....
Address ....
Date..1935

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

For

Face & Hands



If you want your face, arms and hands to look their best and remain adequately protected against cold winds and inclement weather, you should use Larola.

Beautify your skin and complexion by using Larola regularly. It removes all skin blemishes leaving the skin soft and smooth and with a lovely, healthy glow. It also prevents all roughness, redness and chaps. Again, Larola is a perfect powder base and its use will greatly increase the effectiveness of your make-up

LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, **2/6** each.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge) the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes, with Puff, **1/-** and **2/6** each.

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 Tablets, **2/-**. Single Tablets, **8d.**

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

BEETHAM'S

Larola

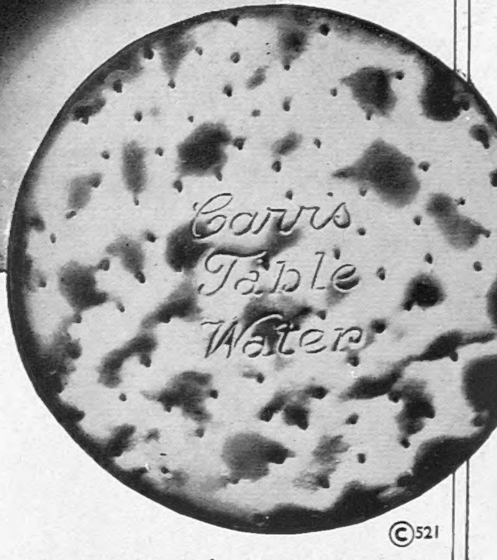
From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from :—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

CARR'S
TABLE WATER BISCUIT

By Appointment

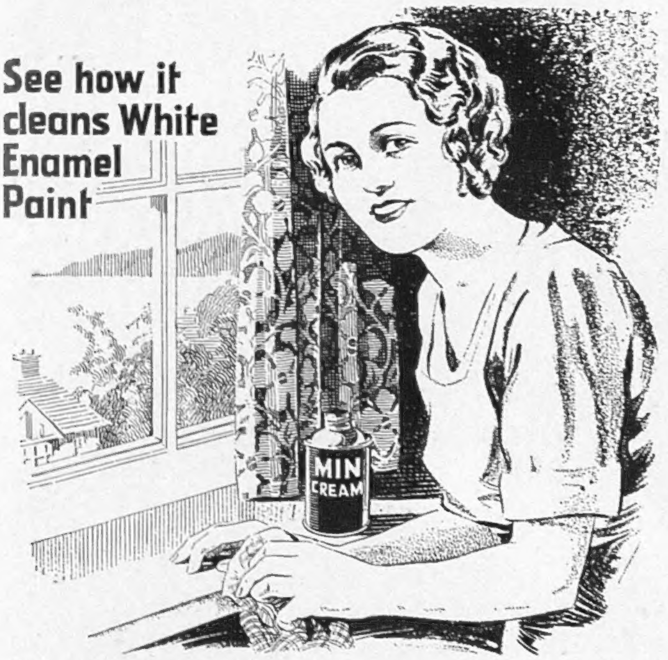
THE PERFECT BISCUIT TO EAT WITH CHEESE



©521

MADE ONLY BY CARR'S OF CARLISLE

See how it cleans White Enamel Paint



You will never find a quicker cleaner for your White Enamel Paint than 'Min,' the smooth White Cream that removes the dirt and restores the natural brilliance. Use 'Min' also for your highly-polished furniture and obtain a brighter polish with less trouble.

MIN CREAM

TINS 6d AND 1/-

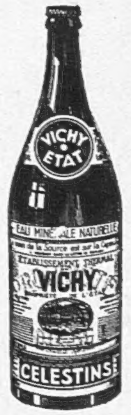
FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD. CHISWICK.W.4.

M/30/7

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water Bottled as it flows from the Spring.



IN order to facilitate digestion and thus improve the complexion, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water.

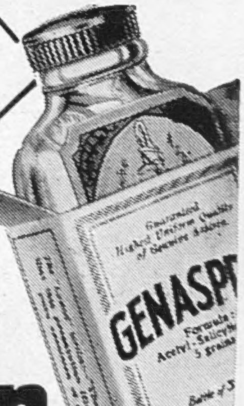
The unique properties of VICHY-CÉLESTINS are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

"I'LL SOON BANISH YOUR HEADACHE"



Headaches can be caused by many different things, but every kind of Headache quickly disappears when you take Genasprin. Because Genasprin is pure, it dissolves at once in water, is instantly distributed through your system, and does its work swiftly and efficiently without harming heart or digestion.

Of all Chemists—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

You'll find sure relief in

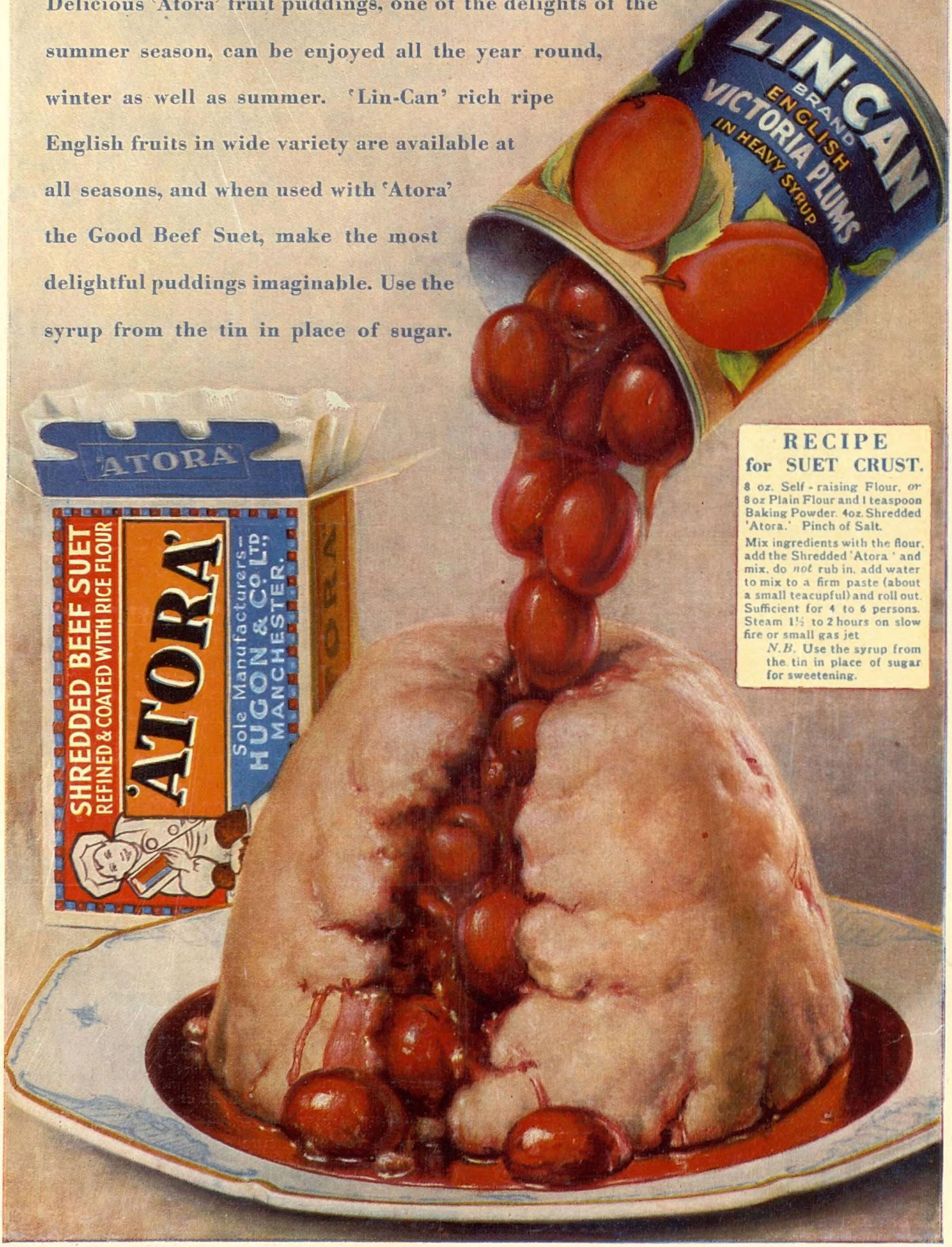
Genasprin

THE SAFE BRAND

Made by GENATOSAN LTD. Loughborough, Leicestershire.

FRESH FRUIT PUDDINGS!

Delicious 'Atora' fruit puddings, one of the delights of the summer season, can be enjoyed all the year round, winter as well as summer. 'Lin-Can' rich ripe English fruits in wide variety are available at all seasons, and when used with 'Atora' the Good Beef Suet, make the most delightful puddings imaginable. Use the syrup from the tin in place of sugar.


LIN-CAN
BRAND
ENGLISH
VICTORIA PLUMS
IN HEAVY SYRUP
ATORA
SHREDDED BEEF SUET
REFINED & COATED WITH RICE FLOUR
'ATORA'
Sole Manufacturers–
HUGON & Co. LTD
MANCHESTER.

RECIPE
for SUET CRUST.

8 oz. Self-raising Flour, *or* 8 oz Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 4oz. Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix ingredients with the flour, add the Shredded 'Atora' and mix, do *not* rub in, add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or small gas jet

N.B. Use the syrup from the tin in place of sugar for sweetening.